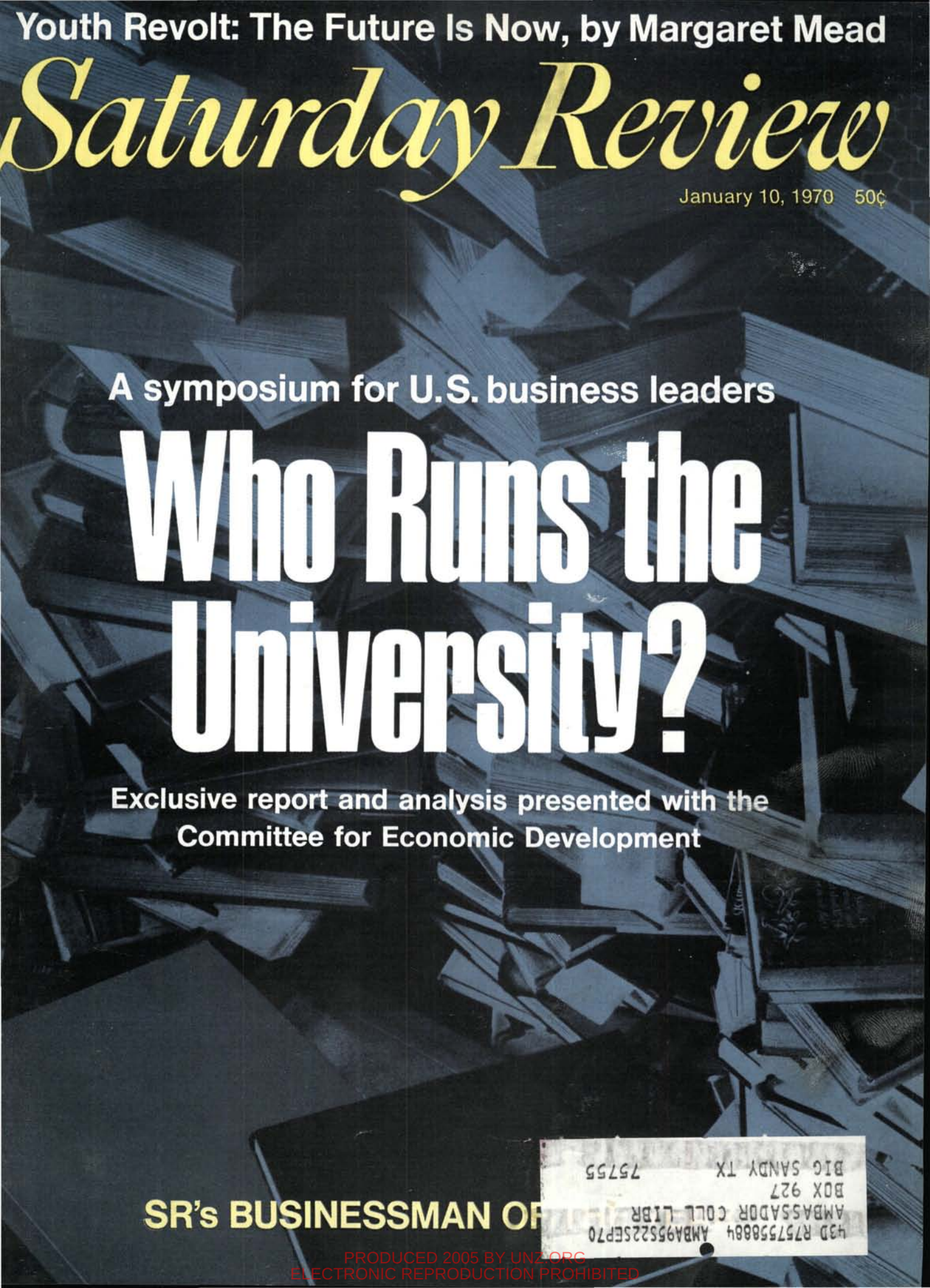
Youth Revolt: The Future Is Now, by Margaret Mead

Saturday Review

January 10, 1970 50¢



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Who Runs the University?

Exclusive report and analysis presented with the Committee for Economic Development

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Saturday Review

(Advertisement)

Is this a good time to talk about money? No, I haven't come in to demand a raise, sir, or even to ask about one. No, sir, we all know that the profit squeeze is on, how we're selling more lately and enjoying it less.

It's just that I've been reading this big, fat, fascinating book called MONEY INTERNATIONAL by Fred Hirsch, and it's given me a new understanding — well, to be truthful, sir, actually my first *real* understanding—of such ideas as the balance of payments, the dollar drain, devaluation, that sort of thing. Hirsch is a lovely writer, sir, formerly the Financial Editor of *The Economist*. Now he's Senior Advisor in the Research Department of the International Monetary Fund. Also, the author of an earlier book, *The Pound Sterling*. I mean: wouldn't *you* like to be the author of the Pound Sterling?

His book analyzes all the important issues of international finance, always in the context of policies, governmental attitudes, and politics. He's wonderful, for example, on the Swiss Banks. (I've always wanted a numbered account there, haven't you? Oh. You have one.) For example, he says that it would be a "grotesque libel on Switzerland's bankers to suggest that political hot money forms the bulk of the foreign money they manage." He merely points out that the Swiss bankers make it a practice not to know too much about accounts. "They make their mistakes," he says, "but they are rarely mistakes of excessive zeal."

Anyhow, sir, I just wanted to recommend the book. It's perfect reading for all you tycoons, as well as for students and teachers, and women who want to know more about the world they're inheriting. No, sir, I promise not to say money aloud in your presence again. I know that we're not just in business to make money. What? Oh, yes, I also realize that this is a business and that the idea is to obtain a suitable return on investment, maximize the profits, reward the stockholders, and insure domestic tranquility. And to perpetuate the firm. Or is it perpetrate? I'm never quite sure, Dad. Sir.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

MONEY INTERNATIONAL ($8.95), by Fred Hirsch, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained at any of the Doubleday Book Shops, one which is located at 14 Wall Street, New York 10005.

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Exclusive report presented with the Committee for Economic Development.

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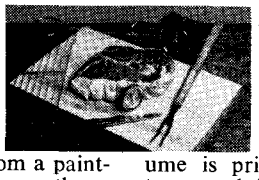

Unless you understand the technique, trying to create a great meal from a cookbook is like trying to create a Picasso from a paint-by-numbers kit. The ingredients are there, but the artistry is lacking.

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10. Salads and Cold Dishes
11. Braising
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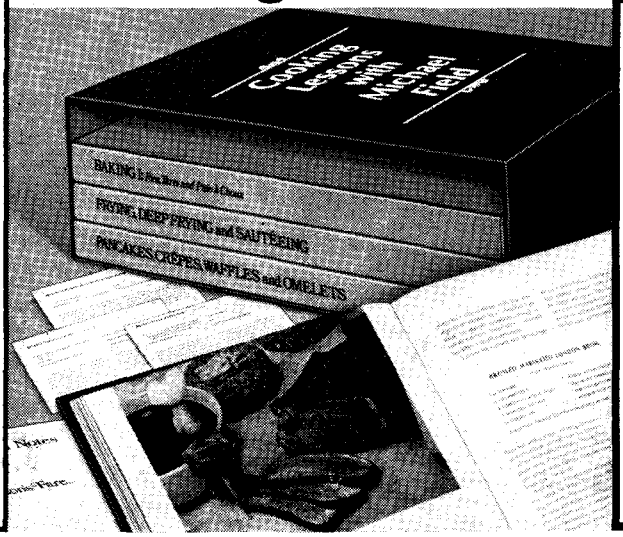
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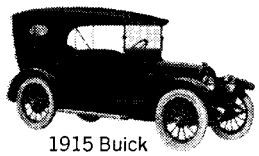

1915 Buick

1916 Oldsmobile

1917 Oakland

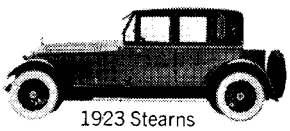
1918 Ford Model "T"

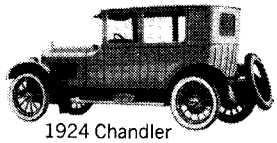
1919 Franklin

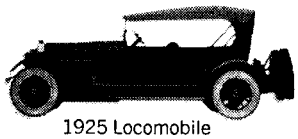
1920 Chevrolet

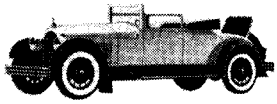
1921 Case

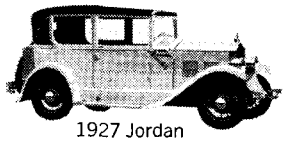
1922 Mercer


1923 Stearns

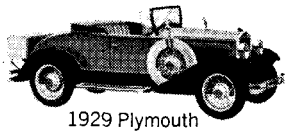

1924 Chandler

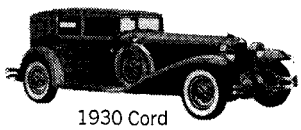

1925 Locomobile

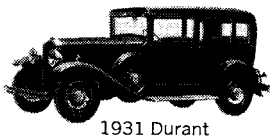

1926 Kissel


1927 Jordan

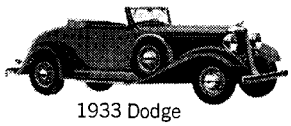
1928 Ford Model "A"


1929 Plymouth

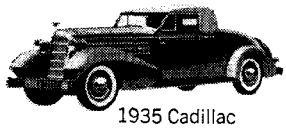

1930 Cord

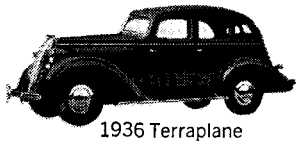

1931 Durant

1932 Essex

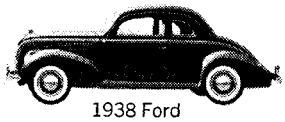

1933 Dodge

1934 Chrysler Airflow


1935 Cadillac

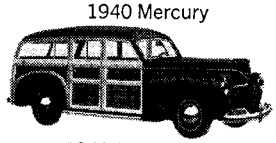

1936 Terraplane

1937 LaSalle


1938 Ford

1939 Packard

1940 Mercury


1941 Plymouth

1942 Lincoln

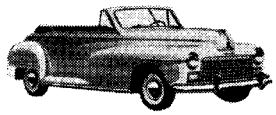
1943 Military Amphibian

1944 Willys Jeep

1945 Staff Car (Ford)

1946 DeSoto

1947 Kaiser

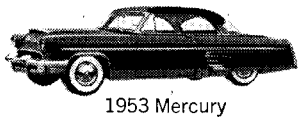

1948 Dodge

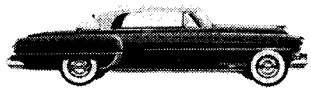
1949 Ford

1950 Pontiac

1951 Nash Rambler

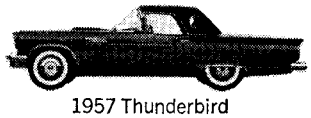
1952 Plymouth


1953 Mercury


1954 Chrysler

1955 Chevrolet

1956 Dodge


1957 Thunderbird

1958 DeSoto

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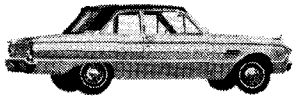
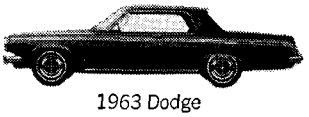
1959 Rambler

1960 Valiant

1961 Willys



1962 Falcon



1963 Dodge

1964 Chevrolet

1965 Marlin

1966 Mustang

1967 Plymouth VIP

1968 Pontiac Firebird

1969 AMX

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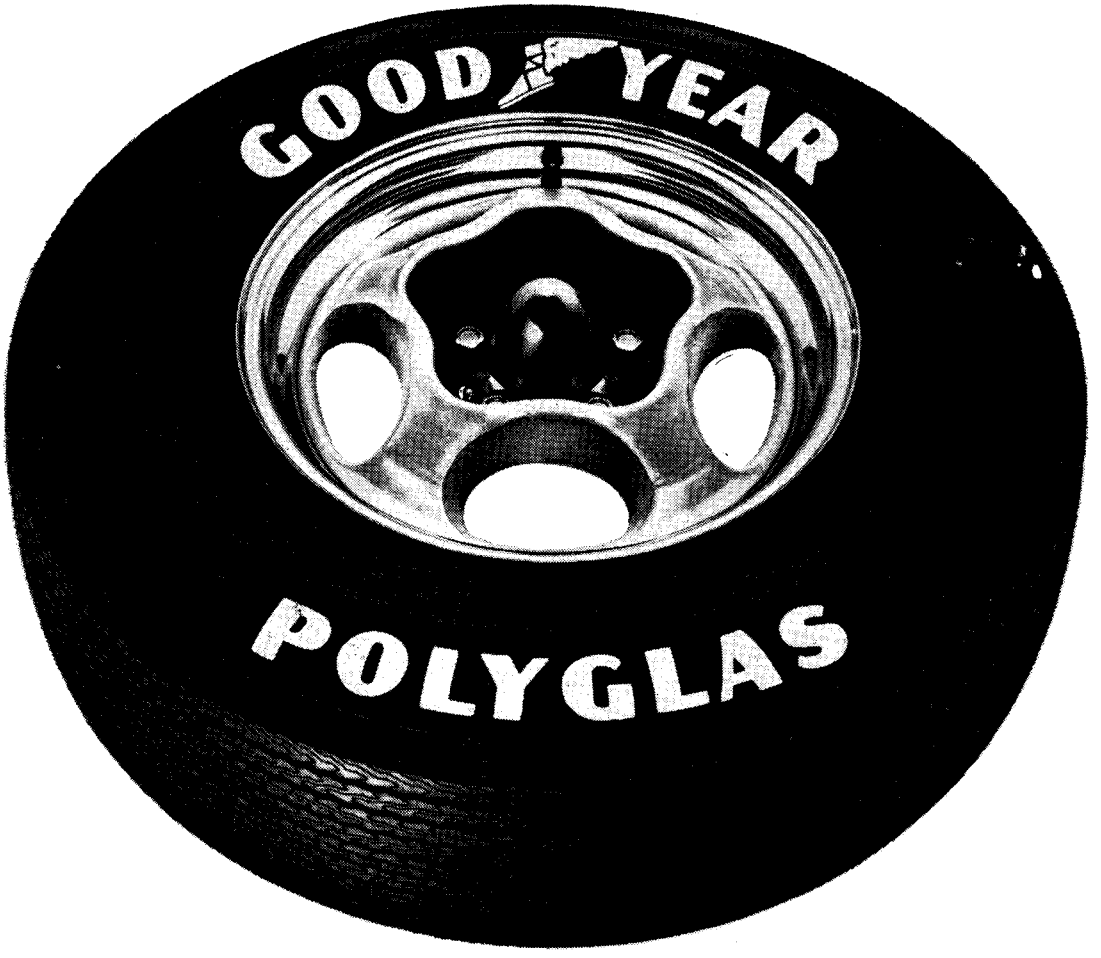
The Custom Power Cushion Polyglas tire is approved as standard equipment for many of Detroit's 1970 models. If it doesn't say Goodyear, it can't be Polyglas.



GOODYEAR

Polyglas, Custom Power Cushion – T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Futile Commands That There's No Use Giving, Because Nobody Ever Pays Attention to Them, Anyway

1) Easy on the clippers.
2) Better wear your rubbers today.
3) Down in front!
4) Make the bacon crisp.
5) Make the bacon lean.
6) Give us a ring when you're in town.
7) We want a touchdown.
8) Take it off!
9) No, really, I've had two martinis already.
10) Throw the rascals out.

—Arnold M. Auerbach.

Back-Roads Ballads

Some of the joy has gone out of traveling the country roads of late, and it's dawned on me why: the Burma Shave signs are gone. One used to see them often, trooping gamely along the right-of-way in every kind of weather, their cheerful, rhymed reminders held aloft at shoulder height, like hitch-hikers seeking a lift to some far-off town. Flourishing at the verge of a thousand fields and orchards, they had come to be minor landmarks, milestones, and an unfailing source of good spirits. But recent years have seen the once burgeoning species slowly dwindle to extinction, leaving in their place an unsuspected drabness in the landscape. Like salesmen grown old traveling the territory, they have been dropped from the rolls without ceremony, their usefulness deemed at an end. With them sadly has vanished a golden treasury of verses that an entire generation of Americans grew up on.

He Lured Her To . . . His Bachelor Haven . . . But There She Found . . . His Chin Unshaven . . . Burma Shave.

In abandoning the roadside jingles, some corporate muttering was heard about "changing patterns of consumer acceptance," but devoted readers guessed another reason. Like most highway fatalities, speed was to blame for this one. The fact is that the frantic pace of turnpike travel today precludes all but the most arresting prose—and poetry, rhyme as it may, is simply no longer feasible. At the dizzying speeds of which the modern automobile is capable, the wayside sonnets with their one-note refrain had become little more than a blur of iambic fragments. Few motorists in the Sixties could catch an entire stanza without impeding traffic, and on the chart where Soft-Shoulder Sales are recorded, the long slump had begun.

The Burma Shave brass, one guesses, were in a lather. The stockholders were taking it on the chin. All agreed it was something not to be brushed off lightly. And so amid the din of four-barrel carburetion, fence-post poetry as we knew it was swallowed up in swirling clouds of carbon monoxide.

The statistical evidence must have been overpowering. Like a thunderclap came the discovery that net sales revenue was varying inversely with average passenger car horsepower. Revelations of that stamp admit no debate. The cow-pasture couplets had to go, to be replaced in due course perhaps by thirty-second television spots in prime time.

Across the land, the ring of axes as they bit into a thousand weathered posts must, to a sensitive listener, have signaled the end of an era, like falling cherry trees in a Chekhov play—a more leisurely age that took time to savor the delights of simple things and had found a way to synchronize the utterance of poets with the measured throb of internal combustion. It was the golden age of two-lane literature, and it is doubtful whether any number of thirty-second words-from-our-sponsor—in prime time or no—will ever replace it in the affections of a generation of well-versed shavers.

—Charles G. Tierney.

Sizing Them Up

There may not be as many kings these days, but more and more things are king-size. Many an ordinary citizen, taking literally the saying that a man's home is his castle, lies in his king-size bed in his king-size bedroom, smoking a king-size cigarette, and, presumably, thinking king-size thoughts.

King-size might at first seem to mean that something larger than usual is the size of a king. But except for Charlemagne, said to have been seven feet tall, many kings have been of average size. In fact, since shortness gives a man a compensatory drive to achieve, it may be that most kings, especially those who were ruthless in their climb to power, have been small men. At any rate, kings come in a variety of sizes and shapes, and it would be difficult to adopt the size of a king as a standard

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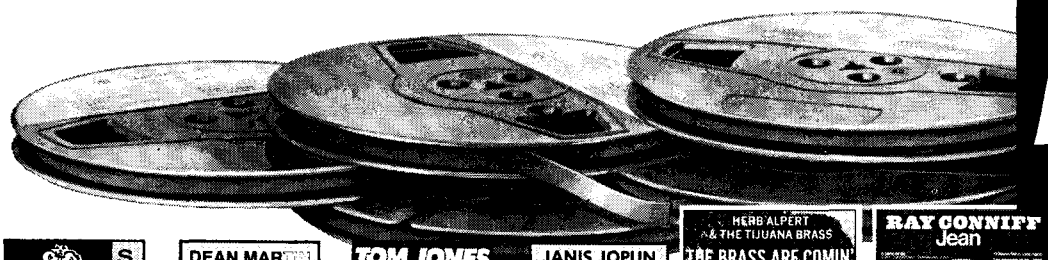
COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CLUB now offers you



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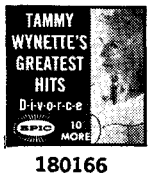

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AS A MEMBER you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Club's entertaining and informative music magazine. Each issue describes the regular selections for each musical interest... hits from every field of music, from scores of different labels.

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YOUR OWN CHARGE ACCOUNT! Upon enrollment, we will open a charge account in your name. You pay for your tapes only after you've received them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $7.98 (occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN! Once you've completed your enrollment agreement, for every tape you purchase you will be entitled to an additional stereo tape of your choice for only $2.00... or you may choose one FREE tape for every two tapes you buy.

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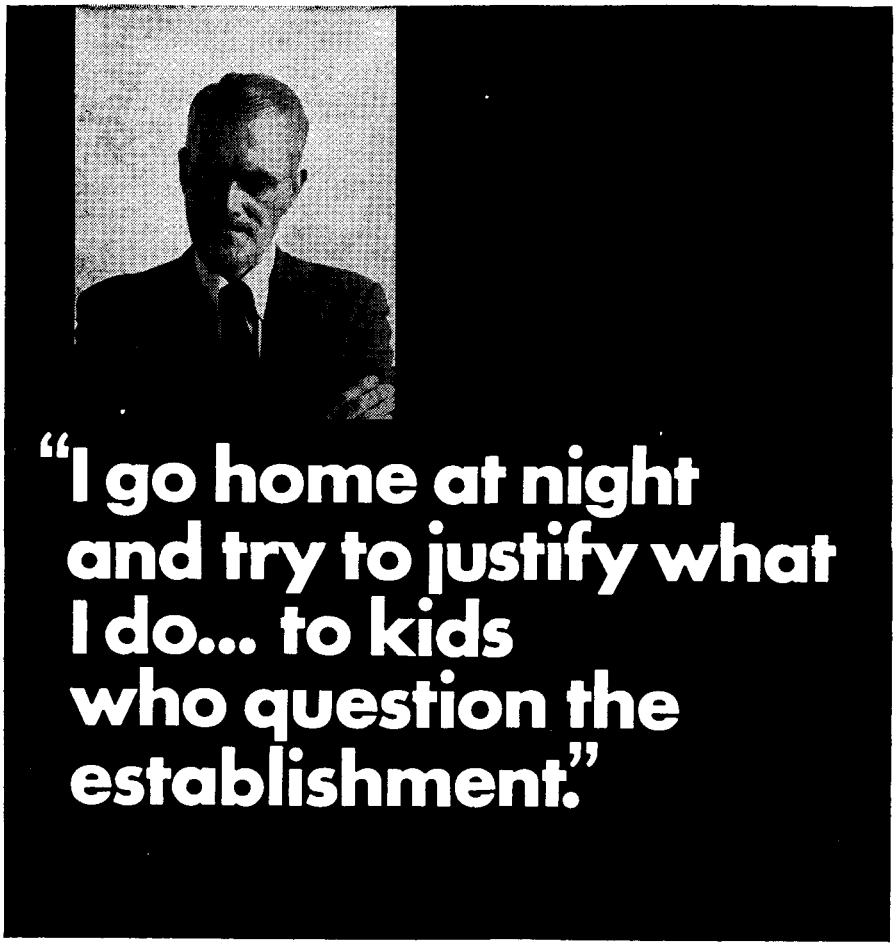

A research director in one of the country's leading pharmaceutical companies speaks his mind . . . and asks you to speak yours.

You're part of the establishment, my kids tell me. Your company makes profits from sick people while you sit in the laboratory doing research of doubtful value.

That's tough to take. And I read and hear the same things occasionally in the papers, the best magazines, on TV. Now and again I'm inclined to wonder why I'm in this business . . . until I'm back at the bench, mulling over a new structure that one of our scientific teams created. After thousands of steps and many years of faltering progress, we've been able to recreate in the lab what nature does daily, in an instant, in your body . . . simply and beautifully. We've managed to get a look deep inside a molecule and discover a nuance of life . . .

Our discovery may someday help eliminate genetic defects, or it may even open avenues to whole new concepts of therapy.

I feel sure that I spent those years usefully. My industry, employing some 20,000 scientists and research people, and using its income from sales to finance more than half a billion dollars in research and development each year, has, by and large, used that money well. We are also accepting the smallest percentage (1.5) of government research money of any major industry.

Our efforts have been extraordinarily productive. Of 528 new drugs originated in the U.S. from 1940 to 1968, about 90 percent came from pharmaceutical industry laboratories.

I'm proud of that record . . . It is good evidence that our system, by holding out the prospect of appropriate rewards for innovations in medicine, can function efficiently to meet the needs of people . . . I can't imagine anything more worthwhile.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

criterion for taking measurements.

Of course, the yard was established by measuring the length of the arm of a king, King Henry I, which turned out to be thirty-six inches. But the fact that the British finally determined their yard as the distance at 62 degrees Fahrenheit between two fine lines on gold studs sunk in a bronze bar indicates that they wanted something more standard than the length of the arm of their current sovereign. What if their chief of state were a petite queen?

So king-size doesn't refer to the size of a king. Rather, it describes the extra-large size of something used by a king. A king naturally enough (*noblesse oblige*) would believe that everything of his should be oversized: his tables, chairs, goblets, paintings—everything, perhaps, but his mistresses. This would 1) show that he could afford not only the best but the biggest and 2) impress his subjects, and keep them subjected, by dwarfing their own possessions.

King-size was originally, I suspect, only for kings. But now, in the age of the common man, king-size is for everyone. The recency of the trend toward giantism, or every man a king, is demonstrated by the fact that the word king-size is not to be found in the second edition of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, published in 1939. Nor is it in the *American College Dictionary*, published in 1947. However, it turns up in the revised edition of the *American College Dictionary*, in 1958, and in the third edition of the *New International*, in 1966. And none too soon, because now it is hardly possible to get through a day without it.

What I wonder is whether king-size will be adequate to describe the larger than average in the years ahead. When kings, now so few, are no more, the word may have no meaning, except perhaps for lexicographers and historians. Even for them, it may not seem large enough. They may favor a change to Brobdingnagian beds and Gargantuan cigarettes. That will be when a bed is so large that by the time one has crawled from the edge to the middle of it, one will fall asleep from exhaustion. And cigarettes, measured not in millimeters but in centimeters or even meters, will be so long that one will last a heavy smoker all day.

King-size has one advantage that may keep it in vogue. If four-letter words continue to have their present appeal, king-size will do well. It is, after all, two four-letter words, held together by an innocent little hyphen.

Of course, we may eventually have king-size hyphens.

—Richard Armour.

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Watch out for these changes in 1970

■ WASHINGTON, D.C.—The year ahead will not be an easy one for those who try to drift along on a business-as-usual basis. There will be too much going on . . . too many changes and departures from conditions with which we now are familiar.

You quickly come to this conclusion when you examine what U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT has to say, in current and coming issues, about the outlook for 1970.

As the Editors of U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT point out, there is a good amount of agreement that business could be headed for a crisis period in 1970—but hot argument over what the crisis will be all about: run-away inflation *despite* Government counter-measures . . . or a business recession *as result* of the counter-measures . . . or even inflation *and* recession side-by-side. There'll be clearer signs of what is coming early in the new year.

Vietnam, and the speed and extent of U.S. disengagement, will bring changes which will surprise a lot of people. And the fact that '70 is a political year, with mid-term Congressional elections, won't make planning and preparations any easier; some good part of the pronouncements and promises we'll hear next year will be "politics" pure and simple.

This is a time to follow the news closely, to estimate carefully what it means to you, your family, your business, your savings—a good time to start reading U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT.

Here is more on the outlook, in more detail:

WAR IN VIETNAM: Vietnam lingers stubbornly as the Nation's No. 1 problem. Until it is settled just about everything Mr. Nixon tries to accomplish will be deeply affected. Formal peace in Vietnam will remain as elusive as ever in the new year, but Nixon will continue the systematic withdrawal of U.S. troops. No matter what Saigon and Hanoi do in 1970—the war will be fading away rapidly so far as U.S. combat activity is concerned.

BUSINESS—A TIRING BOOM TO RALLY? The slowdown now under way will continue into the months ahead. Unemployment will rise further. But the recession some talk about, if it ever comes, will be a mild one. Later in the year business is expected to be back on the high road again. Consumer spending will lead the way as lower Federal tax bills, and Social Security boosts, fatten many pocketbooks.

THE "REAL" NIXON ADMINISTRATION: After the shake-down year of '69, the real Nixon Administration is to emerge in 1970. New Federal budget will be the first prepared under Nixon Republicans. As Vietnam tapers off, emphasis will shift to urgent economic and domestic programs. Look for new proposals on public education, environment, passenger trains, farm policy. Mr. Nixon's battles with Democratic-controlled Congress will heat up. He may be forced on occasion to resort to Presidential veto.

COMMUNISTS UNDER PRESSURE: Russia will be trying in 1970 to cool off feud with Red China—but old alliance will be hard to patch up completely. Chinese Communists will continue to threaten their neighbors including, perhaps, India. In East Europe, Soviets will do whatever it takes to keep lid on liberal stirrings. Hopeful sign is Kremlin's warming interest in idea of talks with high U.S. officials.

INVESTMENTS IN 1970: The year ahead has the makings of a period when many investors will prosper from well-timed purchases. Profit squeeze has resulted in a drag on stocks which continues until investors foresee a turning point toward better business. Most analysts expect such a turning point around mid-'70.

POLITICS: THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS: Ten months of political maneuvering ahead, as both parties prepare for '70 elections. Coming year may provide the most severe test of divided government in modern times for the American System.

CIVIL RIGHTS AND RACIAL UNREST: Another year of implementing civil rights laws already on the books, rather than on passing new laws. Emphasis will be more on jobs, housing and business opportunities for Negroes, less on forced integration. Pattern of racial violence is changing and trouble may be moving toward smaller towns and suburbs.

INFLATION FOREVER? PRICES; WAGES; INCOMES; COST-OF-LIVING: No victory is clearly in sight at this point, in the battle to control inflation. Businessmen and consumers will have reason to grumble over price boosts all through 1970. Automatic wage increases, built into labor contracts, will keep wages climbing.

This is the right time to start a trial subscription to U.S. News & World Report—and the changes coming in the new year are not the only reason. You can try the magazine right now at a great saving, under the terms of a special Introductory Offer. It is 23 weekly issues for only $3.00, which works out to just about 13¢ a copy.

U.S. News & World Report is the news magazine you'll profit most from reading this year. It is a personal and practical magazine. Every issue brings you reliable information about prices, taxes, business, investments, education, income, health . . . news you can use to advantage.

Look over this list of headlines from U.S. News & World Report—just a few of the news articles which have appeared in recent issues:

1. When Truce Comes in Vietnam—Changes To Expect
2. What Anti-Inflation Measures Do To The Stock Market
3. Where Food Prices Are Headed In The New Year
4. Business In Early '70—Downturn, Or A Rally?
5. How To Help Your Child Succeed In School
6. Arab-Israeli Confrontation—The New Dangers
7. What Congress Is Likely To OK—And KO
8. Income Tax Reform: Who'll Pay Less, Who More
9. What Harm In Marijuana? Answers Given To Congress
10. The Big Changes Coming In The Draft
11. College Activists: What "Cause" To Follow In '70?
12. Those Tax-Free Millionaires—How They Do It
13. Surprises In '70 Elections? Straws In The Wind
14. U.S. Industries Which Will Grow Fastest In The '70's
15. What It Will Take To Quell The Crime Wave
16. Inflation: How Much More, How To Hedge Against It
17. "New Left"—Close Look At 10 Radical Organizations
18. Borrow Now or Wait? Bankers Look At Interest Rates
19. How To Get Rich On Sunday—Pro Football's Boom
20. Investing In Today's Market: What Experts Advise
21. Anti-War Protests—Repercussions, Good And Bad
22. Nixon And Congress: Programs He'll Push Hardest

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WESTERN ELECTRIC IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HAVING AN IDEA AND BEING ABLE TO TALK OVER IT.

Is that your 1980 telephone, over on the next page?

It's all electronic, including the "bell."

The hand set weighs only a few ounces because it uses only thin film and integrated circuits.

It's filled with plastic foam to protect it from even severe shock.

And it will make your voice sound more like you than any telephone you've used.

But right now it's still just an idea — one of many in the minds of our colleagues, the engineers and scientists at Bell Telephone Laboratories.

Before you can use it, Western Electric must add the crucial art of manufacture. Because only the ability to make such a product, make it in large numbers, make it reliable, and make it at low cost can transform it from an idea to reality.

Western Electric. We make Bell telephones. We also make the difference between having an idea and being able to talk over it.

Western Electric

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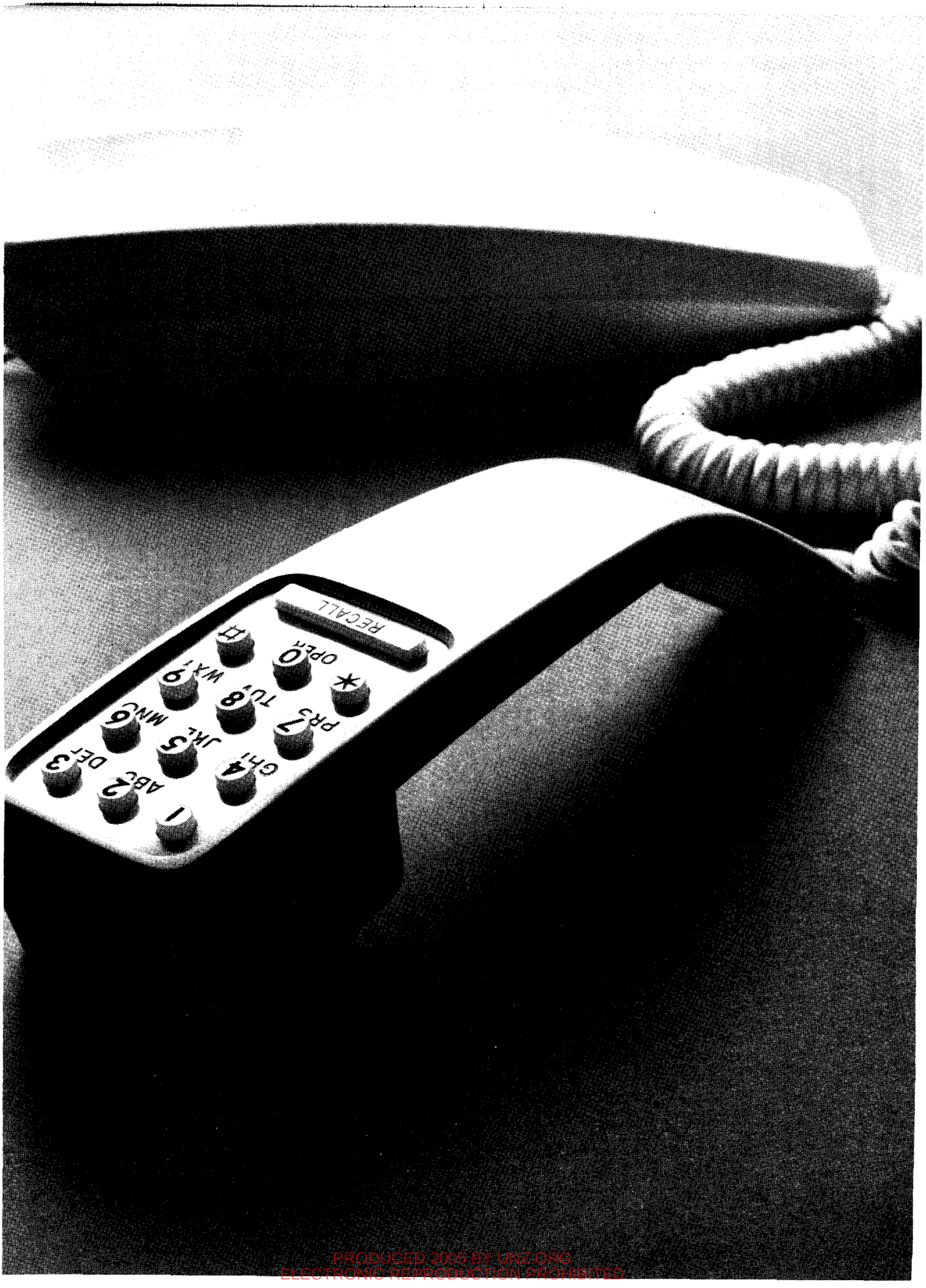

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- It's a *POCKET SIZE POSTAL SCALE* which tells you instantly, with extreme accuracy, exactly how much postage is needed! No more putting on that extra stamp just because you "want to be sure"!
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- It's also a *LETTER OPENER* and *SEVEN INCH RULER!*
- Every *home* and *office desk*, every *briefcase*, every *pocketbook* needs one!
- Makes a perfectly marvelous personal or business gift! You don't have to worry that they may already have one, because they are always glad to receive another! (We get many orders for a dozen or more at a time. Some people must send them to everybody on their gift lists!)
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Just Published

How 88,648 Heavy Smokers Stopped Smoking

NEW YORK — The Anti-Tobacco Center of America has just published a booklet which explains how 88,648 heavy smokers (of whom many are physicians) have stopped smoking without straining their will power. This booklet is available free of charge to smokers. All you need to do, to obtain it, is to send your name and address to The Anti-Tobacco Center of America, Dept. A-55-T, 276 Park Avenue South, New York City, 10010. This offer is open while the supply of these booklets lasts.

WINEMAKING

...the fun hobby you can drink

Kit **$4.98**

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Man's Real Best Friend

IF YOU MANAGE to survive the next thirty years and slip into the twenty-first century, whom will you have to thank for it? Not your dog. Full credit should go to your neighborhood mouse.

I know this dissertation is not going to make me any friends, but history will substantiate the premise. I too was once a dog lover. But let's consider the mouse. When modern science is on the verge of a break-through that will help to sustain and prolong life for mankind, who comes forward to test the new discovery? The mouse.

When a scientist called for volunteers to help stamp out poliomyelitis, who came scampering to the side of Dr. Jonas Salk? Not your dog—mice. While your dog was in the parlor, sitting up, or playing dead, or fetching a slipper, the mice were busy at their labs, selflessly and unstintingly donating their time, and baring their forearms to help test the efficacy of this new serum.

The story of how the mice got into the business of saving humanity from these dread scourges is worth the telling. The high position they have attained had a lowly beginning. It was back in the thirteenth century that a certain pied piper piped all the mice out of beautiful downtown Hamelin.

Having been driven from the lush, green countryside of Westphalia into the overcrowed urban areas, the mice were unable to find a peaceful haven. Wherever they set up homes, the fashionable inhabitants began moving out of the neighborhood, leaving the mice to forage in people-infested slums. They realized that something had to be done to raise their public image.

At first they tried to ingratiate themselves with acts of kindness. One mouse, for instance, pulled a thorn out of a lion's paw. This charitable act helped him but not all mousekind. And when people began inciting their cats to destroy them, the frustration of the mice turned to bitterness and finally to revolt against the Establishment.

They began to beat a path to the very doors of their persecutors. They squealed noisily through parlors and made terrified, shrieking women jump to safety on chairs. They gnawed at ships to make them sink, and as the crew went down, the mice laughingly deserted. Their favorite demonstration, according to an early chronicler named Hickory Dickory Dock, was to run up a clock and make it strike 1, no matter what the time.

All to no avail. Their best-laid schemes went aft agley. For 300 years they remained at the nadir of the social ladder.

But it was in the sixteenth century that they got their lucky break. It was almost like a fairy tale. There was this girl named Cinderella, a drudge, ragged and dirty from doing all the housework while her elder sisters were always on the town, going to dances, and meeting people in high society.

Finally a good fairy enabled Cinderella to go to the prince's ball by bedecking her in a dazzling gown with slippers of glass and turning a pumpkin into a coach. And who do you think was drawing the coach? A team of six mice!

What a furor they created, prancing and high-stepping their way to the prince's palace! The townsfolk who lined the streets had seen coaches, dazzling gowns, and even glass slippers before, but never a team of mice in such resplendent royal livery, worthy of a Disney. As the onlookers shouted and applauded, the mice knew they had finally made it.

But their joy was short-lived. At midnight, as we all know, the coach was turned back into a pumpkin, and the mice disappeared back into the oblivion of their holes. And there they remained for 400 years, unwanted and untended. They wondered where is He Who sees with equal eye a hero perish or a sparrow fall?

Which brings us to the enlightened twentieth century. Now who is it who mai..yrs himself to help erase the infirmities of fragile man? You know who—thousands upon thousands of our little friends, in spanking white, starched hospital gowns, at the elbows of our researchers, eating, drinking, and smoking so that man can enjoy a longer life span.

It wasn't an easy decision for the mice, giving their lives to a cause. But the silent majority prevailed in the interest of their future progenies. There were of course the usual dissidents who held out. They were regarded as the effete snobs, the rat finks. But even they finally joined the revolt when they heard they could apply for testing some of the hallucinatory drugs.

Now you know who your real best friend is. So watch it. Be a Big Brother. Take a mouse to lunch.

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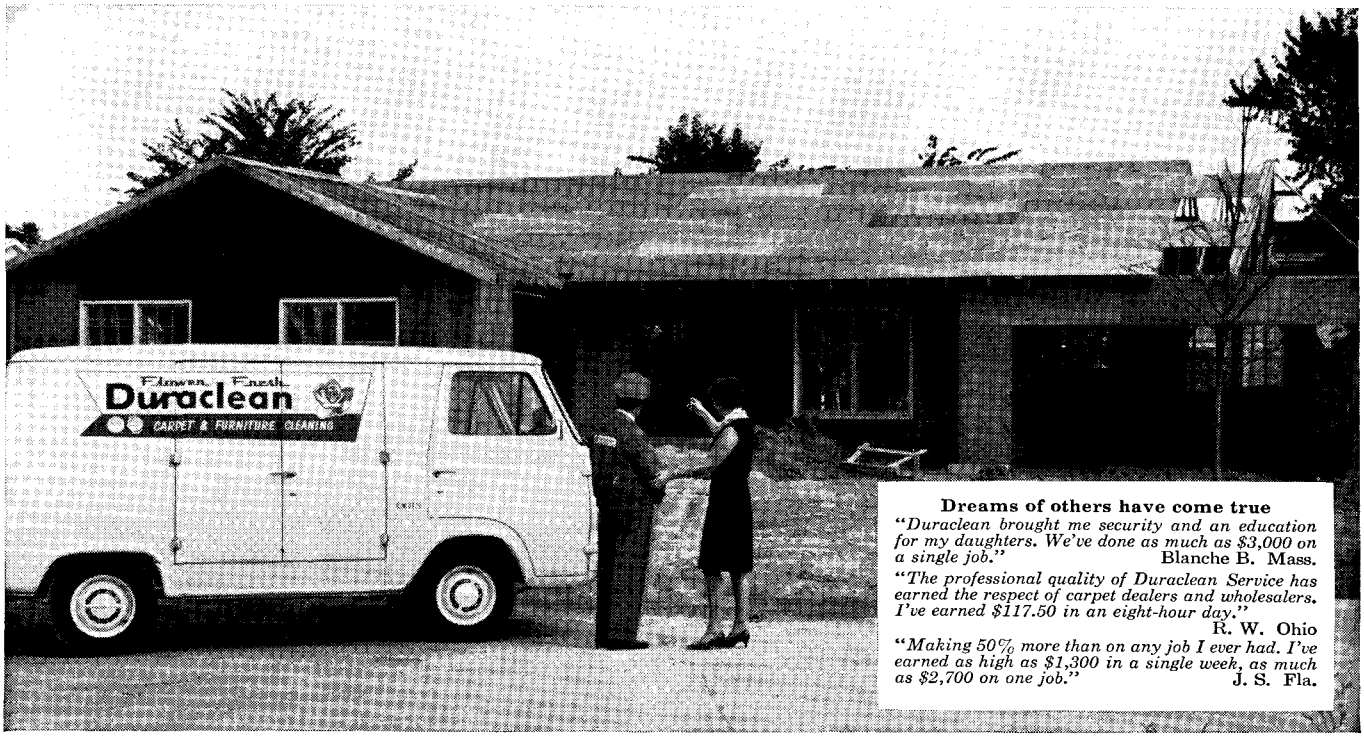

Dreams of others have come true

"Duraclean brought me security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as $3,000 on a single job." Blanche B. Mass.

"The professional quality of Duraclean Service has earned the respect of carpet dealers and wholesalers. I've earned $117.50 in an eight-hour day." R. W. Ohio

"Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as $1,300 in a single week, as much as $2,700 on one job." J. S. Fla.

Your Dreams *Can* Become a Reality with your own Duraclean Franchise

Hundreds of men—previously working for salaries or wages—now enjoy greatly increased incomes, personal independence, and secure futures as owners of their own businesses under the Duraclean Franchise

Unthinking men may tell you that the day is past when an individual can build a successful business of his own. The fact is that Franchising has opened a wonderful new world of opportunity for such men. The "mama and papa" grocery store, and the corner druggist have succumbed to the gigantic chains. But, in their place an exciting new kind of business abounds with big profit opportunities for the individual.

For twenty years the "service industry" has been growing with fantastic speed. Let the chains have the retail store business. Even a small business providing an unusual service can bring profits to the individual that were unheard of in the old days. And, unlike the chains, the service business today, is thriving under Franchising.

What is the difference? Just this: A chain is a large number of stores in a chain all operating under the same plan; under the same well-known name; *but* are owned by one corporation. In Franchising, the individual uses tested and proven plans for starting his business and building it; he operates under a Nationally Advertised and well-known name, he has step by step guidance *but he owns the business*. He enjoys the advantages of chain recognition, but he keeps all the net profits for himself.

The Duraclean Franchise is such a business. No store to rent. No fixtures to buy. No inventory or stock of goods to pay for. No office or work-room required. And, no special education or experience is needed for success. Men of almost every educational level have made glowing successes with the "know-how" furnished by our Company. They've worked from their homes as all Duraclean Service is given on the premises of the customer. In the beginning they've used the family car as all equipment can be carried in the trunk. Their only investment has been a cash outlay of less than a $1000.

What is Duraclean Service. It is a modern method of cleaning *and reviving color and resilience* of carpets, rugs, upholstered furniture and auto interiors—a method that has almost unbelievable superiority over the old way of harsh scrubbing with water, strong detergents, and power driven brushes. Tests made by an independent laboratory show that the Duraclean "Absorption Method" removes twice as much dirt and soil removed by machine scrubbing. And, the carpets and upholstery are dry and ready to use a few hours after cleaning. In addition to cleaning and reviving, you have five other equally superior services to increase profits. The improved Duraclean process has proved so superior that Duraclean Services are now available through a world wide organization.

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DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL

0-511 Duraclean Bldg. Deerfield, Ill. 60015

Ford Marsh, President, DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
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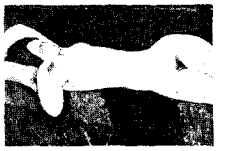

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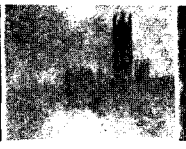

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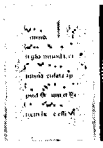

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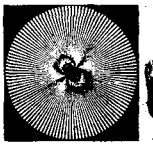

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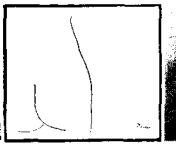

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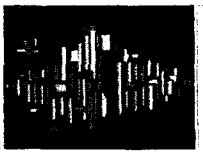

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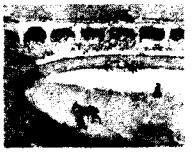

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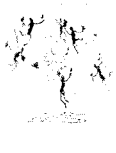

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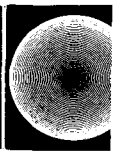

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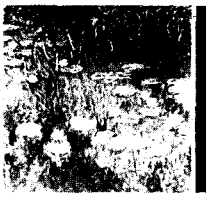

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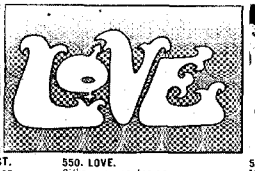

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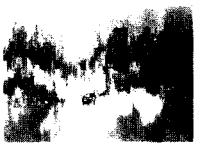

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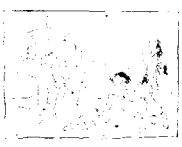

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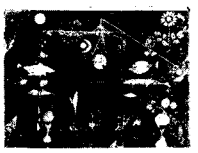

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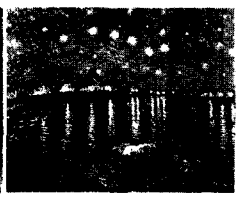

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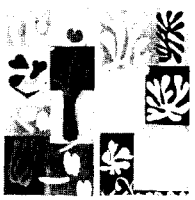

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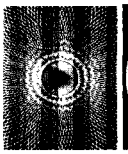

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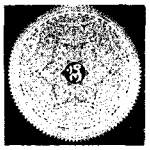

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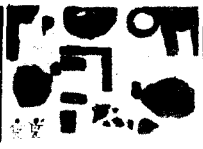

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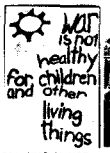

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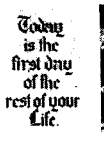

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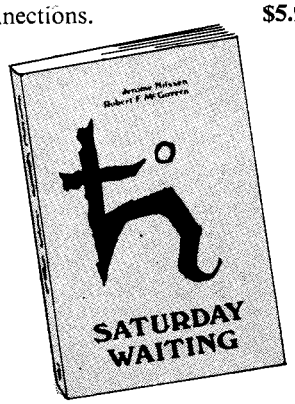

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our signs these days come from all over. Mrs. Norman Cousins spotted one in Japan in a broadcasting studio where there was a low overhang. The sign was in English and, of course, very polite: CALL ATTENTION ON YOUR HEAD.

Meanwhile, Kenneth Wilson, the editor of *Christian Herald,* also traveling in Japan, was impressed with the Japanese desire never to be wholly negative. He telephoned the office of a Mr. Soto. "I am sorry," a secretary informed him, "but Mr. Soto is a little bit not here."

Our Mis-advertisement was sent to us by Paul Poledink of Detroit, from *Juliana Jottings,* published by the St. Julian Church:

LADY WANTED for Lighthouse work 2 hrs. daily for 4 wks.

Just long enough, apparently, to get the place shipshape. In any case, the typos keep coming—our favorite being one sent in from John Makar, of Natchitoches, Louisiana. He spotted it in Maxine Cheshire's Washington column:

Martha Mitchell is keeping a scrapbook of memories into which she has been pasting all her slippings.

All we can say is that, if Mrs. John Mitchell is pasting in *all* of hers, it ought to make a terrific campaign biography—for the Democrats.

And, speaking of books, Garen Drussai sent us a typo-review of the novel Z from *Travel* magazine:

Z, by Vassilis Vassilikos (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is the thinly disguished novel of the murder of Gregoris Lambrakis, member of the Greek parliament, by the rightists.

Miss Drussai thinks the typo-setter has coined a good new word, and who are we to exguish it?

Finally, we had not one but two entries from Maryland. The first was sent in by Mrs. Gerald S. Bushnell of Chevy Chase, who, in cleaning the room of her son Jonathan, aged twelve, found the following letter:

Dear John,

I like you. I don't like John John Pfautz as a boy-friend.

Lots of like,
Lucinda

P.S. I wrote this because I thought you thought I liked John P.

"It is," wrote Mrs. Bushnell, "what appears to be the uncommitted younger generation's version of a 'Dear John' letter."

The second Maryland letter came from Mrs. Robert Waller of Columbia, who declares she opened her door "the night after Channukah," as she puts it, and found on the floor the following:

TO ALL RESIDENTS OF CONCORD HOUSE:

After the Christmas season is over, the Management requests that you dispose of your Christmas trees by throwing them over your balcony. The Grounds Crew will remove them for you. This is requested as a means of trying to keep the building and the elevator in good condition during the holiday season.

May I take this opportunity to wish all of you a happy holiday season.

Thomas Phares,
General Manager

For ourselves, traveling to Cincinnati to do the *Dennis Wholey Show,* we fell in among bad companions, chief among whom was comedian Rodney Dangerfield. Mr. Dangerfield told us that from his experience playing nightclubs, it was nonsense to think the country had changed. "Out here," he said, waving his hand at the wide open spaces, "there are no intellectuals. It's all one big pizza stand." Dangerfield gave as an example the fact that he had tried a routine which began, "I come from a split home—I spent half my time with my father in Brooklyn and half with my mother on the reservation"—and not only was there no laughter, the audience, he maintains, was visibly moved by the story of his underprivileged beginnings.

Meeting Joe McGinnis, author of the modern classic *The Selling of the President 1968,* we received more of the same. Mr. McGinnis was obviously pleased by the tremendous sale his book has had. "But," he told us, "my worry is that the people who have bought it were skeptical anyway. The ones who should, won't."

McGinnis recalled, in evidence of

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this, his appearance on a call-in radio show in Iowa where, after he was first interviewed on his eyewitness account of the "packaging" of Mr. Nixon, he was then asked if he would answer questions. He agreed, and his host opened the lines. Not a single soul called. As time passed, the host became more and more restless. "I don't know how this happened," he finally said. "There's nothing wrong with our switchboard."

"Maybe," suggested McGinnis, "we've reached the silent majority."

Our favorite story of the fortnight occurred in Washington, D.C. There Congressman John Zwach (R., Minn.) made a request that from now on roll calls in the House be, every other year, anti-alphabetical—in other words, starting with the Zs. Congressman Zwach contends that often, while he's still waiting to hear his name called, most of his fellow Congressmen are already home for dinner. Also that he has no opportunity to influence how an issue will eventually be decided, because by the time he gets to vote, it's all been decided. "A man ought not to be penalized," he says, "for something he had nothing to do with. He was, after all, born with it —he didn't select it."

Congressman Zwach was promptly joined in his efforts not only by Roger Zion (R., Ind.) and Clement Zablocki (D., Wis.) but by Charles Wiggins (R., Ill.). On the other hand, he was strongly opposed by Watkins Abbitt (D., Va.) and Joseph Addabbo (D., N.Y.) as well as by an Abernathy, an Adair, and an Adams. "I am," said Congressman Abbitt, "a traditionalist in this thing. It's set up right and proper now, and I hope it will continue this way."

Edward Patten (D., N.J.), when asked for his opinion, had still another suggestion—no alphabet at all, but rather a lottery to determine the drawing of names in all roll calls. "I have," he said, "been in the middle all my life."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1865)

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War & peace—1970

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by Viva Emmons

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"Tip" Cushmore, producer of videotape TV programs by which the home office communicates with 66 branches around the country and the world—and in his spare time crusader for free speech as it involves the broadcast media.

Ann Ives, Director of Marketing Research, whose group studies the responses of people to the insurance services we offer, analyzes markets, helps us find out what people need and want and how we can help—President

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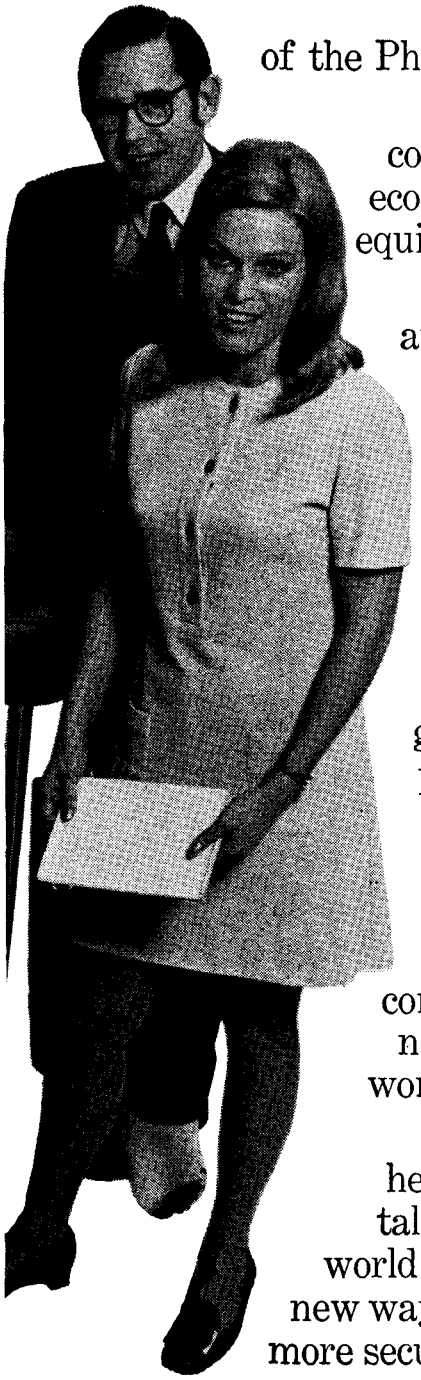

of the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Marketing Association.

Bill Brooks, Research & Development, explores new coverages and pricing techniques, insurance-related social and economic problems—he's also a photography bug who sold his equipment to help pay for his college education.

Tama Williams, Research Project Director, testing new and existing insurance concepts and sales techniques in group sessions, individual interviews, in-depth studies—holder of a Master's degree in educational psychology, and avid bicyclist.

Bill Swain of the Corporate Development Group, helping INA expand its services to you by studying new business opportunities, gauging their future possibilities—off the job an ace rugby player.

Ernestine Bayer, Master of Science in Education, now applying her talent to the problems of using computers to help serve INA policyholders—also holder of eight national rowing titles and U. S. entrant in the 1969 European women's rowing championships.

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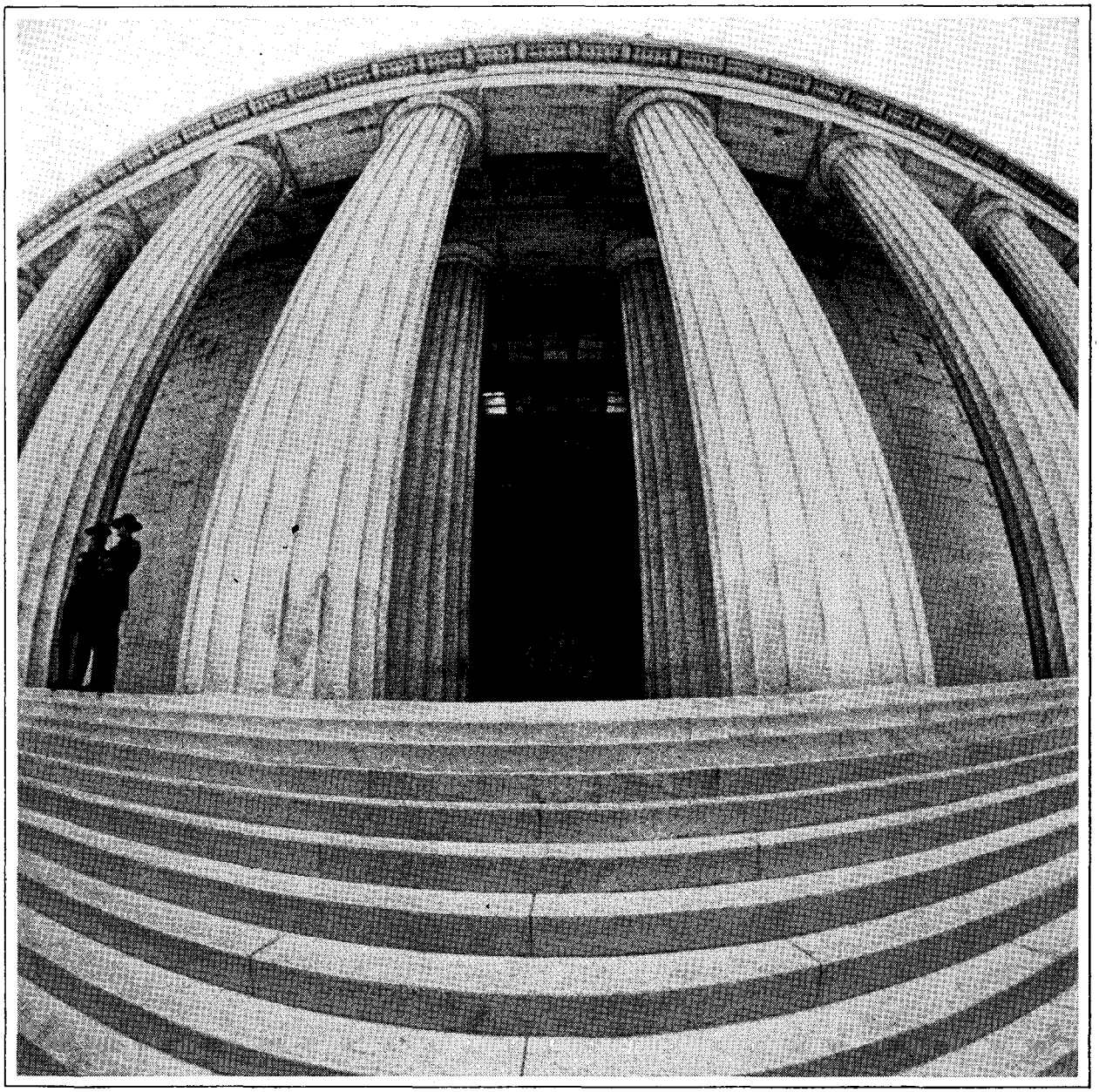

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Saturday Review
January 10, 1970

Youth Revolt: The Future Is Now

"It is not only that parents are no longer guides, but that there are no guides. . . ."

by MARGARET MEAD

Our present crisis has been variously attributed to the overwhelming rapidity of change, the collapse of the family, the decay of capitalism, the triumph of a soulless technology, and, in wholesale repudiation, to the final breakdown of the Establishment. Behind these attributions there is a more basic conflict between those for whom the present represents no more than an intensification of our existing cofigurative culture, in which peers are more than ever replacing parents as the significant models of behavior, and those who contend that we are in fact entering a totally new phase of cultural evolution.

Most commentators, in spite of their differences in viewpoint, still see the future essentially as an extension of the past. Edward Teller can still speak of the outcome of a nuclear war as a state of destruction relatively no more drastic than the ravages wrought by Genghis Khan, and historians can point out that time and again civilization has survived the crumbling of empires. Similarly, many authorities treat as no more than an extreme form of adolescent rebellion the repudiation of present and past by the dissident youth of every persuasion in every kind of society in the world.

Theorists who emphasize the parallels between past and present in their interpretations of the generation gap ignore the irreversibility of the changes that have taken place since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution. This is especially striking in their handling of modern technological development, which they treat as comparable in its effects to the changes that occurred as one civilization in the past took over from another such techniques as agriculture, script, navigation, or the organization of labor and law.

One urgent priority, I believe, is to examine the nature of change in the modern world, including its speed and dimensions, so that we can better understand the distinctions that must be made between change in the past and that which is now ongoing. To do so, I make distinctions among three different kinds of culture: *post-figurative*, in which children learn primarily from their forebears; *cofigurative*, in which both children and adults learn from their peers; and *prefigurative*, in which adults learn also from their children.

Although it is possible to discuss both post-figurative and cofigurative cultures in terms of slow or rapid change without specifying the nature of the process and to compare past and present situations when the focus is kept on generation relationships and on the type of modeling through which a culture is transmitted, it is only when one specifies the nature of the process that the contrast between past and present change becomes clear.

The primary evidence that our present situation is unique, without any parallel in the past, is that the genera-

The above article is a preview of Dr. Mead's forthcoming book, *Culture and Commitment*, to be published this month by Doubleday. Copyright © 1970 by Margaret Mead.

—*Photos by Charles Gatewood*

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"The young feel that there must be a better way and that they must find it."

tion gap is world-wide. The particular events taking place in England, Pakistan, the United States, New Guinea, or elsewhere are not enough to explain the unrest that is stirring modern youth everywhere. Recent technological change or the handicaps imposed by its absence, revolution or the suppression of revolutionary activities, the crumbling of faith in ancient creeds or the attraction of new creeds —all these serve only as partial explanations of the particular forms taken by youth revolt in different countries.

Concentration on particularities can only hinder the search for an explanatory principle. Instead, it is necessary to strip the occurrences in each country of their superficial, national, and immediately temporal aspects. The desire for a liberated form of communism in Czechoslovakia, the search for "racial" equality in the United States, the desire to liberate Japan from American military influence—these are particularistic forms. Youthful activism is common to them all. The key question is this: What are the new conditions that have brought about the revolt of youth around the world?

The first of these is the emergence of a world community. For the first time human beings throughout the world, in their information about and responses to one another, have become a community that is united by shared knowledge and danger. As far as we know, no such single, interacting community has existed within archaeological time. The largest clusters of interacting human groups have always been fragments of a still larger unknown whole, and the idea that all men are, in the same sense, human beings always has been either unreal or a mystical belief.

The events of the past twenty-five years changed this drastically. Exploration has been complete enough to convince us that there are no humanoid types on the planet except our own species. World-wide air travel and globe-encircling TV satellites have turned us into one community, in which events taking place on one side of the earth become immediately and simultaneously available to peoples everywhere else. No artist or political censor has time to intervene and edit as a leader is shot or a flag is planted on the moon. The world is a community, though it still lacks the forms of organization and the sanctions by which a political community can be governed.

Men who are the carriers of vastly different cultural traditions are entering the present at the same point in time. It is as if, all around the world, men were converging on identical immigration posts, each with its identifying sign: YOU ARE NOW ABOUT TO ENTER THE POST-WORLD-WAR-II WORLD AT GATE 1 (GATE 23, etc.). Whoever they are and wherever their particular points of entry may be, all men are equally immigrants into the new era. They are like the immigrants who came as pioneers to a new land, lacking all knowledge of what demands new conditions of life would make upon them. Those who came later could take their peer groups as models. But among the first comers, the young adults had as models only their own tentative adaptations and innovations.

Today, everyone born and bred before World War II is such an immigrant in time as his forebears were in space —a pioneer struggling to grapple with the unfamiliar conditions of life in a new era. Like all immigrants and pioneers, these immigrants in time are the bearers of older cultures, but today they represent all the cultures of the world. And all of them, whether they are sophisticated French intellectuals or members of a remote New Guinea tribe, land-bound peasants in Haiti or nuclear physicists, have certain characteristics in common.

Whoever they are, these immigrants grew up under skies across which no satellite had ever flashed. Their perception of the past was an edited version of what had happened. Their perception of the immediate present was limited to what they could take in through their own eyes and ears and to the edited versions of other men's sensory experience and memories. Their conception of the future was essentially one in which change was incorporated into a deeper changelessness. The industrialist or military planner, envisaging what a computer, not yet constructed, might make possible, treated it as another addition to the repertoire of inventions that have enhanced man's skills. It expanded what men could do, but did not change the future.

When the first atom bomb was exploded at the end of World War II, only a few individuals realized that all humanity was entering a new age. And to this day the majority of those over twenty-five have failed to grasp emotionally, however well they may grasp intellectually, the difference between any war in which, no matter how terrible the casualties, mankind will survive, and one in which there will be no survivors. They continue to think that a war, fought with more lethal weapons, would just be a worse war. Our thinking still binds us to the past—to the world as it existed in our childhood and youth.

We still hold the seats of power and command the resources and the skills necessary to keep order and organize the kinds of societies we know about. We control the educational systems, the apprenticeship systems, the career ladders up which the young must climb. Nevertheless, we have passed the point of no return. We are committed to life in an unfamiliar setting; we are making do with what we know.

The young generation, however—the articulate young rebels all around the world who are lashing out against the controls to which they are subjected—are like the first generation born into a new country. They are at home in this time. Satellites are familiar in their skies. They have never known a

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time when war did not threaten annihilation. When they are given the facts, they can understand immediately that continued pollution of the air and water and soil will soon make the planet uninhabitable and that it will be impossible to feed an indefinitely expanding world population. As members of one species in an underdeveloped world community they recognize that invidious distinctions based on race and caste are anachronisms. They insist on the vital necessity of some form of world order.

No longer bound by the simplified linear sequences dictated by the printed word, they live in a world in which events are presented to them in all their complex immediacy. In their eyes the killing of an enemy is not qualitatively different from the murder of a neighbor. They cannot reconcile our efforts to save our own children by every known means with our readiness to destroy the children of others with napalm. They know that the people of one nation alone cannot save their own children; each holds the responsibility for all others' children.

Although I have said they *know* these things, perhaps I should say that this is how they *feel*. Like the first generation born in a new country, they listen only half-comprehendingly to their parents' talk about the past. For as the children of pioneers had no access to the landscapes whose memories could still move their parents to tears, the young today cannot share their parents' responses to events that deeply moved them in the past. But this is not all that separates the young from their elders. Watching, they can see that their elders are groping, that they are managing clumsily and often unsuccessfully the tasks imposed on them by the new conditions. The young do not know what must be done, but they feel that there must be a better way and that they must find it.

Today, nowhere in the world are there elders who know what the children know, no matter how remote and simple the societies are in which the children live. In the past there were always some elders who knew more than any children in terms of their experience of having grown up within a cultural system. Today there are none. It is not only that parents are no longer guides, but that there are no guides, whether one seeks them in one's own country or abroad. There are no elders who know what those who have been reared within the last twenty years know about the world into which they were born.

True, in many parts of the world the parental generation still lives by a postfigurative set of values. From parents in such cultures children may learn that there have been unquestioned absolutes, and this learning may carry over into later experience as an expectation that absolute values can and should be re-established.

"They are ready to make way for something new by a kind of social bulldozing."

There are still parents who answer such child's questions as why he must go to bed, or eat his vegetables, or learn to read with simple assertions: Because it is *right* to do so, because *God* says so, or because *I* say so. These parents are preparing the way for the re-establishment of post-figurative elements in the culture. But these elements will be far more rigid and intractable than in the past because they must be defended in a world in which conflicting points of view, rather than orthodoxies, are prevalent.

Most parents, however, are too uncertain to assert old dogmatisms. They do not know how to teach these children who are so different from what they themselves once were, and most children are unable to learn from parents and elders they will never resemble. In the past, in the United States, children of immigrant parents pleaded with them not to speak their foreign language in public and not to wear their outlandish foreign clothes. They knew the burning shame of being, at the same time, unable to repudiate their parents and unable to accept simply and naturally their way of speaking and doing things. But in time they learned to find new teachers as guides, to model their behavior on that of more adapted age mates, and to slip in, unnoticed, among a group whose parents were more bearable.

Today, the dissident young discover very rapidly that this solution is no longer possible. The breach between themselves and their parents also exists between their friends and their friends' parents and between their friends and their teachers.

These young dissidents realize the critical need for immediate world action on problems that affect the whole world. What they want is, in some way, to begin all over again. They are ready to make way for something new by a kind of social bulldozing—like the bulldozing in which every tree and feature of the landscape is destroyed to make way for a new community. Awareness of the reality of the crisis (which is, in fact, perceived most accurately not by the young, but by their discerning and prophetic elders) and the sense the young have that their elders do not understand the modern world, because they do not understand their children, has produced a kind of rebellion in which planned reformation of the present system is almost inconceivable.

Nevertheless, those who have no power also have no routes to power except through those against whom they are rebelling. In the end, it was men who gave the vote to women; and it will be the House of Lords that votes to abolish the House of Lords—as also, in the final analysis, nations will act to limit national sovereignty. Effective, rapid evolutionary change, in which no one is guillotined or forced into exile, depends on the cooperation of a large number of those in power with the dispossessed who are seeking power.

These, in brief, are the conditions

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Marx, Mao, And The Dissenters

Just over a century ago, there appeared in selected news stalls in Europe the first volume of an obscure work by an obscure German newspaperman who had lived in abject poverty most of his life. His name was Karl Heinrich Marx, and he was forty-nine when volume one of *Das Kapital* began its amazing journey through the minds of men. The second and third volumes of *Das Kapital* were published posthumously. Marx died without any idea of the forces he was to create, or that he had written perhaps the single most revolutionary work ever published.

There is no doubt that Marx would have hated and rejected many of the totalitarian practices now common in communist countries, for he had identified himself with the humanitarian tradition, though he was strongly opposed to its bourgeois interpretation in the nineteenth century. In *Das Kapital* he developed the theory that capitalism was self-destructive, that production for profit inevitably led to overproduction, that a class struggle between the haves and have-nots was inevitable, and that war as an instrument of national policy was tied forever to the capitalist economy.

Of course, Marx lived at a time when labor unions were just beginning to move from theory to reality. The atmosphere of revolution and change in 1848 thrilled him, and probably set him to work in earnest on his life writings. The American Civil War likewise possessed him passionately, for he sympathized deeply with anti-slavery and the North. His profession was journalism, when he was allowed to practice it, but, when his newspaper in Cologne was suppressed, he fled to Paris. He returned to Germany only when the revolution of 1848 made it possible once again to publish socialist ideas in public print. Expelled once more from his native land, Marx moved to London, where he would probably have starved if Charles A. Dana, managing editor of the New York *Tribune*, had not taken him on as a stringer. Pieces from Karl Marx are still to be found in the archives of the late lamented New York *Herald Tribune*.

For all his brilliance, Marx did not foresee many of the historic changes that were to invalidate some of his theories. He never anticipated the emergence of a middle class of mammoth dimensions. In his time, there was the aristocracy of government and economic royalists, and there were the very poor who had nothing, not even hope. A middle class was virtually non-

existent. But as monarchy began to fade and one form or another of democracy began to take its place, and as a great middle group began to accumulate wealth and an increasingly stronger voice in how they were to be governed, the inevitability of a Marxist-type class struggle faded everywhere but in imperialist Russia. Similar in size and somewhat in nature to her enormous Chinese neighbor, Czarist Russia half a century ago was ripe for revolution, not evolution. And the Russian experiment was viewed by intellectuals everywhere—particularly in Western Europe—not merely with fascination but for its enormous promise. Here was something they could believe in, a new religion having to do with the equality of man, equality in economic status and, they thought, in government as well. They were less concerned with the absence of political freedom for the masses, who had experienced very little of it in any case, than they were with the prospect of a potentially peaceful world without hunger and poverty.

Some intellectuals, however, did raise relevant questions: In a dictatorship of the proletariat who was to say who should rule and how long? What provision was there for dissent? How could a wicked and ineffectual dictator be dislodged short of counter-revolution? Stalin's bloody purges of the 1930s confirmed these apprehensions; Soviet wartime and postwar expansionism in the Baltic states, Poland, and the Balkans cut off much of communism's theoretical support in Western Europe and America. Finally, the brutal invasions of Hungary and Czechoslovakia made it clear that ideology in the Soviet Union did not prevent it from carrying out the kinds of adventures associated with aggressive societies from Caesar to Napoleon to Hitler.

Inside the Soviet Union, as time went on, fundamental changes began to evolve. Taking a leaf from capitalism, the Russians introduced incentives similar to those in the profit system. In order to improve production, Soviet farmers who exceeded their quotas were allowed to sell their surplus in the open market, and collective farmers were given ownership of small plots of land to develop as they saw fit. Factory workers began to get substantial bonuses, if their plant surpassed its quota. Accumulation of private capital became legal. Savings banks in Russia paid interest again. Indeed, many incentives were borrowed from the Western economies, and the theory of production for use inched toward the West's traditional production for profit.

At the same time, measures provid-

(*Continued on page* 95)

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High-Return Seed Money

Since its inception in 1965, the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities has handsomely lived up to its mandate to improve the quality of American life. Defining the arts and humanities broadly, the Foundation has given millions in matching grants to needful programs in architecture, education, literature, the dance, music, theater, and films. This has been seed money in the best sense of the term. As President Nixon pointed out to Congress last month, every dollar of Foundation money has stimulated the donation of three dollars from other sources.

A typical Foundation initiative: several years ago the NFAH gave a grant of $25,500 to the Radcliffe Institute for Independent Study, earmarking it for the Institute's program to aid women writers. The grant helped make the program so effective that a private foundation gave the Institute $300,000, obviating the need for further NFAH aid.

During the years just ahead, the Foundation hopes to give substantial financial assistance to the American Film Institute, so that it can rescue and preserve old films that are a priceless record of America's past. Other NFAH projects for the future include greatly increasing seed money support for the performing arts and for museums.

All such "futures" planning is sharply contingent, however, on Congress, which early this year will vote on 1) whether to extend the Foundations's legal lease on life for a three-year period; and 2) whether to raise the Foundation's funds from the current level of $20-million to $40-million for fiscal 1971.

In his December 10 message to Congress, President Nixon strongly urged an affirmative vote on the foregoing measures. He pointed out that "the dollar amounts involved are comparatively small," and that "the federal role would remain supportive rather than primary." Mr. Nixon added that the demonstrably positive social role of the arts and humanities should be a dominant consideration when Congress deliberates the Foundation's future. We enthusiastically endorse his plea for a favorable vote. By giving the Foundation new life and funds, the Congress will be channeling the taxpayers' dollars into one of the most rewarding high-return investment bargains currently available.

—The Editors.

Letters to the Editor

Germ Warfare

Certain emphases of N. C.'s editorial "Germ Warfare and the Arms Race" [*SR*, Dec. 13] are highly deceptive. President Nixon has specifically excluded from his "renunciation" of the use and manufacture of bacteriological and chemical weapons the use of 24-D and 245-T defoliants, and CN and CS lung gases in Vietnam. What kind of "morally imaginative" approach is this?

A realistic appraisal would lead one to the conclusion that the huge stockpiles of CB agents are now menacing the lives of Americans; within our borders they cannot be moved without grave risks, and in war they could not be confined within the borders of the enemy. Given these factors, is renunciation dictated by "morally imaginative" thinking or by necessity?

To call for a cease-fire and freezing of military operations merely begs the issue, for implicit in a cease-fire is the continued presence on Vietnamese soil of American military personnel and weaponry. Again, this is hardly a "morally imaginative" measure, not at this late date.

Mrs. Jack Alloy,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Tinkering with the Economy

The new economic theory expounded by John F. Wharton in "How Not to Tinker With the Economy" [*SR*, Dec. 13] is identified as the product of the advocates of prosperity. They counsel to increase our standard of living by an enormous expansion of the supply of "currently necessary goods and services" and find a solution to the many problems that fits such increases.

Presumably, all economic ills can be readily cured by that prescription. Otherwise stated, we need only Pollyannish optimism to solve economic problems. If that simple solution is sound, one wonders how it has escaped our leaders of industry, who have been announcing reduced production schedules, the closing of plants, and other restrictive measures in a realistic appraisal of the accumulations of inventory, accompanied by other indications of the reduced velocity of business. Government should not be charged with responsibility for the decisions of industry in areas over which it has no control. Its function is limited to fiscal and monetary management of its own affairs.

Moreover, the serious inflation that now increasingly menaces the soundness of our economy is not the product of a shortage of merchandise. It was not and is not caused by excess dollars chasing merchandise that is in short supply. On the contrary, industry and business are struggling with inventory problems, namely progressive accumulation of merchandise in stock rooms and on retail shelves.

Gustave J. Rosen,
Westport, Conn.

John F. Wharton's failure to distinguish between the short- and long-run effects of increasing "CNG&S" leaves a serious hole in his argument. Mr. Wharton gives an accurate description of how inflation came to us. However, he fails to explain that the investment activity required to increase CNG&S produces, at times like these, serious short-run inflationary effects. Had he added this statement to his

(*Continued on page 97*)

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

A Visit to Konfitürenburg

ANOTHER SEASON of *Nutcrackers* has ended (or is ending) across the land, for *The Nutcracker* is all about Christmas, and in the past decade or more it has become the traditional Yuletide ballet. Stemming from the Russian Imperial Ballet production of 1892, with choreography by Lev Ivanov (on instructions from Marius Petipa) to the great music of Tchaikovsky, it is staged in whole or in part, lavishly or economically, professionally or amateurishly, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is the American ballet world's greatest commodity at the box office.

The most famous American *Nutcracker* is the one created fifteen years ago at the New York City Center by George Balanchine for his own New York City Ballet. It was an awesome spectacle then, but for the later miracles wrought on 64th Street you should see the newest production (now in its last days at the New York State Theater) that Balanchine made just a few seasons ago for his dancers.

The San Francisco Ballet is long famous for its *Nutcracker*; the Boston Ballet has an enormously successful one; this year, the Pennsylvania Ballet played it not only in its home town of Philadelphia but also in mighty Chicago (where it replaced the popular version created by Ruth Page for her own troupe of dancers before she disbanded them, because of an illness in her family, last year); plus dozens more that I cannot list here.

A feature of the major productions of *The Nutcracker* is the presence of children in the cast. Ballet mistresses, cast principals, and mothers probably get through the backstage ordeal on tranquilizers, but from out front the little ones seem adorable, even like the angels they pretend to be in one scene.

The New York City Ballet calls on the talents of eighty-two children, divided into two alternating casts, plus the full complement of the New York City Ballet dancing grownups, 150 of them. Children dance in both acts of the ballet, but the key characters are the little Nutcracker Prince; Clara, the little girl who actually dreams up fairy-lands of snow and sweets; and the mischievous Fritz, who gets into all sorts of trouble at the Christmas party.

Fifteen years ago, it was difficult to find enough boys to play all the boys' roles; so some of these were done by little girls in boy's clothes. Today plenty of boys apply at the auditions, and, if they are good enough technically, they may soon push the few remaining girls-in-male-apparel back over to their own side of the distaff line.

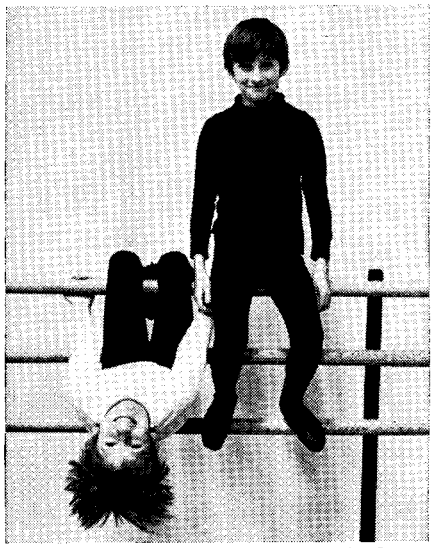
It is fun to see what happens to the best of these child performers when they grow up. The very first little Nutcracker Prince was Paul Nickel in the Balanchine production of fifteen years ago. Today, Nickel is a soloist with the American Ballet Theatre and dances highly mature roles in such ballets as Herbert Ross's *Caprichos* and Antony Tudor's *Dark Elegies*. Paul Mejia, another Prince, grew up to dance the role of the Cavalier (partner to the Sugar Plum Fairy) and to marry a ballerina, Suzanne Farrell; Robert Maiorano and still others have changed from little Princes to *danseurs*.

This year, Christopher d'Amboise was Fritz in a performance that starred his famous father, Jacques d'Amboise, as the Cavalier. I was also taken with the quite remarkable performing aplomb, timing, and polish as well as boyish vitality provided by Jeffrey Horne as Fritz, a role he alternated with his brother Marc.

So on this page, through pictures, we welcome a new generation of dancers to the lucky stages of *Nutcrackers*.

—*Jack Hoffman.*

Ulrik Savery-Trojaborg (from the Royal Danish Ballet School) and Debra Beth Saklad play the little Nutcracker Prince and the young heroine, Clara, in the Pennsylvania Ballet's current production of the Ivanov-Tchaikovsky classic.



—*Martha Swope.*

Jeffrey (dark shirt) and Marc (light shirt) alternate as the mischievous Fritz in the New York City Ballet's "The Nutcracker."

—*Martha Swope.*

An army of little girls auditions for the New York City Ballet's 1969-70 performances of "Nutcracker."

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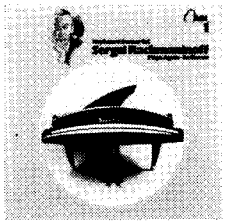

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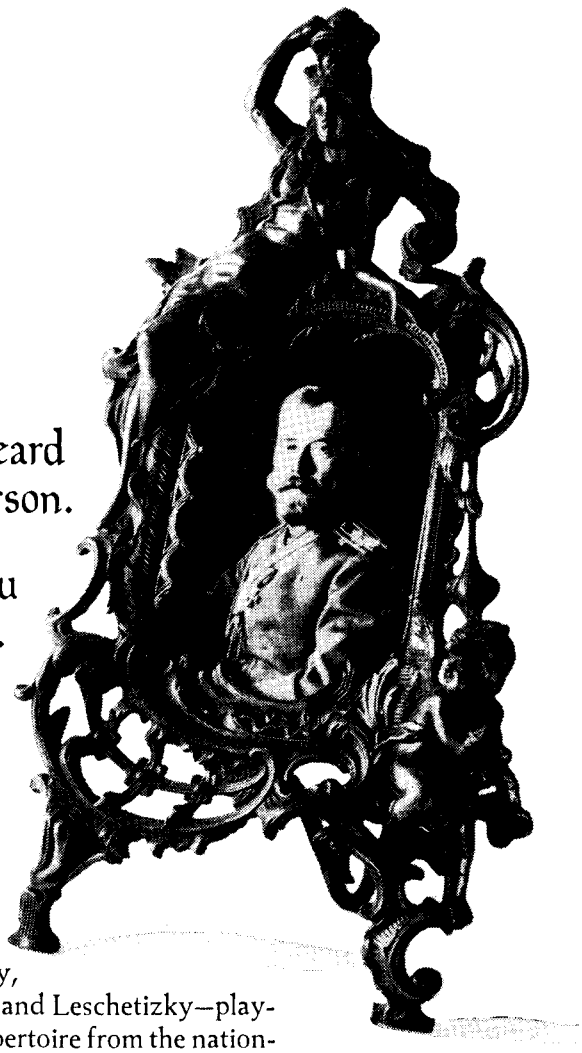

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

The Unlikely Passion of Dolly Levi

GRANTED that Dolly, in the person of Barbra Streisand, is not the cutest chick in New York, or even Yonkers, but why on earth would she choose Horace Vandergelder, a tight-fisted, mean-spirited, gloomy, hay-and-feed merchant, to replace her late husband, Ephraim? *Hello, Dolly!*, which has several moments of musical liveliness and which is designed primarily to help time pass away pleasantly for a few hours, nevertheless left me with a somewhat queasy feeling. I had to conclude that Dolly, whose matchmaking proclivities are aimed more at material comfort than heavenly bliss, desired Horace principally for his money, because, as played by Walter Matthau, he has little else to recommend him.

It's the underside of *Hello, Dolly!* that bothers me. Here is a musical show that has been one of the most popular in American theatrical annals. Yet it has as its heroine a conniving, scheming woman who devotes herself to hooking a bachelor, who in turn regards marriage as a chance to improve himself financially while getting a work-in maid for free. I can't help wondering: What is so charming about all this? *The Matchmaker* bothered me from its beginnings. Surely Thornton Wilder was disguising some devilishly satiric thrusts at American folkways with his broad comedy. While *Hello, Dolly!* as a film musical sweetens Dolly's nature by giving her a touch of raffishness (or maybe it's Miss Streisand who does this with her Mae West camping), its basic content still lies there like an indigestible lump.

Nor does the movie musical get off the ground (after an eye-filling panorama of New York in the Nineties) for a good part of its length. Michael Crawford, as an English-accented country bumpkin, leers unpleasantly at the mere thought of kissing a girl. Irene Molloy (Marianne McAndrew), the milliner, is perfectly willing to marry Horace just to get out of the shop. Her assistant, Minnie, giggles incessantly. I can't remember such unsubtle stuff in a movie since they began to talk. To compound the heaviness, Gene Kelly, from time to time, eschews film technique entirely and stages scenes as if he were under a proscenium arch.

When the film does spring to life, it is mainly because of Miss Streisand's efforts. She's a star personality—no question about it. In a sense, she does everything wrong, right up to being utterly miscast in her role. She's much too young to be Dolly. Her accents range from honey-chile Southern to flip Brooklynese. She camps, kids, poses, and belts her songs. Yet as you watch her somehow she gets to you. You're aware that she's a lot smarter than the show. She's no more an 1890s woman than, let's say, Gloria Steinem, and she makes sure to let you know it. Why she is the long-absent life of the elegant Harmonia Gardens is left entirely unexplained by Ernest Lehman's script, but Barbra carries it off.

Of all the money spent—in excess of $20-million—by Twentieth Century-Fox to bring this creaky production to the screen, the greatest value received comes from Barbra. The "Hello, Dolly!" number is by now almost as familiar as "America, the Beautiful." Michael Kidd's choreography does not advance the art beyond Agnes de Mille. Yes, the sets are impressive, and the production has weight if not much style, but, as a movie, it's a Barbra Streisand show. And, I suspect, she saves it, at least to the degree that it could be saved. I hope I don't do him too much of an injustice, but I rather think Spiro Agnew would like it fine. There's truth in it, if you know what I mean.

A big, flashy production, too, is *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, the latest of the James Bond series, but with a rank amateur (and I guess I mean that) substituted for the suave Sean Connery. The new Bond is George Lazenby, and it's kind of touching watching him attempt to get the necessary insouciance into the delivery of his lines, although I must admit that a less sympathetic audience will only laugh at the wrong moments. Mr. Lazenby, however, is tall, has a pleasant face and a manner that would probably also strike us as pleasant if we met him personally rather than in a movie. And, aside from Lazenby, this new 007 adventure delivers its full load of action and violence, this time directed by Peter Hunt.

We meet Bond in Switzerland, mainly, where he encounters several willing and ready girls and a bald-headed villain, naturally played by Telly Savalas. It's a four-thunk movie, by which I mean that just as Bond is about to indulge his carnal appetites with a beauty, somebody behind him hits him over the head, and the sound track emits a loud thunk. Any normal man would develop a bad case of impotence. But not Bond. He'll be back and rutting, you may be sure.

SR'S TEN BEST OF 1969

(selected by the editors)

Alice's Restaurant
Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice
The Damned
Easy Rider
Goodbye, Columbus
If . . .
Midnight Cowboy
Stolen Kisses
They Shoot Horses, Don't They?
Z

Matchmaker Barbra Streisand matches wits with Walter Matthau in "Hello, Dolly!"—"Spiro Agnew would like it fine."

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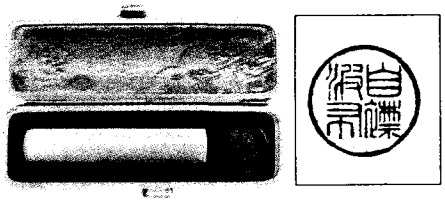

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An essay review of "Freedom and the Foundation: The Fund for the Republic in the Era of McCarthyism," by Thomas C. Reeves (Knopf, 364 pp., $7.95)

The Apoplectic Years

by HAROLD ORLANS

Knowledge, it is said, is power—and too often it is the power to bore. But not this most unusual of doctoral dissertations, which is scholarly, fascinating, and strangely foreboding as echoes of the 1950s sound again today.

Aside from the biographies and memoirs of the funding fathers, and Dwight Macdonald's irreverent and delightful sketch of the Ford Foundation ("a large body of money completely surrounded by people who want some"), most of the readily accessible information about foundations consists of daunting Congressional inquiries, sterile annual reports, and foundation-financed tomes that have been boiled, blanched, steamed, starched, and utterly cleansed of any recognizable human emotion. My explanation of why this is so differs from the conspiracy or "establishment" theory held with equal passion by the Left and the Right, which sees wily businessmen, financiers, lawyers, and college presidents, groomed at the same private schools, pulling the strings of national affairs, and how can strings be pulled in public? The reason foundation affairs have gone unrecorded, I suspect, is because they are usually so desperately dull. Far from conspiring to defend their war profits, those businessmen and "action" intellectuals are on their best behavior trying to do such good as their instincts and interests allow. Foundation men do indeed, like Shylock, laugh, bleed, and even agonize, but their professional posture is one of unfailing, uncommunicative courtesy.

Thomas Reeves fits into this tradition. He writes very carefully, as befits a scholar, and he is respectful—a bit too respectful for my taste. But Robert Maynard Hutchins, his Fund for the Republic, and, in lesser measure, the Ford trustees who gave them $15 million and cast them adrift in a turbulent sea, merit our respect and honor for their courage and steadfastness in the anguished, fearful, and sordid years of Senator Joseph McCarthy, when Chief Justice Warren expressed doubt that the Bill of Rights could have been enacted had it been proposed at that time.

In other ways Reeves has broken remarkable new ground. In exchange for sorting the Fund's files after a fire for transmittal to Princeton, he was given full and uncensored access to all that remained—a half-ton of letters, board minutes, personal folders, staff memoranda, and so forth. These he has supplemented with a diligent scrutiny of public materials, interviews conducted from 1964–67, and the relevant private papers of board member Jubal Parten and of Paul Hoffman, who became board chairman early in 1953 upon resigning the Ford Foundation presidency.

The result is an unparalleled account of trepidation and boldness, division and unity among members of the two boards; of shifts in confidence and distrust between senior foundation officials and their trustees; of changing judgments about what was prudent, and of the happy end to the story. Hysteria was subdued, confidence restored, and the Fund's remaining millions were given to a center for the mortal contemplation of immortal truths. Let us recount the main events.

The 1949 Gaither report set forth five goals copious enough to absorb the income in which the Ford Foundation was in danger of drowning after the death of Henry Ford in 1947. The second, "The Strengthening of Democ-

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racy," called for the support of activities to end restrictions on and to protect the rights of "freedom of thought, inquiry, and expression in the United States." Specific concern was expressed about Defense research on campus, military security regulations, conditions imposed upon government employment and government fellowships and "certain aspects of 'un-American activities' investigations."

The madness of those years is hard to imagine for those who did not live through them (as we did not anticipate the distinctive idiocy of today). It was authentically American. Britain had Communist traitors, Finland lived in the shadow of Russia, yet both remained calm. America went apoplectic.

Loyalty oath requirements were widespread. The entertainment industry blacklisted those who would not "sing." A government agency pronounced certain organizations "subversive" and ordered them to register as such and file membership lists. Suspect citizens were denied passports, suspect foreigners were denied visas, suspect scientists were denied grants. Loyal government employees engaged in unclassified work were fired as "security risks." McCarthy declared that the State Department was "thoroughly infested with Communists" and that General George Marshall was part of "a conspiracy so immense, an infamy so black, as to dwarf any in the history of man." A member of McCarthy's staff said that 7,000 Protestant clergymen were servants of Communism. "We're kicking the Communists and fellow travelers and security risks out of the Government, not by the hundreds, but by the thousands," Vice President Nixon announced. No political association or belief was too trivial to be reported by some helpful neighbor and noted by some government agent investigating a prospective employee for government or the defense industry. Congressional committees and the press became public inquisitors, and to plead silence under the Fifth Amendment was to affirm moral, political, and economic bankruptcy.

In August 1951 Hutchins (who had come to Ford that January as associate director, his friend Hoffman having made this a condition for accepting the presidency) proposed a separate fund to implement Gaither's languishing goal and to "deal almost wholly in unpalatable causes." The trustees authorized the venture that October, but the Fund for the Republic was not incorporated until December 1952 and did not make much of a public mark until Hutchins succeeded Clifford Case as president of what he called the "wholly disowned subsidiary of the Ford Foundation" in the spring of 1954. By then, McCarthy was on the defensive, and the long-silent President Eisenhower spoke out against those who "fear . . . every new idea" and "confuse honest dissent with disloyal subversion."

Among the causes of the delay was the response of the Ford board and its chairman, Henry Ford II, to Right-wing attacks on the "anti-anti-Communism" of the proposed Fund (an endless-mirror branch of political logic that continues to flourish in anti-anti-Vietnam and anti-anti-anti-ballistic missile arguments). Westbrook Pegler, George Sokolsky, and Fulton Lewis, Jr., among others, criticized the "Leftist" project; Gerald L.K. Smith spoke of "those two well-known Communists Paul Hoffman and Dr. Hutchins"; McCarthy threatened an inquiry, and Representative Reece told the House that since Hutchins's "conception of civil liberties is similar to that of the Communists, we can be sure that the . . . project will aid the Communist conspiracy . . ." Ford dealers received many letters threatening a boycott.

Late in 1952 Ford, Hoffman, and Hutchins were questioned by the Cox committee investigating foundations' possible "un-American" activities. Less than two years before, Ford had announced that there was not "a better person in the world" to head the Foundation than Hoffman. Now (as recently with Knudsen) his opinion changed. ". . . every time we got a dozen letters objecting to something we'd done . . ." Hoffman recalled, "I'd have to spend hours reassuring the board." In May 1952 Ford advised Hutchins to postpone action on the Fund until after the November elections.

If the Fund came late to the battle, it was soon fighting on more fronts than it wished.

—*Pix.*

Robert Maynard Hutchins—"wonderfully bold, persistent, and impolitic posture."

To recite the projects the Fund financed is to define the line of subjects and investigators that its president, counsel, and board deemed acceptable. At various times, the board rejected recommendations for studies of local police and law enforcement, the FBI, the performance of the mass media, and American Legion activities in the civil liberties field. It approved studies of Communist influence in many areas of American life, public and professorial attitudes toward Communism and civil liberties, racial integration in Southern schools, blacklisting, postal censorship, federal and military personnel security systems, and the right to privacy; and it helped to produce and disseminate films, TV and radio programs, and printed materials on many civil liberty questions.

In those tinderbox years such projects, and Hutchins's wonderfully bold, persistent, and impolitic (to Left-wing critics, naïve) posture, ignited fires that threatened the Fund's survival. In January 1955 Hutchins first told members of a Chicago American Legion post that they "were interested chiefly in increasing their personal income at public expense." Then, with Representative Reece seated nearby at the head table, he told the National Press Club that the Reece investigation of foundations was "squalid," "a fraud," and an "exploitation of public concern about Communism . . . to further political ambition and to work off political grudges . . ." In two press and TV grillings late that year, Hutchins met what all agreed was "sheer disaster," responding with "taut, crabbed phrases" climaxed by the Christian but suicidal declaration that "I wouldn't hesitate to hire a Communist for a job he was qualified to do. . . ."

Right-wing critics, and some anti-anti-anti-Communists of the erstwhile Left, were understandably aggrieved. Attacks on the Fund reached a crescendo. The National Commander of the American Legion charged that "the Fund. . . renders comfort to the enemies of America." Reece berated "social scientist reformers" promoting "Fabian socialism" and the "intellectual cartel" spending "vast millions of foundation money" to move public opinion in "Leftish directions." The House Un-American Activities Committee asked for the Fund's minutes, employment records, and a list of grants, and the Internal Revenue Service, which had recently removed the Institute of Pacific Relations' tax exemption, began to review the Fund's tax status.

In this crisis, some of the Fund's key

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supporters balked at Hutchins's leadership, and some backed out of the fray. Arthur Dean, elected to the board in May 1955, resigned in September. In December Erwin Griswold (whom Hutchins had credited with obtaining the Fund's $15 million) and three other trustees called for Hutchins's retirement. Henry Ford wrote a letter to an American Legion official which Fulton Lewis, Jr., broadcast to the nation, questioning "the manner in which the fund has attempted to achieve its stated objectives. Some of its actions, I feel, have been dubious in character and inevitably have led to charges of poor judgment." Earl Newsom, public relations consultant for the Ford Motor Company and the Ford Foundation, advised that John Cogley's report on blacklisting not be published because, though "thorough, objective and perceptive in delineating a deplorable situation," it would not improve "the present public impression that the Fund . . . is partisan. . . ."

The Cogley report was published, and both Hutchins and the Fund survived. For a time the board tightened the reins: proposed projects were dropped or moderated, all awards had to be approved unanimously by the trustees, and the distribution of publications had to be cleared by counsel and the board.

A public relations campaign was mounted—"I feel like I've been hired by Amalgamated Lepers of America to make them popular," said its director—which succeeded in giving the public fairer and fuller knowledge and a more favorable opinion of the Fund. Speaker Sam Rayburn evidently got Chairman Walter to cancel projected HUAC hearings on the Fund. By August 1956 amity was restored between Hutchins and the board, and the Fund was sufficiently confident to grant funds to the AMVETS, the Legion's major competitor, and to issue a bulletin attacking Walter, who had released subpoenaed information to Fulton Lewis, Jr. Hoffman even bearded William Randolph Hearst, Jr., but the effort at conversion failed. The board refused Walter's later demand that it permit a search of the Fund's files, and the refusal stuck.

The temper of the nation had eased. Fund-sponsored studies and reports received wide attention and were generally praised as scholarly and significant. The Republic had weathered a nasty storm, and the Fund for the Republic had done something to help. And in 1957, for valor and obduracy beyond the bounds of duty, the board bequeathed the Fund's remaining assets to Hutchins's Center for the study of Democratic Institutions.

Asked "Why do you rob banks?,"

(*Continued on page* 112)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

The Groovy Revolution

IN HIS REVIEW OF *The Making of a Counter Culture, The Free People,* and *Woodstock Nation* [*SR,* Dec. 13], Henry Resnik has written honest, open-minded analyses of books that concern themselves with a very complex, mixed-up, unsure, yet sincere group of people. However, regardless of the question of literary or social qualities, the books, albeit mostly **inadvertently,** reveal more than their writers intended.

All three books spotlight the great inadequacies of the mass of the "young rebels." They seek to find in drugs and mysticism an anodyne for their frustrations with their own inabilities to understand themselves and their deficiencies. Examine closely and sympathetically the faces in the illustrations in *The Free People* and you weep for the pain of disillusionment which will be theirs when the drugs wear off and the "Woodstockian" festivals show themselves to be only establishment-promoted money-makers, and the "counter culture" only the seamy underside of the establishment itself.

JOSEPH ROSENZWEIG,
Los Angeles, Calif.

I DID NOT CARE at all for Henry S. Resnik's sympathetic treatment of Abbie Hoffman and the New Left activists.

To describe these people as if they were unselfish idealists is a bit naïve. Examples of their selfishness—and self-righteousness—are abundant.

For instance, there is their tendency to condone (and practice) stealing from anyone they choose to regard as part of the establishment. There is their tendency to ignore the desire for quiet on the part of people who are disturbed by their extraordinarily loud music.

My own experience indicates to me that it is impossible to carry on even a semi-rational political discussion with these people. If you happen to disagree with some of their opinions, you are likely to be called a fascist or a racist. They seriously assert that the United States is a fascist country—which is no less unreasonable than Robert Welch's assertion that Dwight D. Eisenhower was a conscious agent of the Communist Party. If the New Left activists ever came into power in this country, they would be fully as ready to suppress dissent as the John Birch Society would be.

THEODORE J. KACZYNSKI,
Lombard, Ill.

RESNIK'S REVIEW "The Groovy Revolution" was excellent.

I wish you would devote more space in your magazine to the rising American revolution of neo-primitivism. This is so very important and drastic and full of shattering implications for America and the **Western** world, that it seems a terrible oversight on the part of the media that they have not gone into it in depth.

Some questions: What is the role played in this by Negro consciousness? Is it beginning to dominate white Judaeo-Christian consciousness? Will it lead to a Hitler in this country? How many of the white youth have actually become "white Negroes," to use Mailer's terminology?

HORACE SCHWARTZ,
San Francisco, Calif.

ABBIE HOFFMAN is an idiot! He is a self-admitted drug addict, sadly in need of hospitalization! You thoughtlessly print his rantings, which downgrades our United States, a nation which but a few years back saved the world from the horrors of Hitlerism.

Granted, our nation has a lot of ills, but the Abbie Hoffmans will not cure them! Rather, he is a disrupting element in our society, and I regret that a fine magazine has given so much free publicity to such a low character.

SAMUEL SHAPIRO,
Milton, Del.

Justice for Steinbeck

LAWRENCE WILLIAM JONES'S fine review of John Steinbeck's *Journal of a Novel: The East of Eden Letters* [*SR,* Dec. 20] highlights three interesting points. One is the short shrift that critics have given his works. There have always been "great expectations" of Steinbeck's powers which apparently, for critics, never was fulfilled. The second point is the scant attention that has been paid a writer who has not only been prolific but who has enjoyed unceasing popularity with his readers. One can count on one hand the number of books devoted to Steinbeck.

The third point is Mr. Jones's comment that "Steinbeck's direction is fabular rather than novelistic." This is certainly valid; however, may I suggest that this is no less true of his pre-war fiction. The seeds were all there, beginning with *Cup of Gold, Pastures of Heaven, To a God Unknown,* and *Of Mice and Men.*

FREDERICK MADEO,
South Fallsburg, N.Y.

Remainder Blues

WHAT DAVID DEMPSEY DIDN'T MENTION, in writing about publishers and remainder houses [*SR,* Dec. 13], is the unfortunate author of the book. He gets nothing, except perhaps a chance to buy back some of his own books at cost, or occasionally to get some of them free. I've watched a pile of my only remaindered book sell like hotcakes at a department store. Where were all those people who apparently liked my book when I needed them? Believe me, it hurts!

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD,
San Francisco, Calif.

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The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

Across the board, about 10 per cent of the publisher's dollar comes from subsidiary rights. But since this includes books that are seldom licensed—reference books and dictionaries, for example—the figure is misleading. The so-called "trade" items (novels, biography, sports, history, etc.) find their way to an afterlife in much higher proportion. The good publisher today is known by the reprint company he keeps, and for many firms hardcover publishing has become essentially a "start up" business; the real money is harvested later, under someone else's imprint.

Obviously, authors are also the beneficiaries of this parlay, their royalties from subsidiary rights being potentially much greater than those earned from the original edition. But what happens when the hardcover publisher is also the paperback reprinter? Is the author sold short? The danger is there, but as far as we know it hasn't happened.

When the World Publishing Company, owned by the Los Angeles *Times-Mirror,* took over the New American Library it discovered that NAL's competitors sometimes outbid them for the paperback rights to World's hardcover books. "I wear two hats very uneasily," says World's president, Martin Levin. "When we're selling rights, I find prices too low. When we're buying, they're too high." Last year, Bantam Books outbid the field for World's best-selling *The Kingdom and the Power.* On the other hand, the informal consortium of hardcover houses that took over Bantam Books several years ago finds some of its winners going to Dell or NAL.

Thanks to the auction system, the reprint business today is a seller's market. A paperback house may end up paying more for a book in competition than it would have for an outright sale. (This happened recently when one well-known firm turned down a chance to buy for $7,500 a novel that it later had to pay $30,000 for in bidding.) "The reprint houses are just as interested in getting a book away from someone else as in publishing it for its own sake," a trade publisher told us. "Maybe a little more interested. It's part of the game."

The game can be expensive—and profitable for authors. Although the panic conditions of 1965-66, when prices flirted with the million-dollar mark, haven't returned, the big deal is still around. *The Godfather* went for $410,000, *Portnoy's Complaint* for $370,000. These books must sell well over two million copies to earn back the advance. Yet many others that also fetch substantial sums don't earn their advance, and no one much cares. Because of the peculiar conditions under which paperbacks are retailed—basically, it's competition for rack space in the 100,000 or so outlets across the country—the big-name book (or "target title," as it is known in the trade) may become a loss leader. It runs interference for the other current titles in the firm's list and, by pulling up their sales, offsets its own loss. It is this phenomenon that explains some of the crazy money being paid at auction.

Everybody wins. Or do they? For many years authors have complained because their cut of the reprint royalties is 50 per cent (the other half going to the trade publisher). Why shouldn't they get it all? The Authors League has campaigned for full royalties, unsuccessfully, ever since paperbacks became big business right after the war. Publishers, of course, argue that since they take all of the initial risk they should at least get half of the override.

Now along comes Sol Stein, president of Stein & Day, with a plan which, if it were universally adopted (it won't be), would make everybody happy. Mr. Stein recently sold one of his books for 50 per cent of the net profits in a joint venture which permitted the author to retain full royalty. An advance of $100,000 went exclusively to him. Since then there have been magazine serialization, a TV show, and a sale to the Book-of-the-Month Club. Stein estimates that his company will earn five times what it would have on a standard deal. (For trade reasons, he does not want to reveal the name of the book, but we can vouch for the authenticity of the case.)

Stein is one of the new breed of publishers who entered the field to make the subsidiary market, so to speak, the primary market. (Another is Bernard Geis Associates.) "That's where the money is," he says. In a sense, Stein has become a middleman between the author and the reprint houses and book clubs. Fully half the books he publishes are simply passing through the shop on their way to somewhere else, and sometimes you have to look fast to see them. At the Frankfurt Book Fair last fall, Stein was high bidder for the European hit *Farewell to the King,* by Pierre Schoendoerffer. Back in the U.S. he auctioned the paperback rights for more than he paid for the original.

Doubleday is also strong in this field, maintaining a licensing department of some twenty persons, in addition to thirteen agents abroad to handle foreign-language rights. The company manages its own newspaper syndication, sells some 500 titles a year for reprint, "several hundred" to book clubs, and another 500 overseas. (Many books in these categories, of course, overlap.) All told, Doubleday licenses about 2,000 titles a year. Like the hardcover publishers who own paperback divisions, it has a problem *vis-à-vis* its seventeen book clubs: should they get first crack at a Doubleday ms. or compete with the other clubs?

"We go after the best price we can," says Robert Banker, subsidiary rights manager. "If we get a better offer from an outside club, we take it." The clubs, too, have gotten into the bidding game, although not as deeply as the reprinters. One insider estimates that the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Literary Guild secure about ten titles a year at auction; but with "exclusivity" not as important as it once was, an enterprising publisher can often place the same book with more than one club. A record was probably set by Dr. Marvin Gersh's *How to Raise Children at Home in Your Spare Time.* At one point or another it has been distributed by twenty-eight book clubs.

Movie sales, once the bonanza among subsidiary rights, no longer bring the booty they used to, and the "six-figure" prices you read about may simply include the digits after the decimal point. Except for the really big ticket items, like *The Arrangement,* film rights for a novel are likely to be in the $25,000 to $50,000 bracket, and even more likely to be optioned for 10 per cent of the purchase price, payable if and when the film is made.

Many firms today show a very marginal profit on their hardcover business, and some are in the red. It's the reprinters and book clubs that bail them out. What effect does this have on the character of a publisher's list? You can argue that he will take on only those mss. that he thinks can readily be "turned over." But you can also argue that the unprofitable, prestige items that give a publishing house its cachet are thereby made possible. To some extent the subsidiary market is supporting the author who is neither clubbed, paperbound, nor filmed. And in this sense everybody does win.

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Government

THE REGULATORS:
Watchdog Agencies and the Public Interest

by Louis M. Kohlmeier, Jr.
Harper & Row, 339 pp., $8.95

"THE NADER REPORT" ON THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION

by Edward F. Cox, Robert C. Fellmeth, and John E. Schulz
Richard W. Baron, 241 pp., $5.95

JAMES MADISON, in *The Federalist Papers*, wrote: "The accumulation of all powers, legislative, executive, and judiciary, in the same hands, whether of one, a few, or many, and whether hereditary, self-appointed, or elective, may justly be pronounced the very definition of tyranny."

Louis Kohlmeier's study of all of the independent regulatory agencies has led him to the conclusion that Madison's worst fears have been realized and that the IRAs ought to be abolished. The study of one of the IRAs, the Federal Trade Commission, by the original "Nader's Raiders" has led them to conclude that not tyranny but ineffectiveness, myopia, laziness, and unresponsiveness to the public interest are the cancers. Taken together, both books paint a sorry picture of government at its worst.

A trust-buster in the Thurman Arnold tradition, Kohlmeier rejects regulation as a substitute for vigorous open-market competition, strongly policed by tough executive branch enforcement of the anti-trust laws. To prove his point, he stands back and gives the reader a series of case histories designed to demonstrate how the IRAs have failed to perform the functions for which they were originally established.

Kohlmeier views the IRAs as a fourth branch of government—a potpourri of legislative, executive, and judicial functions. He has not said anything particularly new when he derides the generally poor quality of the people chosen over the years to run the agencies, when he recognizes that the regulators are too often too close to those whom they are supposed to regulate, or when he describes the excessive political influence of Congress on matters before them. Rather, the central theme of *The Regulators* is that regulation has been at the expense of competition to the detriment of the public. As Kohlmeier puts it: "The agencies have institutionalized industrial protectionism. They are umpires not of the consumer interest versus business interest but of competing business interests. They are supported and favored by business, even though the old animosities of business and government still sometimes show through. And they are the nemesis of competition, as defined by the antitrust laws and the Department of Justice."

The Kohlmeier recommendation that the IRAs be abolished only makes sense in this setting. The IRAs, by their very nature, create monopolies, fix prices, restrict entry, and protect the status quo. As planning agencies, each is too narrowly oriented to properly balance national priorities. Thus, even if appointments to the agencies were first-rate, even if the coziness of the regulators towards the regulated were eliminated, and even if politics did not rear its ugly head, the IRAs would not and could not operate in the public interest because of the violence they are inherently required to commit against the principles of competition. What Kohlmeier really demonstrates is that we should abolish the laws allowing the IRAs to regulate rates and, through licensing, restrict services, rather than abolish the IRAs per se.

The Regulators is stronger as a critique than as a blueprint for the future. The author asks us to take at face value his theory that the marketplace would be fairer and more efficient if it were less regulated. Yet he offers us no real proof that this is so. Convincing as he is that all is not well in Denmark, it will take more to persuade many of us that abolishment rather than reformation is the correct course for the future.

More impassioned and intense, less scholarly and conceptual, *The Nader Report* is equally critical of the past track record of a particular IRA, the Federal Trade Commission. When all is said and done, however, the "Raiders," for all their criticism, offer a blueprint for reform overlooked by many in the political heat generated by the Report. In a chapter entitled "The Cures" the authors list twenty-six recommendations for change, the majority of which are quite specific. Because the book is action-oriented in concept, its true measure is in the validity of the recommendations and their acceptance.

For better or worse, no Nader-connected production in this day and age is just another book. Rather, it is a point of departure for political action and reaction. As a result of this Report, no less a figure than the President called for an investigation of the Federal Trade Commission by the prestigiously conservative American Bar Association. One wonders what private thoughts the authors and their mentor entertained when the ABA in effect endorsed the major findings of the Nader Report, and the President himself endorsed their recommendations in his October message to Congress on consumer affairs. Or when they read FTC Commissioner Mary Gardiner Jones's comment: "When Nader issued his report on the Federal Trade Commission, my first feeling was irritation. But I feel now that the Commission has pulled itself together more, and faster, than if it had not come out."

The Report is self-styled as a critique, not a balance sheet showing what is right and what is wrong. "We will show," say the authors, "how the FTC has failed to do its job in four specific regards . . . 1) The FTC has failed to detect violations systematically. 2) The FTC has failed to establish efficient priorities for its enforcement energy. 3) The FTC has failed to enforce the powers it has with energy and speed. 4) The FTC has failed to seek sufficient statutory authority to make its work effective."

Because it is a critique written by advocates of change, the Report is subject to being picked at by anyone who chooses to charge the writers with sensationalism and overstatement. Surely the FTC is not as culpable for failing to get the Congress to give it more effective authority and sanctions as it is for failing to establish a sound set of priorities. The former is well beyond its exclusive control; the latter rests entirely within itself.

But to pick at it is to miss its point. Certainly the Report is abrasive. It names names and personalizes its criticism. Behind the abrasiveness, however, is a philosophy of regulation. The Raiders reject that philosophy of regulation which assumes most business practices are honest and only the marginal operators need attention. In-

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1379

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1379 will be found in the next issue.

AJXR KSAWN OSA BNK UJKA

WHTILNW OUKS KSNUT NRNW

ALNJ HIJ ZUJQ KSN WIZN OIR

AEK. —X. L. WPUKS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1378
Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall be gloriously surprised. —CHESTERTON.

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stead, they believe that deceptive business practices will go as far as the Commission lets them go. To regulate the margins is a far different operation than to set a standard for all. It is the failure of the Commission to view its role in this light that leads the Raiders to keep shooting with both barrels.

After reflecting on these two books, I am more than ever convinced that the most important reform required to make the IRAs responsive to the public interest is to institutionalize the consumer interest. Pressure is the name of the game, and the IRAs have never been subject to consumer pressure. Should they be, the probability of their acting to assure a better marketplace would be enhanced a hundredfold. As Louis Kohlmeier points out, the IRAs have been the referees of competing business interests. Effective advocacy of the consumer interest before the IRAs could change that role.

Recent activity in Washington calling for the establishment of a strong consumer advocate, empowered to participate as a party of interest before all the IRAs, could lead to the most important change of the century in assuring that regulatory agencies will be responsive to and protective of the public. It remains to be seen whether Congress will have the foresight to take this big step ahead.

David A. Swankin

David A. Swankin is Washington representative of the Consumers Union and a former executive director of the President's Committee on Consumer Interests.

HIGH ON FOGGY BOTTOM:
An Outsider's Inside View of the Government

by Charles Frankel

Harper & Row, 241 pp., $6.95

A RECENT ENGLISH VISITOR to Washington argued with some vehemence that the United States made a grave mistake when it called academics to government positions. Academics are not trained to govern, he pointed out, and are not good administrators. Moreover, the Englishman said—reflecting his training in the parliamentary system—academics are not politicians. (The same argument could, and should, be made about businessmen and Wall Street lawyers.)

Charles Frankel was a teacher of philosophy at Columbia University in 1965 when President Johnson agreed, rather reluctantly, to nominate him as Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs. Two and a half years later, when Frankel resigned over the Vietnam issue, the President was confirmed in his original suspicions of this Eastern college professor and intellectual.

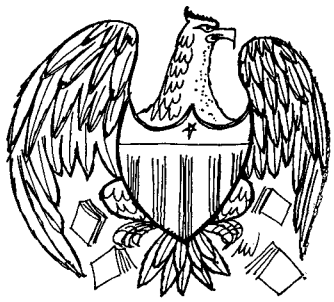
The President's suspicions, and the Englishman's argument, grew in a sense out of the same political philosophy, and after his experience in Washington Frankel shares it. It is also the philosophy that Woodrow Wilson expressed nearly a century ago in his *Congressional Government*. The issue is responsibility, and the argument is that government should be entrusted only to those trusted by the people.

In his final chapter (published as an article in *SR*, Nov. 1, 1969), after reviewing all the bureaucratic problems that afflicted an administrator who was trying to bring new ideas and fresh energy to a Department of State that needed both, Frankel concludes that his greatest frustration sprang from the archaic nature of the congressional committee system. It isn't the majority that governs in a congressional committee; it is seniority. The system by which Congress "organizes itself into satrapies is probably the largest single reason for the unresponsiveness of the legislature and the disjointedness of our government," Frankel writes. "Yet nothing in our Constitution requires Congress to be organized as it is."

Frankel is convinced that "major improvements in the behavior of both the executive and the legislative branches could be produced . . . if the seniority system for selecting committee chairmen were replaced by a system in which the Majority Leaders in the two chambers named the chairmen and members of standing committees at each session of Congress." Since parliamentary responsibility is out of the question for this country, a stronger system of party responsibility is, as Frankel suggests, essential.

While he devotes a great deal of attention to the Vietnam tragedy, Frankel fails to note that the men principally responsible for advising President Johnson to continue the policy of intervention were not party men, and they had not been appointed by him. They were "experts" or "technicians" who were supposed to be wiser than politicians: Dean Rusk, Robert S. McNamara, and McGeorge Bundy. They had no mandate from the people, as their counterparts in Britain would have had. President Nixon may discover that he was wiser when he picked Representative Melvin R. Laird of Wisconsin, a veteran of many political battles, to be Secretary of Defense than he was when he chose John N. Mitchell, a bond lawyer on Wall Street, as Attorney General.

Academics—and lawyers—are needed in government to provide the benefit of their expertise, to inject new life and



enthusiasm into the old bureaucracy, and for their disinterestedness. The Englishman quoted at the beginning of this review is wrong in his blanket criticism. Yet power over the lives of the American people should be entrusted to men who, if not politicians, at least have a strong political sense. Mitchell does not have it, and neither did McNamara.

"The curious fact about the American government recently has been its distance from, its slow reaction time to, massive movements of sentiment and opinion," Frankel says. "It seems to be listening mainly to itself." He is not talking specifically of the Nixon Administration, or even of the Johnson Administration, but of the unresponsiveness of the machinery that has been built up over the years. Frankel fought valiantly against the entrenched bureaucracy at State and against the jealously guarded domains outside State that affect foreign policy. The stories he tells about red tape, officialese in government documents, resistance to change are familiar to all who labor in the vineyard. The conclusion he draws, that appointed officials should not outstay their usefulness, is sound. Too many hang on after their strength and effectiveness have been blunted. Frankel did not.

After Vice President Agnew's recent attacks on them, Frankel's comment that the news media help make the government a little more responsive is welcome. Officials recognize that newsmen "perform certain unavoidable functions and have to be tolerated," Frankel observes. "But it is also recognized that they remain unconverted and may, at any moment, be dangerous."

Any academic who is thinking of a tour of duty in Washington would profit from this book. It is the record of a realist who was not overwhelmed by the new goliath. Rather, he learned from the experience, and he has attempted to set forth the causes of the difficulties and to suggest reforms.

Carroll Kilpatrick

Carroll Kilpatrick is on the staff of the Washington Post.

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Men and Ideas

THE DOWNTOWN JEWS: Portraits of an Immigrant Generation

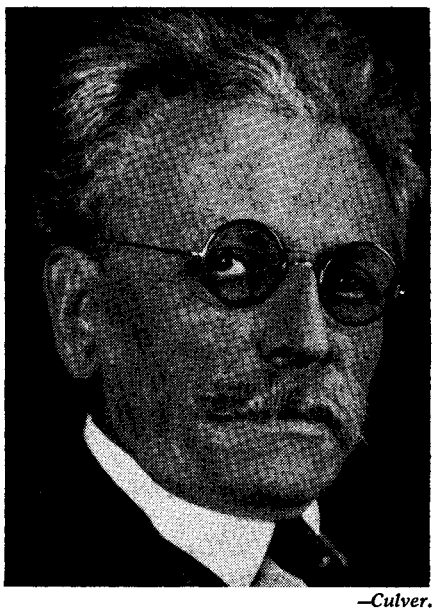
by Ronald Sanders

Harper & Row, 477 pp., $10

THE LOWER EAST SIDE EXHIBIT at the Jewish Museum in the winter of 1966 focused further attention on the Jewish immigrants who settled in New York City at the turn of the last century. Much of the popular output on this period—and about Jews generally—has unwittingly portrayed what the British critic Walter Allen has described as "the degradation, the diminution in human dignity, that was the immigrant's lot as he transplanted himself from a society with a traditional culture to one with no culture at all." Commenting on some of the early "Jewish novels," Allen writes: "A mile further and all had been *schmaltz*." Some recent writers, Harry Golden most notably, have traveled that mile.

In *The Downtown Jews* Ronald Sanders has produced a serious work, completely devoid of *schmaltz*. But the title is a misnomer. Sanders is primarily concerned with the role of the Yiddish press as a force in the Americanization of the Jewish immigrant—a most willing ally in the melting-pot process. The author is more specifically concerned with the life and work of Abraham Cahan, for fifty years editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, a Yiddish newspaper which still appears seven days a week from its own plant on East Broadway in Manhattan's Lower East Side.

Sanders sets the stage for Jewish emigration to America with a series of sketches describing Jewish life in tsarist Russia, the beginnings of Jewish radicalism, and the birth of an East European version of the *Haskalah*—the Jewish Enlightenment that had originated in Germany. The early *maskilim* (proponents of the *Haskalah*) fought bitterly over the language that was to carry their Enlightenment. Sanders astutely observes that the choice of Hebrew over Yiddish limited the Enlightenment to "a small élite whose ability to read the Hebrew writings of the *maskilim* . . . was, ironically, the outcome of their training in the rabbinical academies against which they were rebelling."



—*Culver.*

Abraham Cahan — "socialism was the contemporary manifestation of Torah."

Symbolic of this rebellion, as it was transplanted to the Lower East Side, was the Yom Kippur Ball, an annual event sponsored by Jewish radicals: "a sort of Jewish left-wing counterpart to the Black Mass, consisting of an enormous feast to be consumed while pious Jews everywhere were starting their twenty-four-hour fast for the solemn day of atonement, and of a pseudoreligious service, in which the traditional prayers for that day were revised . . . and interspersed with revolutionary proclamations."

But the radicals were not content with their own Yom Kippur Balls; they wanted to win the immigrant masses over to socialism and "the revolution." In the early workers' newspapers they hammered away at the "opiate of the masses." Abraham Cahan, himself a former yeshiva student turned radical, realized that the masses would not tolerate a radical break with Jewish tradition, even though many had already made their own compromises. In an editorial in the *Neie Zeit*—one of the unsuccessful forerunners of the *Forward*—Cahan expounded the theme that socialism was the contemporary manifestation of Torah for the Jewish working man. He admitted the impossibility of removing from the hearts of the immigrants their religious heritage.

Cahan couched his journalistic writing in the style and idiom of the traditional Jewish preachers, even writing a popular series using the Biblical portion of the week as his text for socialist polemics. His more radical colleagues saw Cahan's condescension to religious sensitivities as a cheap way of selling newspapers, and—more basically—as a betrayal of his commitment to anticlericalism and atheism.

At one point the matter came to a head, when a young Jewish socialist, in a tradition that survives to this day, wrote a letter to the editor seeking advice. His father had died and his mother insisted that he recite the Kaddish. Could he go along with his mother in her grief, or would that compromise his socialist commitment? Cahan wrote an editorial in reply. He advised the young man to say the Kaddish, and assured him that this would not be hypocritical since it was as much a moral duty to make his mother happy as to maintain his principles.

The ensuing storm of protest would have swept Cahan out of his job were it not for the growing circulation of the *Forward*, which had gone from 6,000 to 8,000 in the two months of his editorship. This tension between his traditional background and his socialist commitment plagued Cahan in his personal life as well. He was torn between his ambition for a literary career (he had written for a number of English periodicals, and had published a novel, *The Rise of David Levinsky*) and his desire to remain a Jewish writer.

In the only study of the Yiddish press in the English language (*The Yiddish Press, An Americanizing Agency*, published by Columbia University Teachers College in 1925), Mordecai Soltes noted that all of the newspapers encouraged their readers to learn English, and some published daily English lessons. Yet he found that readers who had mastered English continued to read the Yiddish press because there was no other source for Jewish news. Soltes conjectured that the appearance of a forceful English-Jewish daily would cause the decline of the Yiddish press. (Why the highly sophisticated American Jewish community has never produced an English-language daily or weekly of quality is a fascinating question.)

Sanders glibly dismisses prognostications of doom for the Yiddish press by declaring that some of the papers are still publishing. But only two are left, and they managed to stay alive primarily because of the influx of immigrants after World War II. *The Jewish Morning Journal*, a more orthodox paper, has been merged with the socialist *Day*, appearing six days a week as *The Day-Morning Journal* and on Saturdays as *The Day*, discreetly datelined *"Erev Shabbos"* (the eve of the Sabbath). Abe Cahan's old socialist *Jewish Daily Forward* boasts an Orthodox rabbi on its staff, hired by Cahan himself shortly before his death in order to compete with the "more Orthodox" *Jewish Day-Morning Journal*. The object of their competition is the new Yiddish reader: an American-born, yeshiva-educated Jew who rushes off to catch the 7:12 into the city, with a Yiddish paper tucked inside his copy of *The New York Times*.

Yaakov Jacobs

Yaakov Jacobs followed a career in the pulpit with a decade in Jewish journalism, most recently as editor of The Jewish Observer.

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LOVE AND WILL

by Rollo May

Norton, 352 pp., $6.95

"THE STRIKING THING about love and will in our day is that, whereas in the past they were always held up to us as the *answers* to life's predicaments, they have now themselves become the *problem*." Nothing shows their problematic nature better than the fact that, where once this book would have been written by a theologian, or later by a philosopher, the present author is a practicing psychotherapist. However, as those familiar with Dr. Rollo May's previous works know, he is not a narrow specialist. He is a man of extremely wide reading (used to good effect in this book) and deep human sympathy. Ultimately, he is a moralist in the best sense of the word, and *Love and Will* is profoundly ethical in its import.

From more than twenty-five years of experience with troubled patients and from what he or anyone else can see from "the media," Dr. May has observed that a great many people today suffer from an inability either to love or to will or, what links the two, to care. In some circles "love" is the only really taboo four-letter word, and everyone recognizes that "will" has an almost old-fashioned ring to it. The next stage is apathy, which in turn begets violence. And if this personal neurotic syndrome is prophetic of the state of the society at large, as the author claims, then there is reason to listen carefully to what he has to say.

"Our schizoid world" is how Dr. May describes the contemporary loss of feeling in both love and will. By "love" he does not, of course, mean simply sexual activity, of which there seems to be a superabundance. Even in sex, despite real gains in freedom, Dr. May observes a significant lack of feeling on the part of many people, something that is nowhere more apparent than in the increase of anxiety about "technique." Actually, his impression is that "impotence is increasing these days despite (or is it because of) the unrestrained freedom on all sides." He goes on to say: "the technologically efficient lover, defeated in the contradiction which is copulation without eros, is ultimately the impotent one."

Eros is one of the three key terms in this book. Dr. May does not use the word in its narrow sexual sense but in the original Greek sense of creative desire and driving aspiration. It is the dynamic tendency toward unity in all loving. It runs through all striving and is certainly a component in the mystical love of God. Eros is really

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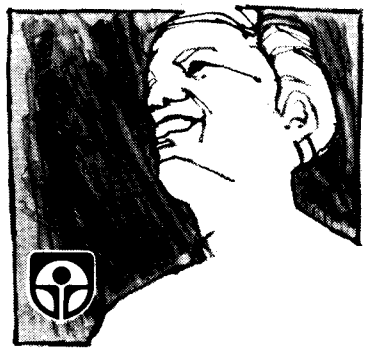

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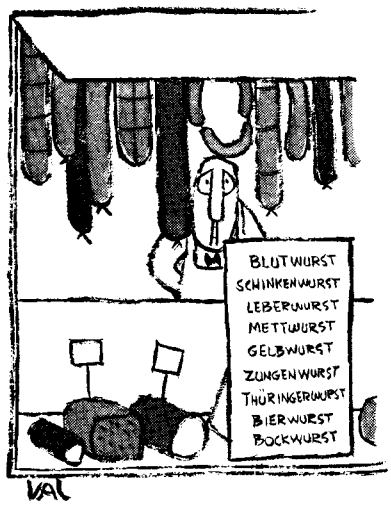
a mythical and philosophical concept, and the greatest commentary on it in literature is Plato's *Symposium*. Freud, as Dr. May points out, tried to get along without eros in his own theory for a long time (it was more complicated than libido, the basic sexual energy), but found he could not if he were to account for civilization and its discontents. To the author, "eros is the center of the vitality of a culture—its heart and soul. And when release of tension takes the place of creative eros, the downfall of civilization is assured."

Another of Dr. May's key concepts is "the daimonic," which he also uses according to the classical Greek meaning of a force that can be either creative or destructive. In two of the best chapters in the book he makes a strong case both for recognizing the daimonic as a part of human experience (not as any sort of outside agency) and for living with it instead of trying to eliminate it. "Not to recognize the daimonic itself turns out to be daimonic; it makes us accomplices on the side of destructive possession."

Rilke, upon learning the goals to which psychotherapy aspired, commented in a remark quoted by Dr. May as an epigraph to one of his chapters: "If my devils are to leave me, I am afraid my angels will take flight as well." To the extent that any psychotherapy attempts to domesticate and tranquilize the daimonic, it is equally nefarious to Dr. May. There is a considerable tendency in our society to ignore and deny the daimonic, similar to the tendency to ignore death. Both of these are repressions, as Dr. May points out, which exact their price. Moreover, as he defines them, the daimonic and eros are inextricably linked. The daimonic contributes to the aggressive as well as the tragic dimension in eros and love generally. The tragic, too, is one of the realities we repress. For example, it is practically absent from television, except for the news and "specials."

The third key term in the book is "intentionality," the hardest one to be clear about, though in certain ways it is the most important. Part of the difficulty is that Dr. May uses the word in such a variety of ways and for such a variety of purposes that it is almost impossible to pin it down. But whatever else it may mean, it is what underlies all separate intentions, wishes, wants, desires and decisions in an individual. It is, in short, the basis of will and hence of personal freedom and responsibility. The concept, as the author points out, was adumbrated by William James (whose insights are acknowledged throughout the book), but most thoroughly explored by those



philosophers, mostly European, who are called "existential phenomenologists." (Dr. May is one of those most responsible for introducing the work of these men to Americans.) Not surprisingly, then, "intentionality" begins to assume the dimensions of a metaphysical entity.

As far as this reader is concerned, "intentionality" is nothing without specific intentions. And it is not at all clear, from Dr. May's account, whether "intentionality" is conscious or unconscious, or what part of it is and what part is not. What he means to say by the term is that there is a ground to human freedom despite the blow that Freud dealt to "will power" in the Victorian sense.

I have indicated that Dr. May is a highly philosophical psychologist, at least in his writings, and that is generally to the good, considering the philosophical know-nothingism of too many psychologists. The trouble comes, in some places more than others, when he introduces large, vague philosophical ideas without sufficient self-criticism. Although he is obviously not much inclined to the analytic persuasion in philosophy, he could benefit, I believe, from an occasional shave with Occam's razor, so skillfully wielded by Occam's Anglo-American analytic descendants.

However, like James in his great *Principles of Psychology*, Dr. May forces his readers to face questions that transcend technical psychology and psychiatry. Among others, there is the question of the truth of certain crucial beliefs, such as that in free and responsible decisions, which no amount of psychologizing can resolve. It is part of James's strength that he realized that the question of freedom vs. determinism was primarily metaphysical, or rather ethical, and Dr. May seems to agree. But whereas Dr. May criticizes psychiatrists who speak

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of the necessity to help patients to a belief in "the illusion of freedom," he himself speaks of restoring various "myths," such as the "mythos of care." Regardless, or just because of, the double sense of "myth" the question of truth reappears.

"Psychoanalysis is in fact the disease of which its therapy purports to be the cure," Karl Kraus remarked in an aphorism which Dr. May quotes. One of the fascinating things about this book is that, while it is in part a defense of the psychoanalytic approach to human problems, it is also critical, at least implicitly, of "the triumph of the therapeutic," in Philip Rieff's memorable phrase. If what Dr. May says about the drift of the general culture in our time is true, then he ought to promote a critical dis-ease with that culture in some of the people who come to see him as "patients." I get the impression from a number of the case histories he usefully cites that many of his patients' problems come from too easy an acceptance of the current values of the dominant secular culture, including the therapeutic culture.

I wonder, too, to what extent the problems of love and will are "class problems." Might they have economic and social causes, rather than primarily individual ones? Certainly the neuroses of Dr. May's patients are identifiably those typical of educated, affluent, articulate people. Dr. May's point of view, like that of most psychoanalysts, is pervasively individualistic. This does not make the personal problems any less real, but it does raise the question of whether they can be adequately dealt with on an individual basis alone. Yet Dr. May would not have written the book if he thought they could.

Love and Will, then, despite or because of its contradictions and confusions, is a rich and useful book, one that deserves a thoughtful audience. Its enemies will show how good it is. In a way, it is a profoundly conservative book, conservative of the meaningfulness of some deep human needs and aspirations. But if these meanings are not indeed conserved, then no humane revolution will be possible.

"Love and do what you will," St. Augustine said some 1700 years ago, providing what is, in a sense, the solution to this book's problems. Dr. May understands that truth, but he knows that one can say it only after traveling the road. His book is an excellent guide.

Walter Arnold

Walter Arnold, a former editor of Commonweal, has taught philosophy at Hunter College.

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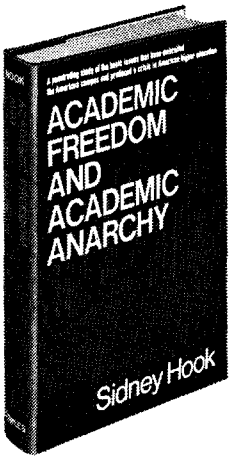

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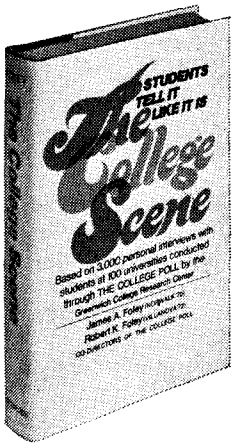

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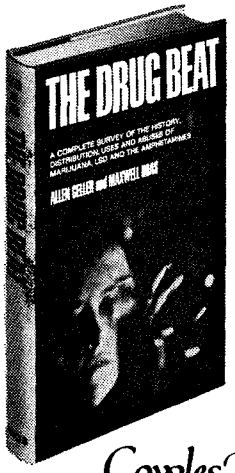
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Fiction

THE FIERCE AND BEAUTIFUL WORLD

by Andrei Platonov, translated from the Russian by Joseph Barnes

Dutton, 252 pp., $6.95

IN THE HISTORY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE the decade and a half since Stalin's death are as significant for the new writers that have come to the fore as they are for their literary excavations. In its way, the rediscovery of the long-deceased Mikhail Bulgakov and of his previously unpublished *Master and Margarita, The Black Snow,* and *The Heart of a Dog* was as important as the appearance of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich, Cancer Ward,* and *The First Circle.* The recent expulsion of Solzhenitsyn from the Writers' Union may well signify that the Soviet literary thaw and its exciting atmosphere of expectations and surprises have been, temporarily at least, brought to an end.

Fortunately, the harvest of feverish activity during the preceding years was both rich and varied, and among the major finds was the novelist and short-story writer Andrei Platonov. Widely acclaimed in preceding decades as one of the most original writers of Russian prose, in the last years of his life Platonov was an unperson to Soviet editors and publishers, and eked out a precarious living as a laborer. He died in obscurity in 1951.

Many of the great Russian writers of the past—Turgenev comes most readily to mind—sought to eliminate the discord between Man and Nature. Platonov continues this tradition, but his Nature reflects the changes that took place in Man's natural environment, which in the 1920s and 1930s no longer consisted solely of birch trees, brooks, and birds. By then, Nature had absorbed, as it were, many man-made objects, sounds and smells, and it is with this totality that Platonov seeks to establish a harmonious relationship. As a very young man, he wrote that "besides the fields, the countryside, my mother, and the sound of bells ringing, I also loved—and the longer I live, the more I love—steam engines, machines, shrill whistles, and sweaty work."

What set Platonov apart from most of his contemporaries who shared these concerns was his insistence that his protagonists blend with their industrialized environment without surrendering their humanity. As a result, the best of Platonov's work constitutes an eloquent refutation of the common misconception that the artistic failure of the bulk of Soviet literature should be traced to its partiality to tractors, cement, and production quotas. Rather, we should blame its regretfully pronounced tendency to obliterate distinctions between man and his inanimate surroundings, instead of viewing them as different even if not necessarily antagonistic universes.

Much of Platonov's appeal lies in his deliberately coarse and highly idiomatic language and in a style that echoes, and frequently also parodies, Communist sloganeering and Soviet newspaper editorials. Joseph Barnes has not been entirely successful in rendering these into English. Sometimes he does not even attempt to clarify such mysteries as a "Red Corner" (a modest club and reading room in a Soviet factory) or "imperialist war" (World War I).

But even in a superior translation and a better collection (the seven novellas comprising the present volume are quite uneven in quality, and a few are annoyingly and naïvely political) Platonov is not likely to gain abroad the recognition he deservedly enjoys among those who can read him in the original Russian. In this respect Platonov's prospects are not unlike those of the great humorist Mikhail Zoshchenko, whose tales are relished by every Russian man, woman and child, but who remains relatively unappreciated outside of Russia. In his introduction Yevgeny Yevtushenko hints darkly that the lack of interest in Platonov abroad is explained by the absence of "noisy scandals connected with his name" and that this makes Platonov unacceptable to unnamed Western "specialists on [sic] Soviet literature" who are presumably interested only in "anti-Soviet" writers. Not only is this tired Soviet claim quite unfounded, but it sounds particularly hollow when voiced by a Soviet poet who owes much of his international fame to precisely such "noisy scandals." Yevtushenko's gratuitous remark recalls a wise Russian saying: "Other cows may moo, but yours should keep quiet."

Maurice Friedberg

Maurice Friedberg, a professor at Indiana University, has written widely on Soviet literature.

THE TRUCE

by Mario Benedetti, translated from the Spanish by Benjamin Graham

Harper & Row, 184 pp., $5.95

THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST novels to come out of Latin America in recent years. Its author, Mario Benedetti of Uruguay, is a polished professional writer. Unlike many other novels from that part of the world, *The Truce* is a conventional piece of writing. It is clear from start to finish. It does not shatter chronology or shuffle characters, episodes, physical reality, and interior monologues, as do so many of the Latin American novels that have achieved success in the past two or three decades. Faulkner, John Dos Passos, and James Joyce were the mentors there. Benedetti, on the other hand, has produced a real classic with the old tools of the trade, which he has honed to a razor's edge.

The story itself is deceptively simple. A cost accountant, Santomé, who has been a widower for twenty years, is approaching retirement and dreads the day. His family life since the death of his wife has not been fulfilling. One of his sons has become a homosexual,

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

ANAGRAMMATICAL

Column 1 is a list of famous American authors with their names shuffled about by Marjorie Wihtol of Middletown, Sew Jerney; Column 2 a list of best-selling novels with their titles ditto. Simply unshuffle the names (you may ignore their punctuation) and associate each creator with his or her creation. Check your results on page 98.

1. JOAN D. CLONK ( )
2. DORA WETHNITH ( )
3. TOTO BINGO THRANK ( )
4. DONJA HOSSPOSS ( )
5. CHARLIE WALT ( )
6. ERICA SWILLINS ( )
7. BERTHA TANNOR ( )
8. GINNI STOVER ( )
9. DR. SIGZOFF T. CATTLE ( )
10. H. T. MARCY-MARCY ( )

a. NO GERMS IN ROPE
b. TESTING IN THE HERD
c. THROW ODDS
d. ROUGH PET
e. PONDER
f. FULL OF RITES
g. RIDE THE LOSERS
h. FAN THE WIG
i. SALLY TOAD
j. MAN OF ETHER

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the other looks at him with the face of a stranger, and his daughter points out the deadly conformity of his present state. One day at the office a young girl of twenty-four is hired to clerk for Santomé. They fall in love, there is a brief period of what appears to be happiness, and then, as suddenly as she had awakened him to a new rhythm, the girl dies, and leaves Santomé desolate again.

The search for a meaning to life has seldom been more movingly depicted. Benedetti focuses his attention on one moment of love that is a brief truce in the ugly and omnipresent war for human survival. It is this truce that makes life possible in a hostile universe. To love and to be loved is to risk everything and is worth everything, even if (as is inevitable) the prize is as suddenly withdrawn as it was unexpectedly offered.

There is a parallel episode in which another clerk is told by his co-workers that he has won the big lottery prize.

They anticipate enjoying the joke they have played on him. The poor man races through the office, grabs his boss and kisses him in front of an important North American client, and is promptly fired. He learns the truth about the lottery joke and is left with nothing. His collapse suggests a pricked balloon; he has run the gamut from riotous joy to absolute defeat in less than one minute. Santomé's experience of joy and defeat endure for a somewhat longer period, but his doom is equally certain.

It is the stark language and probing mind of Benedetti that make this short novel memorable. Not a word is wasted. And it is the protagonist's absolute honesty that gives him dignity. He questions God, he deftly examines human nature and the eternal bureaucracy, he ponders about the same things that have caused men to ponder since the beginning of time, and he finds no answers. It is only his capacity to love that keeps his life from being a total waste on this unbright earth.

When Jaime, the homosexual son, asks him for money, Santomé reflects: "He had never done that before. I asked him what he needed it for. 'I can't and I won't tell you. If you want to, lend it to me, and if not, keep it. It's all the same to me' 'The same?' 'Yes, the same. For if I have to pay this humiliating price of opening up to you my intimate life, my heart, my guts, etc., I prefer to look for the

(*Continued on page* 98)

HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

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Rembrandt

The Unrealistic Realist

—*Collection: The Syndics of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, England.*

"The Supper at Emmaus: The Vanishing of Christ" by Rembrandt.

by KATHARINE KUH

FOR YEARS I have gone along with the theory that Rembrandt was the first realistic painter of bourgeois life. And in a sense he was. He came from and understood the burghers of his period, even going so far as to endow his religious figures with sturdy Dutch characteristics. But the more one examines his work, the more one becomes convinced that realism or naturalism, call it what you will, held relatively little interest for him. At heart he was a visionary involved with the supramundane. His tool was light, an invented luminosity that made visible the invisible. Rembrandt was that dual-edged enigma—an unrealistic realist. He saw figures, faces, and landscapes much as they are; yet he revealed more than a tangible presence, playing his transcendental light not over man and nature alone but through them, for his was a light that pierced at once physically and psychically.

The Rembrandt exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago (which by the time this is printed will have moved to the Minneapolis Institute of Arts and thereafter to the Detroit Institute) once again confirms the dichotomy of this artist's vision. The juxtaposition of Rembrandt's paintings and drawings with those of his followers emphasizes his undeviating superiority, despite the fact that many of the master's more important canvases are missing. But nearly fifty drawings, most of them superlative, make up for the paucity of great paintings. The overall tenor of the exhibition is scholarly. It poses certain problems and suggests certain solutions as it compares the master with his pupils. For this viewer, except in rare cases, Rembrandt towers above his contemporaries with decisive authority. Why a rapid sketch of his can make an ambitious composition by a follower seem puerile is a question the exhibition repeatedly posits. Also, it asks, what kind of studio, what kind of teaching produced this impressive entourage of committed disciples, many not much younger than Rembrandt himself?

Like Caravaggio and Cézanne, Rembrandt totally changed the course of painting. After him nothing was the same. He was a catalyst, a landmark, a true forerunner, and, above all, a man who fully faced his own threatening identity. He was the artist who with

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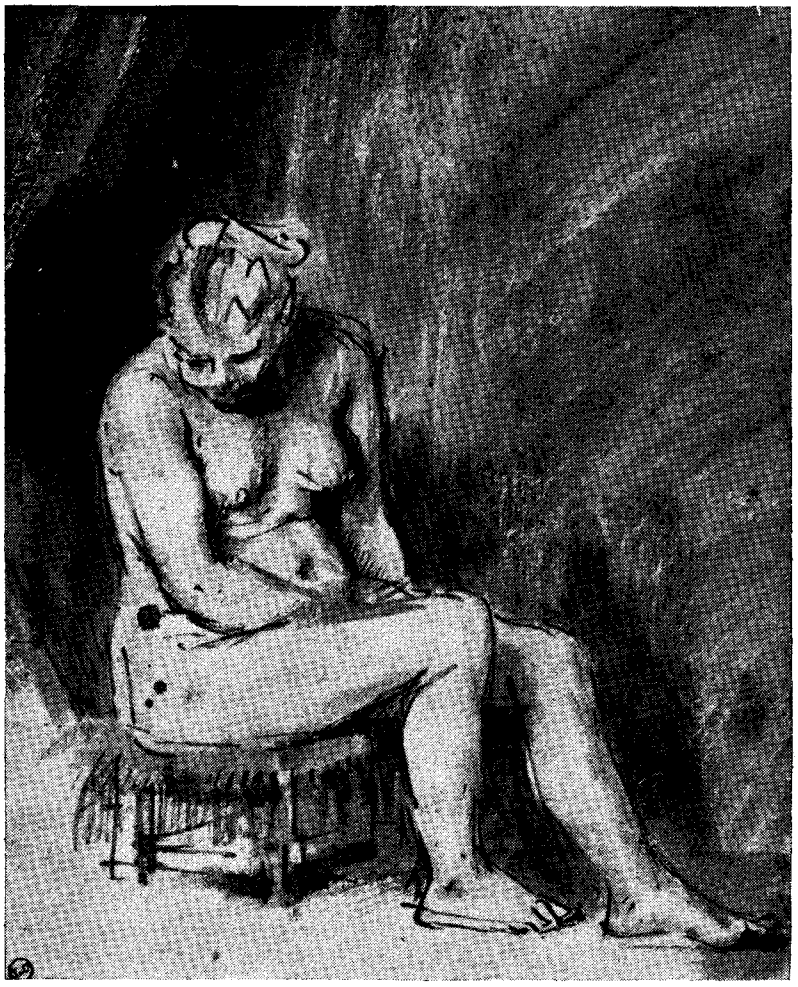
the simplest means was able to convey the entire gamut of human experience.

Rembrandt's work presents certain imponderables, particularly today when authorities are reappraising long established attributions. Portraits and compositions that for years were accepted as his are now given to one or another of his followers, a fact that makes suspect my conclusion that he always stood taller than they. For who knows? Perhaps next month what we presently call Rembrandt will emerge as Barent Fabritius or Jan Lievens. And yet, despite these doubts, Rembrandt remains an overwhelming personality. Encroachment on the fringes of his work has only strengthened his stature. The real imponderable, the haunting question, is more basic than that of attribution. We ask what gives this artist such universal appeal. Why more than any other painter is he able to involve and hold his audience, an audience astonishingly wide, ranging from innocent neophytes to experienced scholars, from young to old, from abstractionists to stubborn realists? I recall several years ago interviewing seventeen contemporary painters and sculptors whose work represented a broad spectrum. I asked which artists of the past had meant most to them. Rembrandt was conspicuously the favorite.

What then sets him apart from his associates and, indeed, from all other painters? We could say his humanity, his compassion, but these are qualities not his alone. Breughel, Daumier, van Gogh, to mention a few artists at random, were equally concerned with the state of mankind. We could say it was his searching light and line that, interacting, created a new interior force, but again there were others from El Greco to Giacometti who devoted themselves to similar chimerical ends.

What makes Rembrandt incomparable is a combination of all these attributes: his humanity, his light that is more than a physical element as it shines through and isolates apocalyptic encounters, plus—and the plus is big—his drive to expose the living core of everything he touched, the core of man and individual men, of the earth itself. This he did with modest means. In a tiny drawing, with a smudge or two, a sweeping line, a few calligraphic pen strokes, he generated a spacious landscape, moving, expanding before our eyes. Or take his inquiring self-portraits. He saw himself as young, middle-aged, old, and finally sagging with wisdom. He recorded his image with scrupulous probity, yet ventured beyond himself to mirror in his own face all stages of human development. In reaching for bare truths, he did not remove the supernatural from life, nor did he permit any irrelevancy to obscure it. One feels that with him the supernatural was daily fare, reflected in and raised above the familiar.



—*Collection: The Art Institute of Chicago.*

"Female Nude Seated on a Stool" by Rembrandt.

Rembrandt is frequently identified with Shakespeare. Though both men displayed matching profundity, Rembrandt was not like Shakespeare. Less agile and less complicated, Rembrandt was however no less obsessed with the human condition. Because his canvases are opulently sonorous, they are sometimes compared to Beethoven's symphonies, but they are related no more to music than to literature; they clearly belong to the visual world. All three of these men represent the loftiest peaks of Western civilization, and that is perhaps why we group them together; also because their best work was dedicated to the verities of life.

In the Chicago show, it was Rembrandt's drawings that were unforgettable. When viewed with those of skilled followers, his have a dynamism that tames everything in sight. Since most of his drawings were sketches and not intended as finished works, he allowed himself great latitude. His line is wildly free and imbued with a kind of impromptu brilliance which, when imitated, often turns into little more than technical fireworks. In seventeenth-century Holland, these spontaneous statements by Rembrandt must

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have seemed starkly revolutionary, and the truth is, they still do, despite his death 300 years ago last October. He drew with awkward, virile pen strokes, capturing the essence, the very heart of his subject. It is this probing intensity we miss in his pupils, who adopted his style but rarely attained his concentrated thrust.

—*Collection: Rijksprentenkabinet, Amsterdam.*

"Seated Female Nude" by Govert Flinck.

Because of their condensed drama, Rembrandt's drawings are too engrossing to analyze. It is the miraculous event that holds us, not how it was done. And possibly this is the final criterion for all great art. Why parse *Hamlet*? Why worry about Rembrandt's line? The event I refer to is less connected with subject than with the transmutation of subject into visual equivalents. Thus, religious myths, human likenesses, and rural Dutch landscapes transcend their faithfully local renderings.

A case in point is *The Supper at Emmaus: The Vanishing of Christ*, a pen, ink, and wash drawing that depicts the Bible legend described by Luke. Here, what galvanizes us is not the story but the conception. To make an absent figure the pivot of an entire composition is a heroic tour de force. Instead of Christ, a blazing light replaces Him, dominating the scene with occult radiance. For the light is Christ, or should we say it is His afterglow; yet it is likewise Rembrandt's light, a power that elevates his work to metaphysical heights. The artist's candid approach to immediate surroundings and lack of affectation confused his followers, who misjudged him for a realist. They took him literally, rarely recognizing the earthy mysticism that eluded their grasp.

To compare Rembrandt's *Seated Nude on a Stool* with Govert Flinck's *Seated Female Nude* is an interesting exercise. The Flinck drawing is earlier and probably not influenced by Rembrandt, though later Flinck was to adopt the master's style. The two drawings speak for themselves. One adheres strictly to seventeenth-century stereotypes, to discreet, sculpturesque drapery and theatrical gestures. Flinck's figure is well drawn but easily forgotten; it is one of many. Rembrandt's heavy, unbeautiful woman seen against flickering shadows is unique. She does not posture; she sits firmly on a modest stool; yet for some reason her thick, bare body has a dignity and humanity lacking in Flinck's idealized version. Rembrandt's nude, carefully observed and undoubtedly drawn from life, seems curiously vulnerable, her drooping head and ungainly torso touched by melancholy. Two centuries later, figures like this were to influence van Gogh, another Dutch disciple of the greatest Dutchman of them all.

In his maturity, Rembrandt was progressively less concerned with established art conventions. By this time he was completely his own man, though his popular image had faded. His late self-portraits give eloquent evidence of pitiless integrity and patient intelligence. With no vestige of self-indulgence or sentimentality he envisioned his own face as the map of mankind, endowing it with unexpected pragmatism. One recognizes in Goya a contempt for the human race, but Rembrandt's searing honesty was mellowed by what must have been faith in his fellow men.

The media he depended on were merely the servants of his vision. It is true that paint, ink, wash were important to him, but not prime factors. Unlike numerous artists today, the medium was never his message. The new methods he invented grew out of his need to communicate through his work. At present, the reverse is often true. Methods and meaning are now implicit in and limited to the material itself, be it plastic, wood, movement, or color.

It was light that Rembrandt zealously liberated, manipulating it to his own ends. He conceived of this fluctuating element as a potent central motif and as the star performer in many of his paintings. With arbitrary light, surging pigment, and a wide orchestration of line, his work became a touchstone for modern Expressionism. Who, before Rembrandt, eliminated all conventional traditions and allowed a painted picture to look like a painting, even though it was not restricted to purely physical properties? Who, before him, so completely rethought religious symbolism as to identify it with the daily life of his period, and for that matter with the life of all periods? This man virtually changed the iconography of Western art without diminishing its fervor. He made religious legends accessible to all of us, because, though never rationalizing the unattainable, he related it to our common knowledge.

And so we continue to cherish him. He has revealed age-old secrets that eluded us when presented earlier in hieratic stylizations. He was able to transmit past wisdom in terms of our own aspirations. Though everything there is to say about Rembrandt has already been said, it bears repeating. For he remains an untarnished force in our lives.

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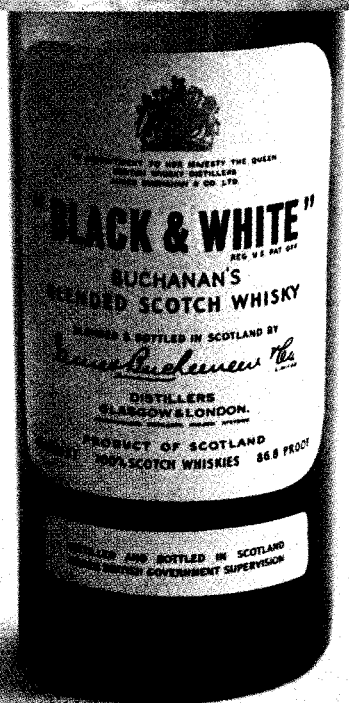

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The Ohio River Commission has been fighting and winning the battle against pollution for over 20 years. Although man-made pollutants have been reduced, increasing population and industrial growth create a never-ending challenge.

Turning the tide against pollution along the capricious Ohio River.

How can you analyze water quality every hour in an ever-changing river? The Ohio River Commission considered it vital. This story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.

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David Dunsmore examines some of the 130 species of fish found in the Ohio. Control of pollution has helped reduce fish mortality in recent years.

"It's not how much information you gather on pollution that counts," says David Dunsmore, Sanitary Engineer of the Ohio River Commission (ORSANCO). "It's how fast you can evaluate it.

"Since 1965, our automatic monitoring system has been sending us enormous amounts of data from 14 locations along the river. But by the time we were able to do the paper work, the water conditions had changed.

"As a result, we asked IBM to come up with a data processing system that would allow us to evaluate water quality from these locations every hour. A tall order. But it would be a sure way to evaluate changes in the water when they happen.

"With the computer installed, we began to handle over a million water-quality measurements a year. In fact, the computer saved us so much time we were able to double the number of monitoring locations.

"Today, current river conditions can be appraised and trouble areas pinpointed so that downstream cities and industrial plants can be alerted to take protective measures.

"Right now, we're working on a computerized forecast procedure. This will let us predict the quality of Ohio River water three days in advance. We're confident this will be a significant weapon in the continuing fight against water pollution."

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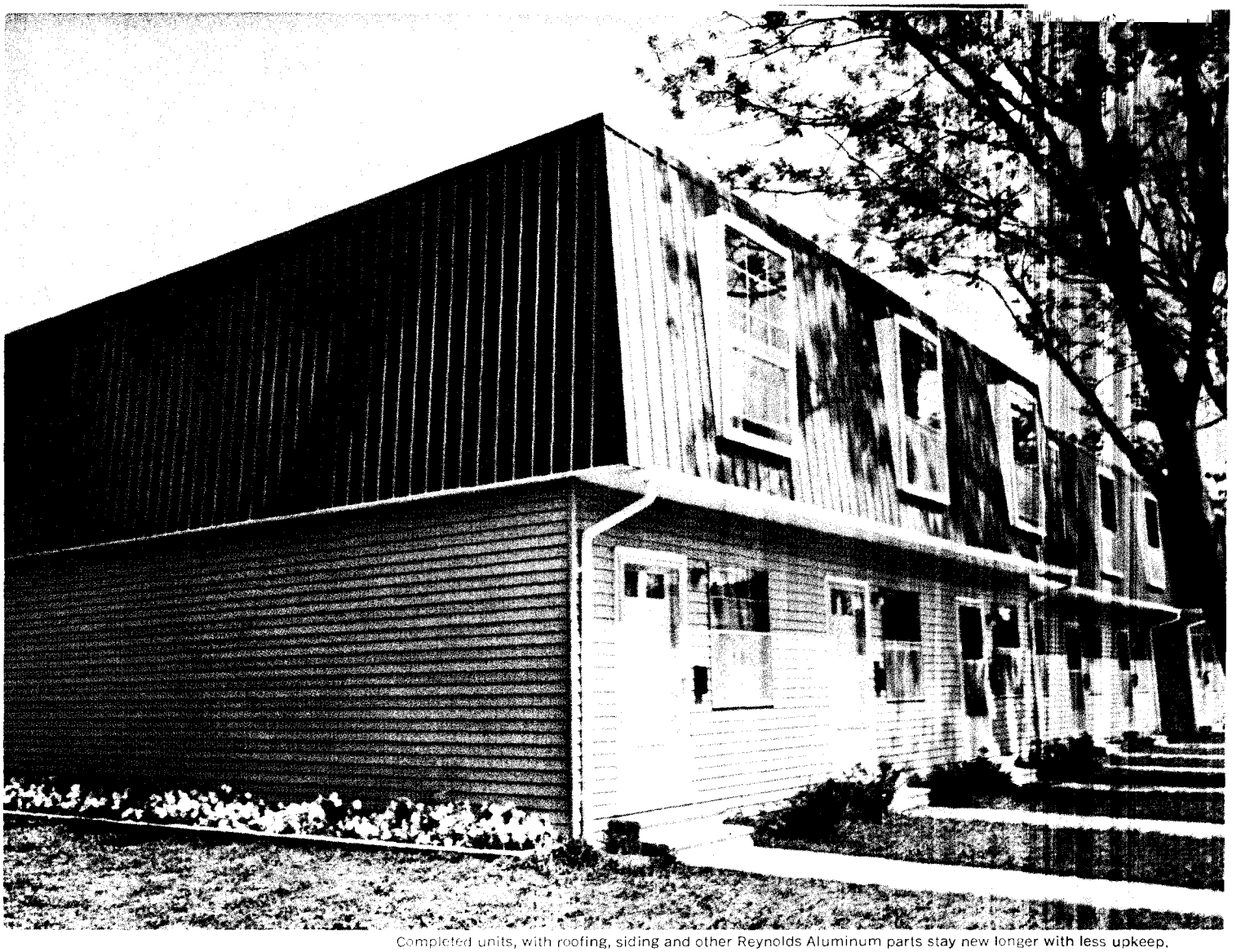

Completed units, with roofing, siding and other Reynolds Aluminum parts stay new longer with less upkeep.

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Anyone interested in some ideas for low-income housing should see Mundy Street in Vicksburg, Miss.

They'll find 9 attractive townhouse-style apartment units, each apartment consisting of two production-line modules, stacked to make a two-story dwelling.

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And the strong, lightweight components of Reynolds Aluminum, standard supplies available to any builder, make handling, transporting, and erection of the units easier. Their strength, corrosion-resistance and non-rusting qualities contribute a durable, lasting beauty that will reduce maintenance costs.

The Mundy Street apartments have siding, roofing, windows, doors, soffits, gutters and downspouts made of Reynolds Aluminum, but these are only a few of the ways this durable, versatile metal can help create better, more economical housing. For information on aluminum products for housing, call or write Reynolds Metals Company: Milton Morrison (Government Services), 503 World Center Bldg., Washington, D.C., 202-628-5336 or W. S. Jenkins, 325 West Touhy Ave., Park Ridge, Illinois, 312-825-8811.

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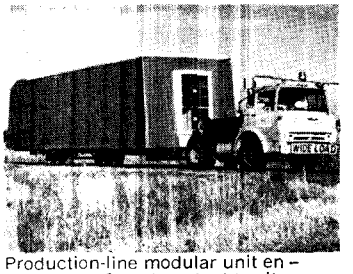
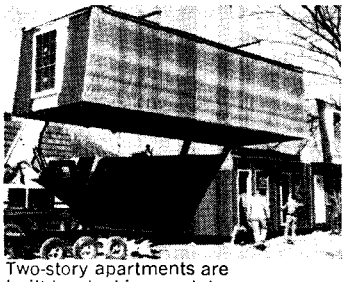


Production-line modular unit en-route from Guerdon plant to site.



Two-story apartments are built by stacking modules.

Siding and other finishing components are added at Mundy St. site.

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Saturday Review
January 10, 1970

Who Runs the University?

Exclusive report and analysis presented with the Committee for Economic Development

■ For the twelfth consecutive year, *SR* and the Committee for Economic Development have cooperated to produce a special issue on an important national or international problem that concerns the business community. This year's subject—"Who Runs the University?"—indicates the urgency of finding solutions to the constitutional crisis in American colleges and universities—solutions that can provide an effective base for their future governance.

CED is composed of 200 leading businessmen and educators, most of whom are trustees of colleges or universities. Uniting scholarship with business judgment and experience, CED develops findings and recommendations designed to contribute to the solution of pressing economic and social problems that constantly arise in a dynamic, democratic society.

As a means of examining the role and purpose of the university in the 1970s, CED held a symposium on "The Governance of Universities" late last year. Most of the material in this special section of *SR* has been drawn from presentations made at that meeting.

Participants are: Martin Meyerson, president of the State University of New York (Buffalo); Robert S. Powell, Jr., former president of the National Student Association; William M. Roth, a regent of the University of California; John J. Corson, chairman of the board of Fry Consultants, Inc.; Logan Wilson, president of the American Council on Education; John D. Millett, chancellor of the Ohio Board of Regents; Franklin Patterson, president of Hampshire College; and Sterling M. McMurrin, dean of the Graduate School at the University of Utah.

—William C. Stolk,
Chairman, Committee for
Economic Development.

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Who Runs the University?

A University President's View

New Paths to New Destinations

by MARTIN MEYERSON

If current trends continue, a bleak picture can be painted of the American university in the 1970s. For instance, at some point early in this new decade, the United States will be the first country in the history of the world to have a majority of its young people going on to some kind of higher education. Yet just as we have seen the decline of some of the best public high schools in the past, so we may see the decline of some of our great colleges and universities. Despite an ideological commitment to mass education and a rhetorical antipathy to elitism, many people may retreat from the consequences of mass education. As admissions become broader under a variety of pressures, many students, or their parents, may try to find other educational possibilities.

Another part of this picture is that many outstanding professors, if given the chance, might go into separate research institutes running parallel to universities, so they could fully concentrate on their primary interests and not have to teach.

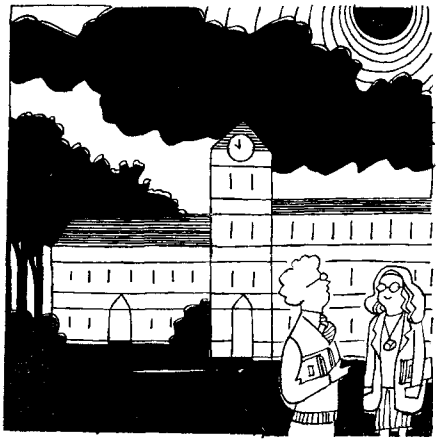
A third possible problem is that, offended by the current difficulties, neither our legislators nor our private donors may provide the necessary levels of financial support for the universities. Perhaps a score of private institutions will be exempt from such difficulties, because their principal donors are already dead and their bequests are frozen into endowments so that there is little chance for adverse reaction to the latest campus incident.

If certain present trends continue, the ties of the universities with industry will grow much smaller, but these ties with industry are not very intensive anyway. That eventuality is important because these ties could be fruitful.

The claims on the universities that are being made for service today are the kinds of claims that colleges and universities are ill equipped to perform. The notion that the university can provide for the poor, for the blacks, for the community, that it can remake our social fabric and solve our pressing issues, is naïve. Universities don't have the resources, and they don't have the power. They are not action organizations. Yet, these pressures will grow.

This bleak picture is not inevitable. There is a tremendous opportunity; our conscience has been pricked, not by the small violent groups but by tremendous numbers of students who really identify with our society and with our universities, and who want to see them far better.

A very different script could be played out for the 1970s, in which the whole financial situation would become vastly different, in which we would provide greater autonomy for universities and colleges, through, for instance, a decentralized system similar to the University Grants Commission in Great Britain, which provides public funds to autonomous and self-regulating universities on a five-year basis with guidelines, but without examination of all expenses on a line-by-line basis. Even better still a scholarship program could be established so that a student could go to the institution of his choice—public or private—without financial problems. This system would not only establish healthy competition among institutions, it might also induce institutions to form various coalitions so that every campus does not feel that it has to perform what every other campus also accomplishes.



Perhaps the most important task is to deal with the students' demands for relevance in their education. One of the great tasks for the 1970s is to try to integrate the liberal learning and the professional learning so that the scholar, the student, and society each benefit. If we can achieve a kind of learning in which the liberal arts—man's past, man's present civilization, his scientific achievements in abstract truth—could be melded with a sense of the instrumental, the utilitarian, the professional, then tremendous gains could be achieved. If we can achieve this kind of melding we may give those students who find the traditional studies empty of purpose a sense of their ultimate relevance.

The ideal of liberal learning, intrinsically valued, has lost luster. Liberal learning ought to be bonded with a sense of the instrumental, the utilitarian, and the professional. The vocation is more a summons or moral call than a job alone.

The case for liberal learning, modified or not, has not been won. The voices for an education that exposes students to the humanistic and scientific achievements of man's past and present, and to the various methods through which truth is sought, are still relatively few. But the old rhetoric of this case is not convincing to a new generation. They ask for a learning directed to action. Their slogans sometimes may be naïve and the consequences of their quest may even lead to a know-nothingness and anti-intellectualism. Yet, the more sophisticated among them have made the conventional case for liberal learning insufficient.

Instead, in the years ahead we ought to unite the profession, or the calling, with liberal learning. If we do not, we shall have failed the rightful aspirations of many. An added concern is that unless we imbue vocation with a sense of liberal learning we shall have failed to improve life as well.

Colleges and universities have a great opportunity to achieve a new synthesis of liberal and professional learning and to respond to a new cultural spirit in students by doing so. These are the tasks: transforming professional education for undergraduates and graduates alike by making it more humane and intellectual; adding to the intrinsically valuable academic studies that devotion to social purpose which is so typically a part of the spirit of service of the professions (by so doing we may give those students who find the traditional studies empty of purpose a sense of their ultimate relevance); and providing a new path to liberal education through some of the

(*Continued on page 82*)

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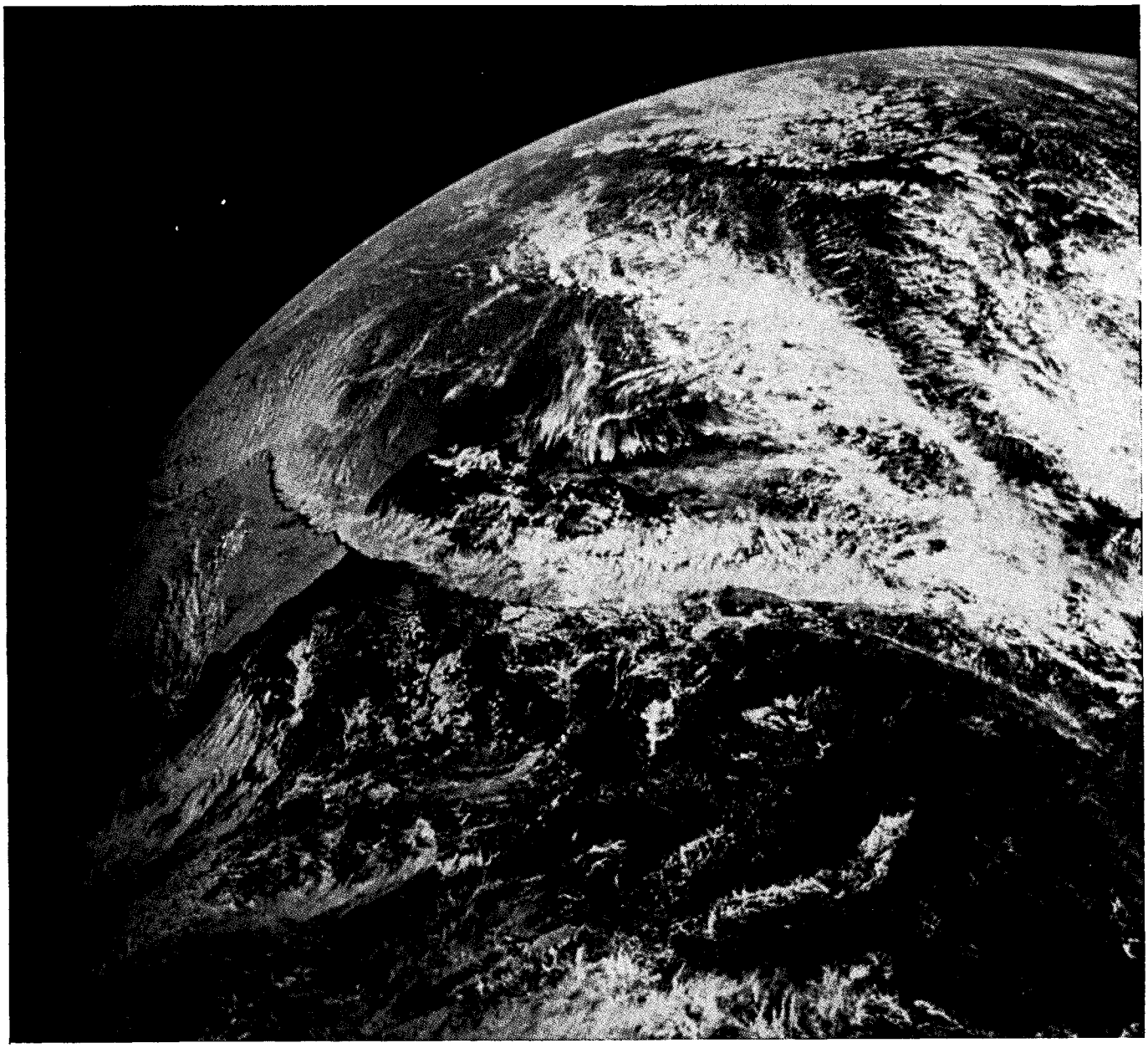

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Who Runs the University?

A Student's View

Participation Is Learning

by ROBERT S. POWELL, JR.

Like it or not, the university campus is a piece of turf, the control of which is a competitive matter both in and out of the university community. In the past, the combatants were few: the ivory tower professors fighting the government and industry to keep the university's resources from being devoted to war and business research. The academics argued then that such a step would have a corrosive effect on the institution's commitments to the students, but they lost.

The competition has been renewed, but now there are new combatants. Black and other minority students, who make up barely 3 per cent of the nation's college students outside of Southern black colleges, want a piece of the turf. Denying the potential benefits of college to them is denying potential power to their people; so they have joined the battle, and for them the stakes are unmistakably high. White activists want a piece of that turf, too. They are concerned about how future generations of Americans are going to learn how to use power and resources in this world, and they know that what and how students learn in college could make a difference.

In a fundamental sense, this competition is over the issue of who shall govern the university; who shall decide what goes on within it; who decides who shall have access to its potential benefits; and who decides the terms on which those benefits shall be offered.

The current governing standard of universities—oligarchy, with decisions made by the trustees and senior faculty—has had a predictable effect on the goals of those institutions. With regard to their students, our universities today seem aimed at the goal of job accreditation. Tests, grades, honors, degrees—these tangible signs of approval and success—form the basis for what takes place in the classroom, and the students are taught that securing these things indicates that one is "accredited" and ready to take a job reserved in the society for those with such credentials.

"You're fired, Myers! I'm sorry I couldn't come up with a groovy way of saying it."

To succeed, the student needs an enormous memory, the ability to take rapid notes, and an intensely competitive spirit (where you sit on the normal curve is generally more important than what you have learned). If a course in any way has helped to sort out some of the important questions facing young people today, that's fine, but it is secondary to getting the course over with and on the transcript as completed satisfactorily.

In so organizing the student's college experience, the institution seldom has any hidden, pernicious motives. To the contrary, the university views itself much in the role of the consummate welfare state, deciding for the students the important questions of mind as well as of body (required courses and rules governing social and personal behavior imply the same view of the student's capacities), but always *deciding for the student*, with his best interests in mind.

Student power, on the other hand, implies a more democratic standard of governance, a standard that encourages people to make their own decisions and choices, a standard that aims at developing young people who are capable of thinking for themselves, of using freedom and power wisely.

Student power is thus a critique of the university's educational assumptions, because it suggests a much different goal for the institution, the goal of freeing people by teaching them how to do *their own* learning. In this regard, learning must become a highly personal process in which the emphasis is no longer the assimilation of a body of facts and knowledge, but rather the encouragement of individual growth and self-development. Education first and foremost should teach you to know yourself.

Currently, our universities are not especially democratic, and that is not surprising. A democratic process is not needed if the object is to decide whether the student has passed enough credit hours of lectures to receive the institutional stamp of approval and get the degree. If, on the other hand, we are serious about the self-development of students and their capacities to take responsibility for their own learning, their own decisions, and their own work, then I believe we must move toward a more democratic university.

To do this we must first move to abolish the current grading system. No step could be more central to basic reform. Grades are now the central instrument of coercion employed by the university against the students, and if students are to be allowed to participate and decide matters relat-

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"The only reason I've stayed here for fifty years is the hope that at some moment all the phones will ring at once."

ing to their own academic plans, this instrument must be removed from the hands of the faculty.

Grades destroy the very educational goal they purport to serve, namely, useful evaluation of learning. By testing the student's ability to memorize facts and notes, the professor discovers only the most superficial aspects of what the student has received (or not received) from a course. By giving the student a letter grade or a percentage score, he informs the student quite inadequately about his strengths, weaknesses, and future directions.

Beyond this, however, the grading system sets the context and ground rules for student-faculty relations. The student performs, and the professor judges, and the relationship is strictly one-way. Seldom is there any thought that the student and the teacher are somehow partners in the learning process; seldom any thought that perhaps the student might be competent to evaluate himself, *for the record*, and that such an experience in itself might be educative when done cooperatively with the professor.

Grades and useful evaluation are not necessarily the same things. Getting rid of the current grading system won't be easy. Schools have been using it for so long that, like a narcotic, it has become an addiction, to the point that educators are quite fearful of facing the world without grades. Often, reformers go halfway, replacing grades with pass-fail, for example. While this alternative exerts less coercion on the student to compete mindlessly for a better place on the normal curve, it still leaves the student without any substantive and useful evaluation of his work, which, after all, should be the goal.

A better direction would be to encourage the student and the professor jointly to evaluate the student's work *and* the professor's contribution to that work, with the evaluation being written up (or taped for the sake of time) and filed with other such evaluations in a personal dossier that the student builds during his stay at the university. The point is that a student ought to have a way of knowing what his skills and weaknesses are, but the grade-point average is not the most sensible way, humanely or educationally, and new ways should be developed and tried at each campus.

A second step that should be taken if we are to build a more democratic university is the restraining of faculty power. Currently, the faculty exercises a virtual monopoly over the key academic decisions of the university—course offerings, degree requirements, programs of study, and all the other facets of educational policy. I oppose such a grant of power, for two reasons.

First, most faculties make educational decisions with a particular perspective, which certainly cannot be taken as complete. This perspective might be described as "faculty elitism" and defined as the assumption that what is taught in the classroom by a professor has an inherent worth, far beyond any effect it has on the students. Such a perspective tends to be visible in the curricula that often come out of faculty deliberations. They appear designed to produce more faculty members rather than people with skills and capacities somewhat different from those possessed by professors.

Few university professors know much at all about what comprises good teaching and effective learning. Their competence within their subject discipline cannot be argued; however, their competence to make educational decisions closely tied to learning theory and teaching effectiveness is debatable. The fact that there are so many bad teachers and boring classes on a given campus is partial testament to the point. One has only to read through the published course and teacher evaluations being put out by student governments around the country to get the clear impression that students aren't terribly engaged by the majority of courses and professors with whom they come in contact. Moreover, the hundreds of student-oriented free universities and experimental colleges that have sprung up around the country indicate that large numbers of students feel their learning experience can be organized in a much more effective and exciting way.

If college professors understood as much about teaching and learning as doctors do about medicine and disease, perhaps we students would accept the professorial monopoly over the curriculum, but because the faculty is producing an experience for students that is too often dull, useless for their needs, and unworthy of what higher learning in America should be, students cannot accept the unregulated use of power.

The monopoly must be broken, by making students equal partners in building the curriculum and in making all the related decisions about the institution's academic affairs—grading, requirements, new courses, the academic calendar, admissions, degrees.

Breaking the monopoly also means including the students in decisions about faculty hiring and promotions. The present closed process has produced an incentive system for academics that is vicious, as well as destructive of the goal of undergraduate teaching and development. Few institutions really reward a man for his teaching. Virtually all reward him for his

(*Continued on page* 82)

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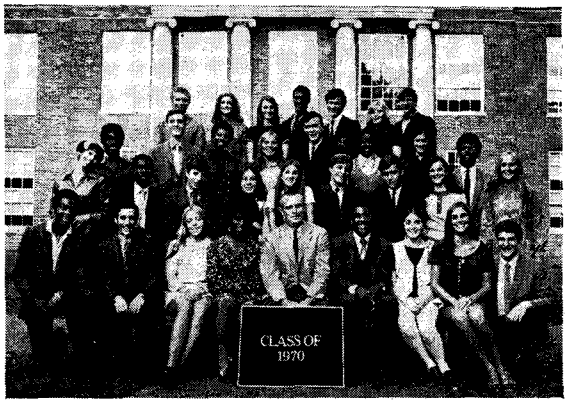
Half of these kids won't make it to college, but that doesn't mean they won't get good jobs.



Some kids are simply more interested in cars, sports or dating than in getting good grades. When it comes time for college, they aren't ready.

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Atlanta—A Tale

No other city had a decade during the 1960s to match Atlanta's. Almost half of its total economic expansion has come during these ten years.

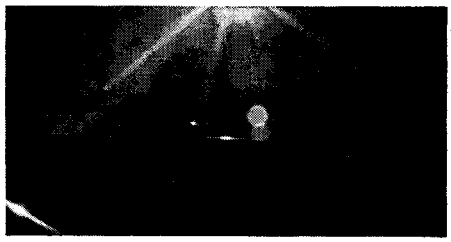
In 1960 Atlanta metropolitan population had just edged over 1,000,000. Even though the city had long been established as the region's commercial capital, particularly in transportation, distribution, merchandising, finance and communications, its real potential in these areas had hardly been imagined. The city was propelled forward primarily by the usual natural forces, resources, and advantages that shape most upcoming urban centers.

Yet, Atlanta was different. The men and women who formed the top echelon in civic, business and governmental activities were allied in the common effort to build a great city.

Phenomenal development of this five-county metropolitan area over the past ten years has resulted in the new Atlanta:

1,337,000 people (up 31%)
468,700 housing units (up 52%)
$3,411 per capita income (up 80%)
$51,000,000,000 in bank clearings (up 133%)
$2,698,835,000 in retail sales (up 97%)
14,000 hotel/motel rooms (up 211%)

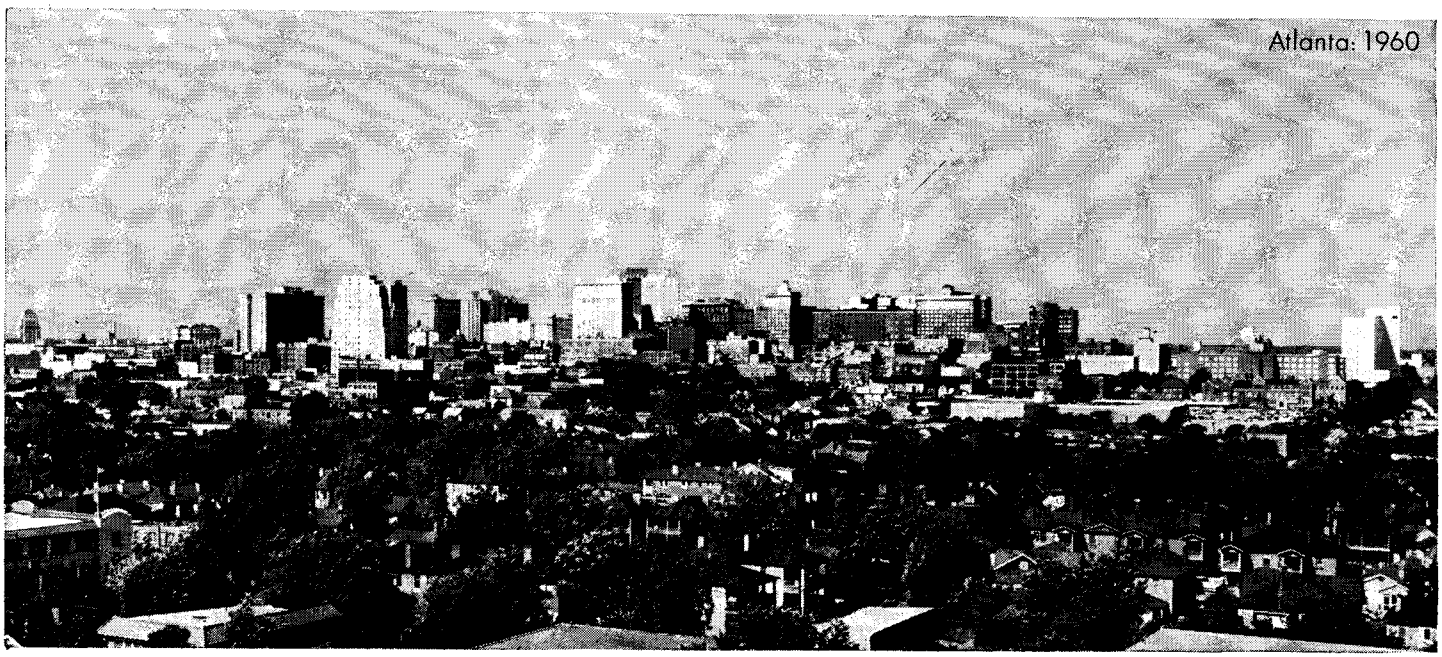
In addition almost 65,000,000 square feet of office, retail, warehouse, and industrial floor space were built during the 1960s, some of it to house facilities for newcomers among the 413 of the "Fortune 500" corporations now represented here.



Atlanta Airport ranks third in the nation in daily enplanements and is linked to most major U.S. cities by non-stop jet flights. A site for a second and larger airport is being selected for greatly expanding passenger and cargo service. Founded and still thriving as a railroad hub, Atlanta is now one of only five cities where as many as six legs of the Interstate Highway System meet. The city also continues to build its position as one of the world's largest telephone, telegraph, and television communications centers.

But figures are merely arithmetic, the process by which the city's growth can be illustrated. What of the heart, the mind? What of the spirit?

In Atlanta there is a widespread sense of involvement as thousands of citizens work to shape the quality and pattern of improvement. Dollars and energy have been channeled continuously into amenities that make Atlanta one of the most livable cities in the world.



Atlanta: 1960

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# of Two Cities

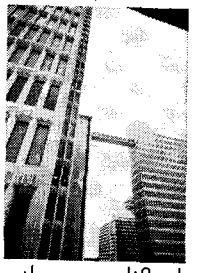
The city has added significant ecreational and cultural facilities to in- pire, educate and entertain its people.

ajor league baseball, football, and ccer teams play to cheering crowds the new 57,000-seat circular stadium, th major league basketball filling out e year-around schedule.

Availability of large lakes within an hour's drive makes Atlanta a major and boating center. Racing fever flicts thousands of fans who throng e Atlanta International Raceway for ASCAR events. And only one other ow ski club in the nation claims more embers than the club headquartered re. Large newly-developed family usement centers attract hundreds of ousands of visitors annually.

America's second-largest arts nter under one roof opened in 1968. e $13,000,000 Atlanta Memorial Arts Center houses an art museum, a school of art, a symphony hall and two theaters.

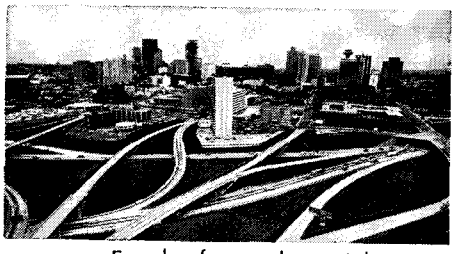
The new Civic Center complex includes an exhibit hall and a large theater-auditorium, where major musicals, theater and concert presentations are staged. This new complex has also vastly expanded Atlanta's capacity for major merchandising shows and assemblies. A merchandise mart outranked in size only by Chicago's, together with many new hotel/motel facilities, has further qualified Atlanta as a national convention center Many fine restaurants, theaters, and night spots provide memorable dining and entertainment for visitors and Atlantans alike.



Twenty-two degree granting universities, colleges and advanced technical schools serve the metropolitan area. Since 1960, twelve new or expanded hospitals have opened or are under construction.

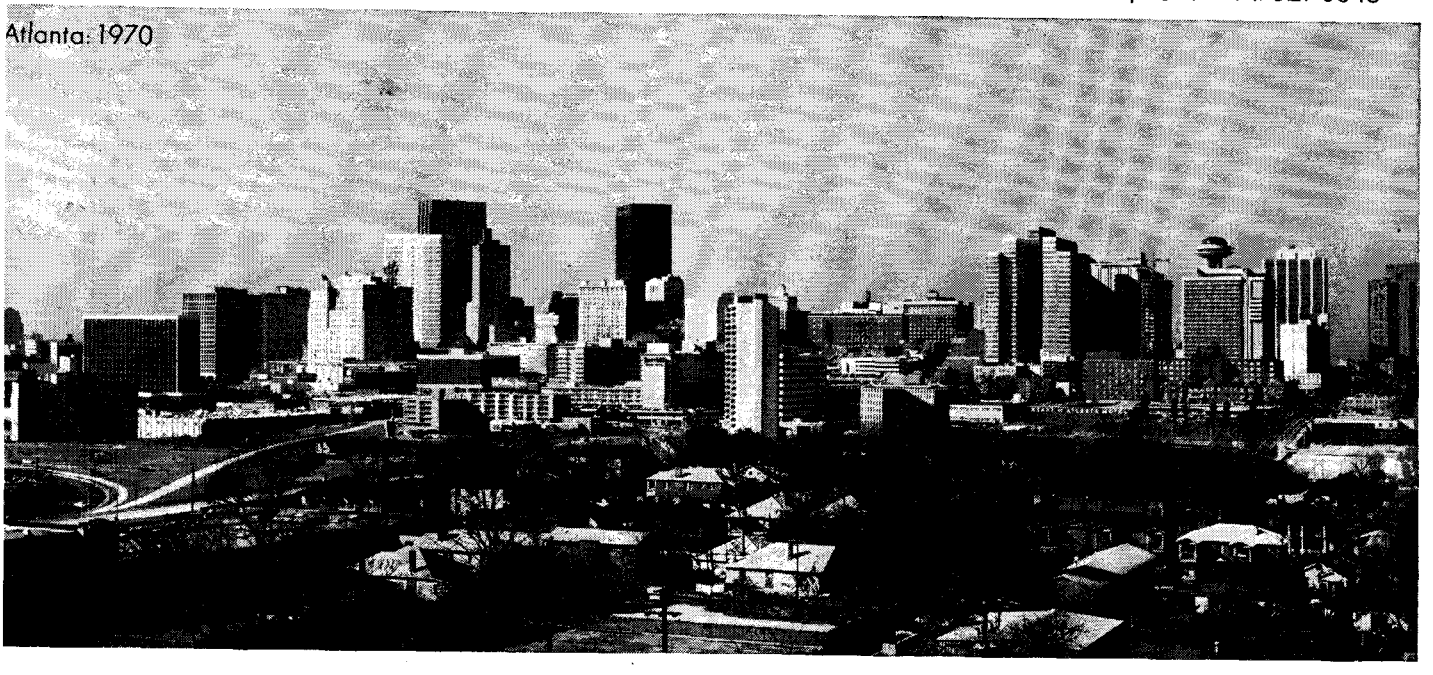
What of the future?

Atlanta enters the '70s carried forward by tremendous momentum. Its continued thrust will come from the source that lifted it from a Civil War wasteland to Atlanta '60 — and built on that base the new Atlanta '70. That source is Atlanta's people: business and civic leaders, government officials, office and industrial workers, housewives, teachers, professional men, architects and developers. White and black. Realists and visionaries. People who care.



For the facts about Atlanta in 1970 write or call:

Forward Atlanta
Att'n Paul Miller
Atlanta Chamber of Commerce
1303 Commerce Bldg.
Atlanta, Georgia 30303
Telephone (404) 521-0845



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What the Trustees Think

What do college trustees themselves think about the issues relating to the government and management of their institutions? Last year, Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey, published the results of a survey of more than 5,000 college and university trustees. The survey consisted of more than 200 questions broken down roughly into three categories: the trustee's background and other personal characteristics, his attitudes toward current higher education issues, and his duties and responsibilities as a trustee.

In general, trustees were found to be male, in their fifties (more than a third are more than sixty), overwhelmingly white and Protestant, well educated, wealthy (more than half have incomes of more than $30,000), Republicans, and think of themselves as politically moderate. As the ETS report says, "They occupy prestige occupations, frequently in medicine, law, and education, but more often as business executives. As a group, they personify 'success' in the usual American sense of that word."

Some of the results of the ETS survey are listed in the charts below.

Proportion of trustees who think that certain campus groups should have major authority in making various decisions (in percentages) [a, b]

	Decision should be made by administrators alone (A), trustees alone (T) or trustees and admin together (TA)				Decision should be made by faculty alone or in conjunction with admin, trustees or both	Decision should be made by students alone or in conjunction with faculty and/or A and/or T
	A	T	TA	Total[c]		
Add or delete courses	11	1	4	16	65	14
Add or delete degree programs	9	6	18	33	57	3
Rules re student housing	32	2	13	47	6	37
Commencement speaker	29	4	13	46	25	22
Presidential appointment	1	64	5	70	8	1
Determine tuition	10	17	64	91	2	1
Professor's immoral conduct	29	7	28	64	27	2
Tenure decisions	27	7	30	64	30	1
Student cheating	20	0	1	21	39	37
Policy re student protests	16	6	30	52	18	22
Appoint academic dean	22	8	33	63	30	1
Policy re faculty leaves	19	8	31	58	37	0
Admission criteria	17	3	16	36	59	1
Honorary degrees	7	19	31	57	34	1
Athletic program	17	4	22	43	22	24
Fraternities and sororities	18	5	21	44	10	31

[a] Statements in table are abbreviated; for complete statements see questionnaire.

[b] Percentages rounded to whole numbers.

[c] Column 1, which is simply a total of columns A, T, and TA, can be interpreted as the percentage of trustees who feel that faculty and/or students should *not* have major authority in deciding the various issues.

Extent to which trustees agree with statements regarding academic freedom [a]

	Percentage Strongly Agreeing or Agreeing[b]	Percentage Disagreeing or Strongly Disagreeing
Faculty members have right to free expression of opinions	67	27[c]
Administration should control contents of student newspaper	40	51
Campus speakers should be screened	69	25
Students punished by local authorities for off-campus matter should also be disciplined by the college	49	38
It is reasonable to require loyalty oath from members of faculty	53	38

[a] Statements in table are abbreviated; for complete statements see questionnaire.

[b] Percentages rounded to whole numbers.

[c] Percentages do not add to 100 because of those responding "unable to say."

Trustees' views on those who should be served by higher education [a]

	Percentage Strongly Agreeing or Agreeing[b]	Percentage Disagreeing or Strongly Disagreeing
Attendance a privilege, not a right	92	6[c]
Aptitude most important admissions criteria	70	24
Curriculum designed to accommodate diverse student body	63	27
Opportunity for higher education for anyone who desires it	85	11
College should admit socially disadvantaged who do not meet normal *requirements*	66	22

[a] Statements in table are abbreviated; for complete statements see questionnaire.

[b] Percentages rounded to whole numbers.

[c] Percentages do not add to 100 because of those responding "unable to say."

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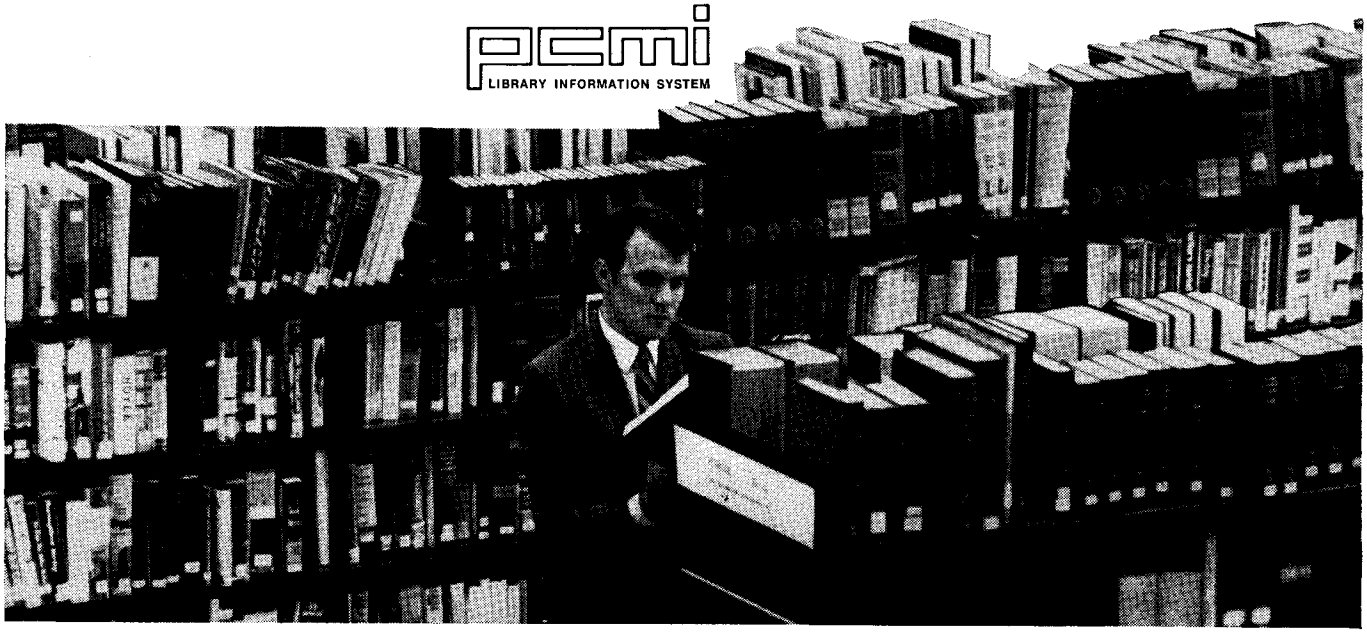

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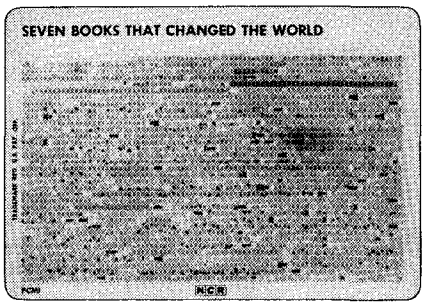

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NCR offers the PCMI Library Information System in a low-cost subscription service; starting with large meaningful collections and building upon them year by year.

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Now every library—regardless of size, locale or budget—can function as an active, full-fledged research center. As a space age library should.

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Who Runs the University?

A University Trustee's View

The Dilemmas of Leadership

by WILLIAM M. ROTH

Important segments of youth today appear, at least in part, to be in revolt against rationalism on the one hand and against its social embodiment—those organizations that control our lives—on the other. The immediate object of generational protest varies from country to country. Here it is Vietnam, racial discrimination, and urban havoc. But Japan, France, England, Russia—each has its particular social and political crises that trigger the rage and frustration of its young. When there is not an apparent cause, it will be created because, in part, there is a deeper and more pervasive reason for the revolt that, with the help of modern communication, leaps from scene to scene throughout the developed world. The more basic conflict arises because our institutions, more subtly built than ever before, still are unable to meet the challenge of an environment embodying constant change.

Ironically enough, the tremendous leap in man's ability to organize himself and thereby to create knowledge with all its practical applications has also created profound dissatisfactions. The theory of "rising expectations" applies equally to the struggle between father and son. If man, youth asks, can so organize himself that a better life is, at least, potentially possible, why does such organization also bring in its train hypocrisy, regimentation, and the subservience to system? Why does the institutional machinery assume a dehumanizing momentum of its own?

The universities, pre-eminently, must confront these dissatisfactions. They are the meeting point of the generations. History and revolution come together within them. Youth and experience join—or at least attempt to join—in common enterprise. No institution in our body politic bears such tension within it, and yet no institution is less able to cope with the burdens placed upon it. Western civilization has devised several forms of democratic structures in the public sector and sophisticated organizational mechanisms in the private that have functioned more or less effectively over considerable periods. It is a hybrid, neither a true commonwealth nor a strictly hierarchical organization. It is a mixture of both and combines their strengths and, in particular, their weaknesses.

Under these circumstances, where does power—both formal and informal—lie within the typical American university? Power, of course, in any institutional system is a constantly shifting equation. Historically, however, it has been divided among the board of trustees, the administration, the alumni, the faculty, the students, and, in a public university, the political officers of the state. When a university is founded, and funds are scarce, the trustees or perhaps a strong president often obtains the paramount role. As the university grows in resources, private or public, and in prestige, its faculty expands its influence. In most cases, it is delegated powers over curriculum, admissions, student life, and tenure. Only formal, ceremonial, and ultimate financial responsibilities are retained by the lay board.

In many instances, this trend becomes so pronounced that the administrators, as well as the presidents, chancellors, and their staffs, are relegated to relatively minor roles. As Dr. Clark Kerr pointed out several years ago, professors negotiate their own research grants with foundations and the government. These are transferable, with the individual and often his staff moving from university to university. No loyalty to a particular institution nor commitment to its teaching role is required—only competence and a reputation within the profession itself. In the professional schools, the chairman of the department will move a whole department from one school to another. Small wonder, then, that the administration was often relegated to providing faculty and student park-

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WHEREVER YOU LIVE...

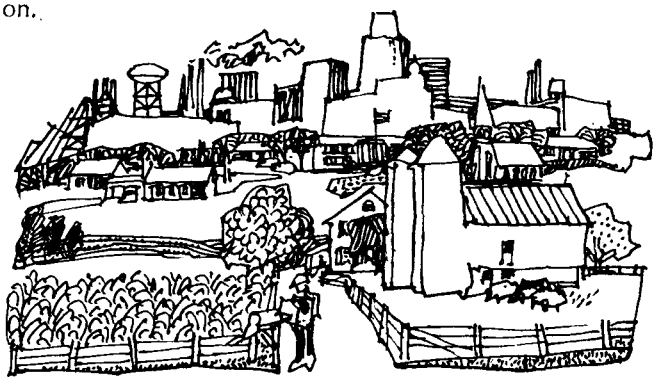
. . . you have a stake in rural America.

Fifty years ago our nation was half rural, half urban. Now 70 percent of our people are crammed on to just one percent of our land.

Through the years, as millions have deserted the countryside in search of a better life in the city, problems have been heaped on problems.

And what have we got today? Smog, pollution and traffic jams in the cities. Abandoned farmsteads and empty stores in the country. And economic and social ills in both. We could have planned more wisely.

Now is the time for us to decide on our national policy . . . what we want our country to be like 30 years from now when we'll have 100 million people added to our population.



We must decide if we want to go on piling more and more people into small amounts of space . . . or if we want to provide a better balance of opportunity . . . creating more jobs and building community facilities where millions want to live, work and play . . . in the countryside.

The consumer-owners of America's nearly 1,000 rural electric systems call upon our President, our Congress, and our country's leaders to adopt AN AGENDA FOR RURAL AMERICA — a national agenda relevant to the total welfare of our nation . . . relevant to the future . . . relevant to the great potential of America's spacious countryside — **with these priorities.**

• We urge the President to appoint a National Coordinator for Rural Community Development . . . and we urge consolidation and upgrading of existing community development programs now administered by many different Federal agencies.

• We urge development and implementation of programs to meet the following urgent problems of rural America and its people:

Rural Housing. Over half the nation's substandard homes — more than four million — are in rural America. Many who live in these homes are old. Many are poor.

Community Facilities. Nearly 30,000 rural communities are without adequate water systems . . . about 45,000 without sewer systems. Thousands lack medical centers, libraries, good schools, recreation programs.

Jobs and Training. Few of the nearly 14 million new jobs created in the last 15 years were in rural America. And rural unemployment figures in many areas run nearly 18 per cent, compared to a national average of about four per cent.

Low-Cost Credit. The effects of high interest are most sharply felt in the countryside where there is a chronic shortage of capital for housing and community and industrial growth.

Action *now* on this AGENDA FOR RURAL AMERICA will lead toward the solution of many of our nation's ills — in the cities and in the rural areas. The urgency of these problems demands the best efforts of us all, acting together with Federal, state and local governments, as well as the private organizations in urban *and* rural America.

Across the land, the members, directors and employees of the nation's nearly 1,000 consumer-owned rural electric systems are providing leadership in their communities . . . leadership to develop central water systems, start housing programs, spearhead drives for community colleges and recreation projects, and much more. And all the while rural electric systems continue to supply low-cost, dependable electric power to even the most remote areas.

But the welfare of America — all America — is everyone's responsibility. So, wherever you live . . . whatever you do . . . whoever you are . . . you, too, have a stake in rural America.

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What you need to fly 20,000 dragging a bomb on a 500-foot exploring for nickel.

Sound involved? It is.

Exploring for nickel is complicated and expensive.

To start it fast and efficiently, you start in the air.

You dip into your pocket and come up with over $300,000 for a plane you'd feel safe in flying 20,000 miles a year—at an altitude of 500 feet—going 120 mph.

Then into your pocket again for another $200,000. That's what it will cost you to modify your plane and install equipment you'll need to locate nickel if it's around.

The bomb is like a microphone. You let it dangle from a 500-foot cable. The sensing devices inside detect mineral deposits on the ground and relay the information up to the electronic equipment in the plane.

To be effective, it's got to be close to the ground. So be careful. If it gets snagged in an unusually tall tree, you're in trouble.

Of course, once you've acquired all this expensive equipment, you'll want to go to where the nickel is.

One of your best bets would be northern Canada. So dress warmly and bring lots of supplies.

Up there it gets down to 40° below, and you won't find many towns around.

You've got the equipment and you know where to go. Now you'll need men. Well-trained, experienced men.

If you can get five like the ones pictured below, that would be ideal.

From left to right they are: Trevor Blachford, data processor. Randy Dutchburn, navigator. Heikki Limion, group head. Bob Veale, pilot. Paul Wessler, equipment operator.

Bob, Paul and Randy work the plane hunting for the nickel.

When they land, they turn their electronic readings over to Trevor for interpretation.

Heikki, who is a geophysicist, studies the information looking for indications of possible nickel deposits.

Eliminate even one of these men and you've hurt your chances of finding nickel.

Well, that's it. Except for one thing.

Once you've found an indication of nickel, your work is just beginning.

You'll have to have experienced men to go in on the ground and examine the area. Then you'll have to send in more men to drill hundreds of holes for your evaluations.

So be patient. This takes a lot of time.

If the findings turn out negative, don't be discouraged. That's how it goes—99 out of 100 times.

But if, with a combination of effor and knowhow (and a nod from Lady Luck), you happen to find a worthwhile deposit of nickel, there are a few things you'll need to know: like how to mine it, process it and get it to market.

Before we give you that information, there's a couple of things you'd better check on.

Like putting your hands on a few dozen million dollars and a few thousand workers.

Once you've got these two things worked out, you're ready to tackle the big problems.

Nickel helps other metals resist heat, cold, impact, pressure, abrasion, corrosion... to advance engineering in vital fields—power, desalination,

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niles at 500 feet in 40° below, :able at 120 miles per hour

ctronics, transportation, aerospace.

We're doing everything we can to oduce more nickel. Searching around world—Indonesia, Australia, atemala, Canada. We've found ways extract nickel from ores thought poor to mine a few years ago.

We count our blessings and respect r surroundings. From nickel ores, we over platinum, palladium, twelve er commercially useful elements. ke iron pellets for steel. Convert smoke ur stacks to chemicals for other ustries. On sand left from processing , we grow meadows of hay.

We are explorers. We're in 18 ntries. Miners, researchers, market lders. We bring opportunity to underdeveloped lands, new technologies, new payrolls, new tax income. Nickel in the ground is useless. We put it to work.

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ing at reasonable rates. Small wonder, too, that presidents throughout the land had neither the power, nor the prestige, nor often the expertise to meet the student challenge when it sprang upon the scene in the mid-Sixties.

The rhetoric of faculty governance, however, betrays the usual cultural lag. Through an intricate structure of senates, assemblies, and committees, it maintains the pretense of a self-governing community of scholars. The inaccurate word is "community," for its members are more concerned with doing their own thing than with the general welfare of the particular society that nourishes them. Traditionally, the professor does not want to be bothered by problems of governance. If out of sudden guilt, rage, or embarrassment, he occasionally rises in protest, he soon lapses again into his own affairs. When there is a dramatic, albeit often symbolic, issue to be confronted, the faculty turns out en masse. But the day-to-day business of university government that must be carried on is left to a small minority of concerned people—the scholarly bureaucrats and politicians.

But what about the students' role in governance? Education, whether symbolized by Mark Hopkins's log or Plato's grove, uniquely was supposed to be a dialogue between teachers and students. It was the pursuit of knowledge; that is, research and teaching combined in a very close and intimate relationship. The student's freshness, quickness, and wit were useful counterfoils to the teacher's knowledge, experience, and presumable wisdom. A certain sexual ambiance was not entirely out of order. But the increasing size of universities, the increasing busyness of professors, and, finally, the increasing professionalization of education itself destroyed this relationship, if it ever really has existed in modern times. If the university, in the ancient rhetoric, is a real community of scholars, it is not a very effective one.

Students have recently raised many questions covering a wide spectrum of problems: the remoteness of university concerns from those of the world around; the sheer difficulty of meaningful teaching relationships in a multi-university; the corruption of the processes of learning by society. They have asked, therefore—or, at least, important minorities have asked—for a greater share both in the development of curriculum and in the selection and evaluation of their teachers. They have asked for both substantive power—the sharing of faculty and administrative responsibilities—and, on occasion, for the symbolic and legal powers represented by the governing boards.

I would maintain, however, that the students' role in the ritual of governance — particularly that aspect of it currently represented by the trustees— is considerably less important for them than their participation, through consultation and dialogue, in faculty and administrative decisions. Elected students should serve on appropriate academic committees and on certain committees of the boards as well. They should have the right to initiate agenda, to discuss the entire range of university concerns, and, in certain instances, to vote. Only in this way will there be adequate communication and participation.

On the other hand, the right to vote as a substantial bloc on the whole range of matters traditionally the responsibility of the faculty and administration raises problems of both substance and principle—particularly if it is a veto. If the university is a historical entity with a continuing role in society, the temporary student cannot be the determining factor on matters of fundamental policy. For this reason, it was ill-advised for the faculty of arts and letters at Harvard to agree to give to a small section of the student body a veto on both the curriculum and staffing of its Afro-American program.

A university must, of course, serve society. It must relate to the pressing social and political concerns of the moment; but it cannot, without destroying its fundamental nature, become the instrument of change. Rather, it must serve as the seedbed of change. Ironically, when faculties, students, or trustees begin to look at the university in instrumental terms, they begin, however unknowingly, to undermine the foundations of academic freedom. Recent events, including those in California surrounding the case of Communist Angela Davis, indicate this only too clearly.

The faculty, then, will continue to control its own affairs, and guide the academic machine, hopefully, with deep student involvement, but who ultimately will be responsible for ensuring that a university as an institution works? Who is there to run the shop? Who will be responsible, not just for parking, money-raising, or public relations, but for the deeper requirement of any organization, no matter how delegated or decentralized its authorities, for central direction?

How does any institution—government, church, or corporation — best deal with the problems of growth and change? How does it maintain excellence and, at the same time, introduce procedures for experimentation and innovation within its own processes? First, there must be formal and real powers delegated to a single executive, the president or the chancellor. Only a chief executive, if he is a good one and has a true political sense, can act with swiftness, strength, and imagination to adjust his vast and complicated machinery to changing conditions. The faculty moves with lethal slowness, under the best of circumstances, and the students do not have the same concern for the institution and its continuity.

Second, the traditional organizational requirement to place authority as close as possible to the relevant operation means that the major administrative responsibility in a multi-campus university must be given to the chief

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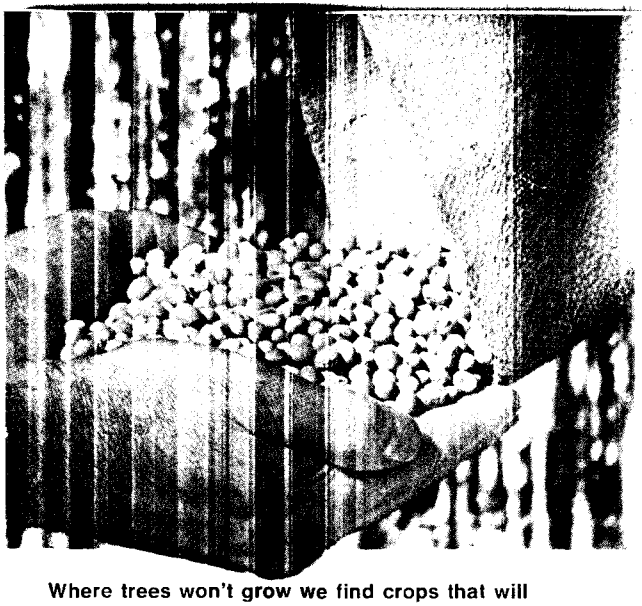

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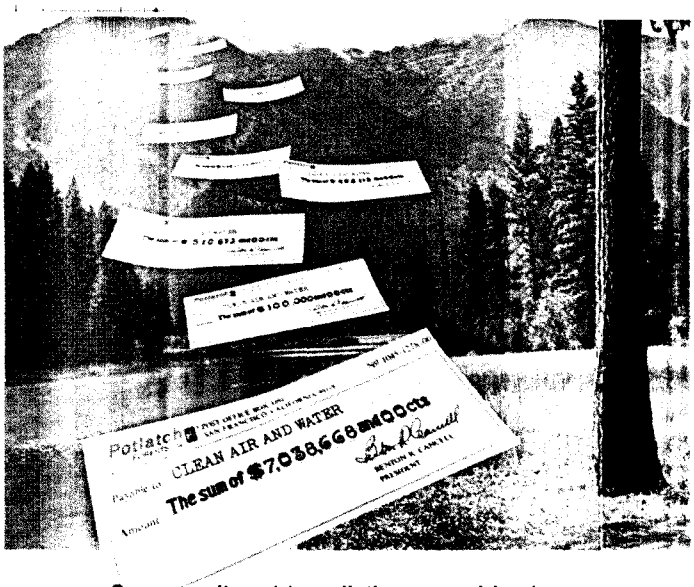

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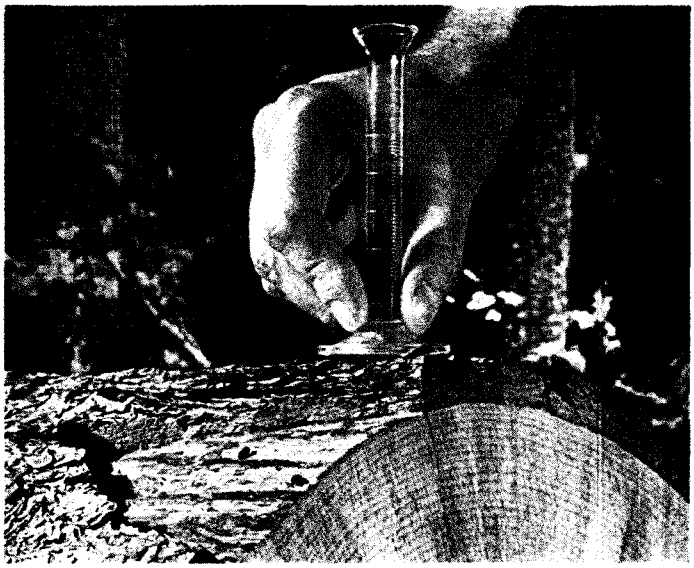

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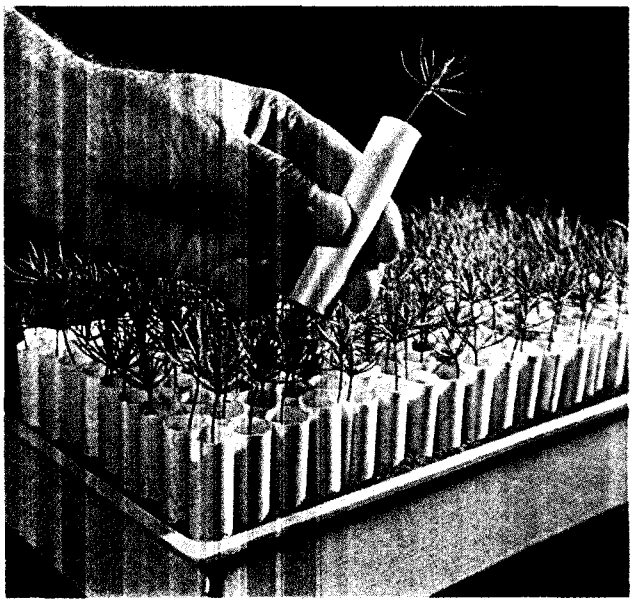

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But in much of America, the picture is ugly.

Half our kids won't finish high school. And one-third of all high schoolers won't graduate.

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All of this is good reason for us to support better schools — with all our energy, all our talent, all our resources.

For better schools can build better citizens. And better citizens will build better neighborhoods. And a better America.

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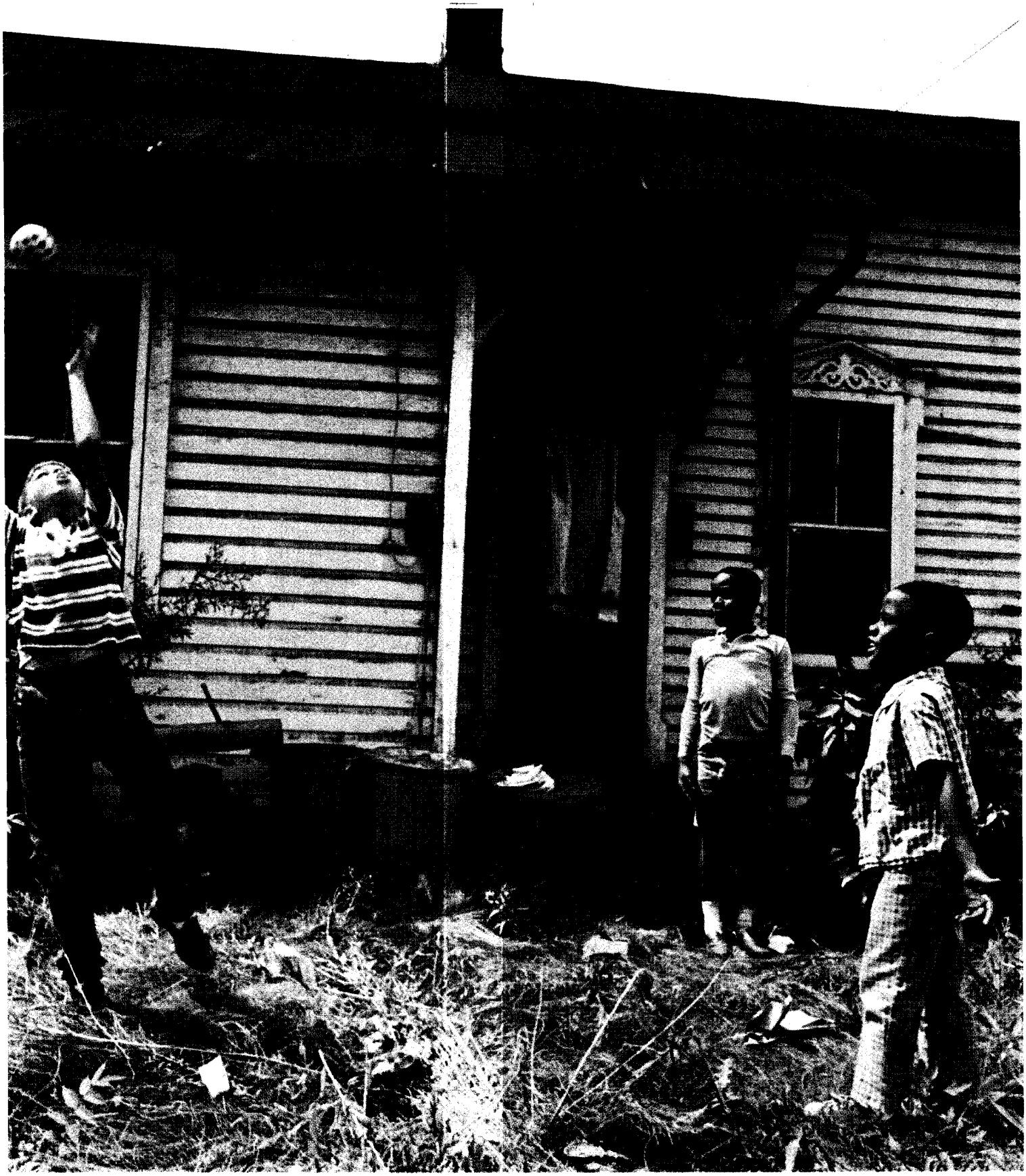

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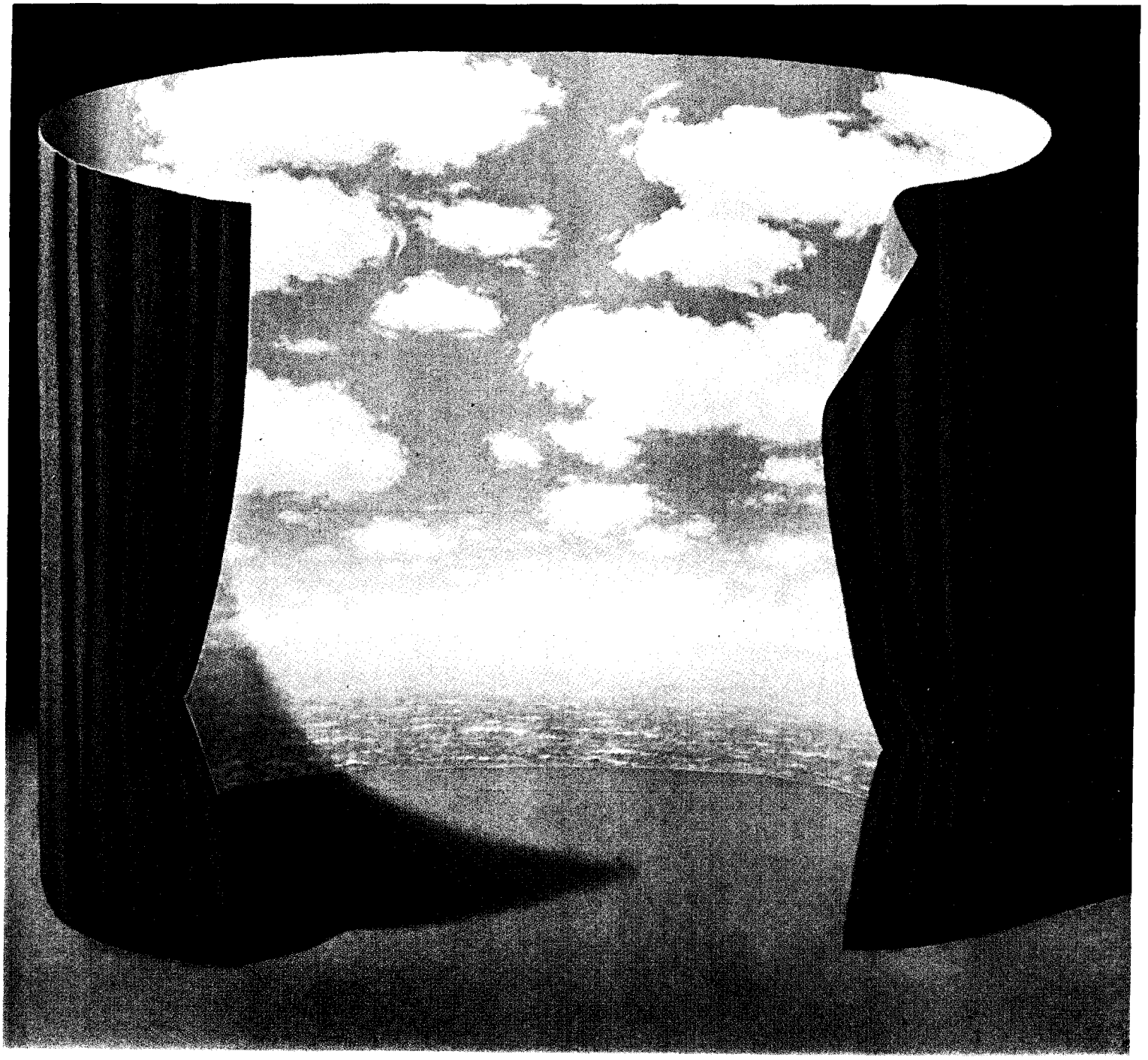

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campus officer. He alone is in a position to encourage a dynamic and productive atmosphere. The president of the total university, on the other hand, can only be effectively responsible for overall budgetary policy, broad community relations, and, most important, planning for educational growth.

The administrators required for this task, however, are rare birds. They must be attuned to the academic world and its scholarly devotions. They must be astute and flexible executives, decisive but reasonable. But above all, they must have a political feel for the movement of forces within and between groups of people, and be capable of responding to legitimate demands from within a society of peers. They must ensure that the administration encourages, in a positive and constructive manner, experimentation and freedom within the larger institutional framework. And yet, because of the nature of the university, they cannot direct, they must persuade.

The limitations of their power are not unlike those ascribed to the American Presidency. They are forced to operate through a process of shared power, through consultation and the development of consensus. Committees are a necessary tool. This makes the presidency of a university almost as difficult and complex a challenge as the mayoralty of a large city. It is understandable, therefore, that the number of university presidents who have been able to steer their institutions through the turmoils of recent years, and, in the process, to refashion and refresh them, are few indeed.

Major blame for lack of success of many administrators often lies squarely in the laps of the governing boards. We have spoken of the role played by faculty, students, and administrators—and the key importance of the last—but ultimate legal power, of course, still lies with the boards of trustees. This power, greatly diminished in scope if not in rhetoric, has neither been well understood nor well used. To see it clearly, perhaps we should consider the most important task of a governing board—the appointment of the chief executive. Traditionally, in most universities, this undertaking is shared among the trustees, the current president, and a committee of the faculty. Only at its peril can the board make a unilateral determination of its own. It must consider itself not as a typical governing body in a corporate institution, but as a single, specialized entity within a total organization. Too often board members forget the distinction between formal and legitimate power and are surprised when, defying the university community, they find their orders are not obeyed.

Too often, as well, board members have forgotten their own institutional experience. In periods of crisis, they overstep the required line between policy and administration. Instead of firing an inept executive or wholeheartedly supporting an able one, they have interfered in administrative matters. Instead of serving as a buffer between the general community, which does not necessarily understand the requirements of an academic environment, they seek to represent that wider community.

Insofar as the board symbolizes the ultimate authority within an institution, it can be a factor of tremendous strength and support for the president. Where an effective chief executive has been able to meet the challenge of these times, he often has had the advantage of a helpful and imaginative board—it has sustained his office morally and financially, and, above all, has encouraged his experiments and efforts to develop new and sometimes revolutionary educational directions, including innovations within the governing process itself.

But such wisdom on the part of boards is sometimes hard to come by—particularly in public universities. Especially destructive is the influence of political officers who serve on boards as ex officio trustees. Issues become polarized before the glare of television and the press. Nuances disappear. It is far wiser for public educational systems to follow the more recent example of the State University of New York and restrict membership largely to trustees appointed or elected for reasonably long periods. Only in this way will continuity and independence be ensured.

And they must be ensured. The universities of America face a tremendous challenge, a challenge not only to their institutional structure and processes, but, more fundamentally, to their rationale and objectives. Therefore, their viability as organizations depends, in large measure, on their ability so to arrange their governance that the requirements of the age can be met. Great changes are before them. The financing of education through federal and state loan and aid programs will, of itself, give students increased flexibility and choice. Increasingly, they will become clients and customers who must be satisfied. Furthermore, the requirements of society and its demand for services from the academic community will certainly accelerate. But the university, in responding to these demands, must keep its integrity. It must maintain itself as an institution serving the present but embodied in history and dedicated to the future.

"Yes, it has redeeming social value, Mr. Barnes. Unfortunately, it has no redeeming commercial value."

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Other Voices, Other Views

Four distinguished Educators discuss University Governance

LOGAN WILSON: I don't know of a single empirical study of a campus that delineates just how decisions are now made. In many institutions it is a kind of shell game, and I suspect that this is a source of frustration to many students who make recommendations and then are mystified about what happens to them.

Students ought to be involved more in the decision-making procedures of their institutions. They are the principal consumers of higher education, and they are entitled to be heard—and heeded. But there are certain kinds of decisions in which students are not very well qualified to take part. Even governing boards usually relegate technical questions such as investment decisions to committees of experts, not to broadly based boards of trustees or regents.

There is also a necessity for legitimate and centralized authority. No large social organization can operate without this element. And if we diffuse decision-making too much, the institution may simply come to a halt, because of an exacerbation of a number of present weaknesses.

One of the weaknesses now on many campuses is the diffuseness of decision-making, the lack of clear-cut responsibility and authority, the slowness with which decisions are made. Without stronger central authority, some of these weaknesses will become worse.

JOHN D. MILLETT: Governance is the proper term to apply today to our universities only so long as the universities have a considerable degree of autonomy in the determination of value judgments, commitments, and direction.

The governance of universities today is preoccupied with conflict—conflict about objectives, and conflict about the educational process.

What we have accomplished in large part on our campuses in the last four or five years has been to achieve a new kind of dialogue in governance. This has been an advance, but it is not enough. And the real challenge of the 1970s is whether governance can indeed result in value judgments, commitments, and direction that would be positive, that would be meaningful.

There is no evidence yet that we have in this process of dialogue in governance achieved or preserved a new degree of autonomy for institutions of higher education. We have not yet resolved conflicts about purposes or process, and I am certain we have not yet achieved any improved management in our colleges and universities.

The real challenge then of the 1970s for governance is to prove that new forms of governance can indeed preserve autonomy, can indeed resolve conflict, can indeed result in improved management. And only then will we be able to say that governance has made any progress in higher education.

FRANKLIN PATTERSON: The future of the private college and its contribution in the United States depends on the invention or the achievement of new patterns of association and cooperation, new relationships among institutions that will provide for the kind of planned interdependence essential not only to the survival of private colleges but to the survival of quality in higher education as it undergoes massive growth.

Three things tend to be true about present arrangements in America's troubled ecology of academic institutions, especially those that are close to one another. One is that colleges tend to duplicate capital costs unnecessarily. Another is that they tend to duplicate instructional costs. And a third, certainly, is that they tend to duplicate managerial costs. All of these considerations, and others, could be dealt with effectively through inter-institutional cooperation.

Cooperating colleges do not need to attempt to offer the full spectrum of all conceivable undergraduate fields and courses. Students at each college should have access to courses and programs at other campuses. Savings in capital investment could also be realized. Savings in operating costs could be achieved by sharing specialized faculties and programs.

These may sound like modest proposals, but they are break-throughs toward one view of governance. They may not lead to any sudden, utopian solutions for private or public education in America, but they are concrete examples of the type of initiative found in inter-institutional cooperation. Such initiative might provide the kind of academic federalism suited to the future, to the complex requirements of flexibility and imaginativeness in education that students are requiring of us.

STERLING M. MCMURRIN: We tend to talk too much in terms of student power and of faculty power; this leads to the notion that there are certain rights that reside with the faculty in connection with university governance, and certain rights that reside properly with the students.

Such rights as that of a faculty member to due process, to a proper hearing if he is charged with wrongdoing or with incompetence are ordinary civil rights. They are not special academic or institutional rights.

There is another kind of right that faculty people often speak of sometimes to the point of nonsense, and that is the right to participate in the university government. This is an institutional right that does not belong inherently to the faculty but is among the rights, obligations, and responsibilities that are conferred by the board of control.

We need to talk more about the whole problem of creating better institutions rather than to talk in terms of rights and in terms of the power of various groups. The emphasis upon power and the emphasis upon rights have a tendency to produce a natural confrontation between the students and the faculty, the faculty and the administration, and occasionally the administration and the board of control. The very terminology we are inclined to employ these days leads to this result. But when we do talk about rights, it is important to distinguish among civil rights (the right to due process); academic rights (intellectual freedom); and institutional right (the conferred right to participate in the institutions of university government).

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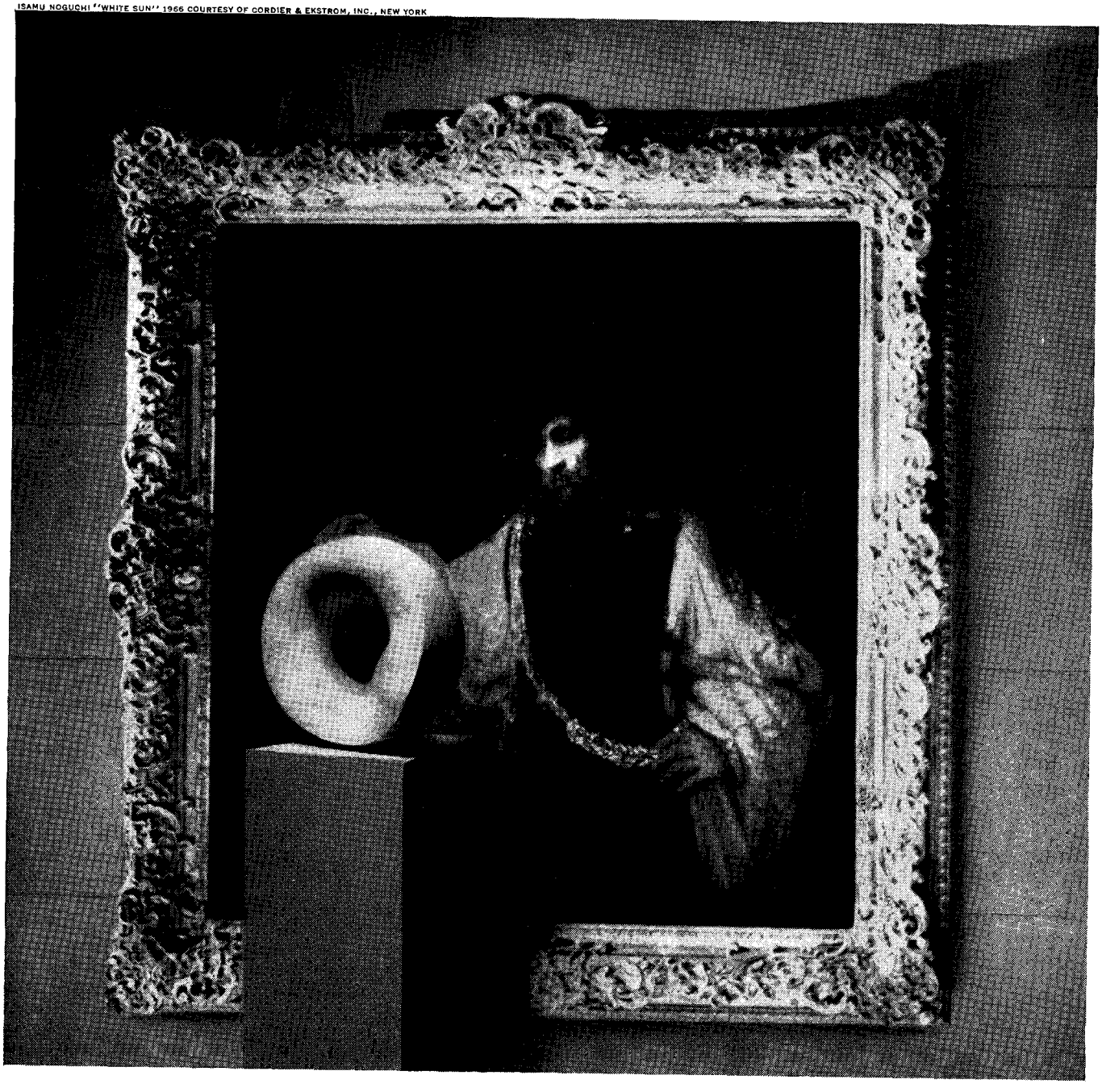

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Who Runs the University?

A Management Consultant's View

Social Change and the University

by JOHN J. CORSON

Student unrest, faculty disaffiliation, expanding enrollments, and similar phenomena are superficial irritants, not fundamental forces to which universities must adapt. Beneath these everyday events and conditions are several basic dilemmas that plague the entire society and that require fundamental changes in our major institutions.

For example, our increased population and increased wealth have produced not just more rich people, but some basic changes in attitudes among many people. The social cement that holds together a democracy—a widely accepted value system—no longer exists.

The young are demanding a reordering of national priorities. Not only is there a widely voiced discontent with the Vietnam war, there are vociferous complaints about the lack of housing, the conditions of the cities, the inadequacies of the welfare system, the high cost of medical care, and the persistence of inflation.

These concerns are not superficial issues created by the young as vehicles for a venting of their spleen. They are the expressions of new expectations for our society created by its own success. As the industrial society succeeded the agricultural society, and was in turn succeeded by what has been described as the post-industrial society, a new and advanced civilization with different characteristics has been emerging. These characteristics are being hammered out in riots in the cities, in court battles over equal employment, in education, and in housing opportunities; they are an attempt to forge a modernized concept of human dignity. The war on poverty—not just the federal programs but society's acceptance of the necessity for the fight—is gradually building the expectation of a national minimum that provides not only income, but health and higher education as well.

The smog over our cities, the Santa Barbara oil slick, the polluted rivers, the rising crime rates are all establishing other expectations of a livable environment. The frustration of consumers, who can't tell the relative merits of Fortrel versus Dacron, or the hazards in pesticides, cyclamates, or scores of other products, is substituting for the principle of "let the buyer beware" the expectation that government should protect the consumer.

The importance to the university of those new expectations is that the university has been, should be, and increasingly will be the institution in our society concerned with the shaping of values. The university's philosophers, economists, sociologists, historians, political scientists, if they do their job, are not just passing on what earlier scholars had passed on to them. They are helping a vastly greater proportion of the upcoming generation to understand, to modify, and to extend the lore of the past to the problems of the present. And that brings them right squarely into the forces of today, into the changing characteristics of the society.

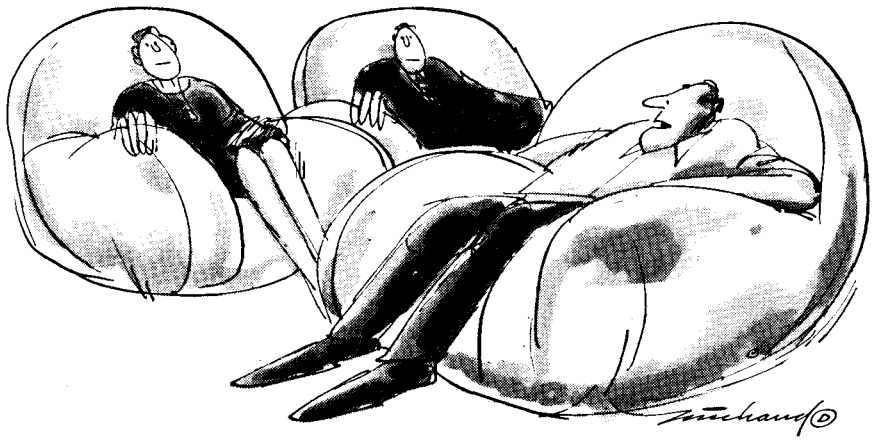
The professors in our universities are stimulating youths to question the precepts of parents, the pronouncements of press, TV, politicians, and business leaders, and the preachings of the church. That is as it has always been. The university cannot avoid being the staging ground for battle over social issues. It is essential that the university find the structures and the practices within which these battles may be fought with words and ideas rather than with stones and fists.

Another fundamental factor is an increasing dependence on knowledge. New knowledge, whether it be about the irradiation of foods to insure a longer life for the sandwiches in vending machines or about miniaturization that permits the development of pneumatic tools for the most delicate cranial surgery, has become central to economic and social progress.

Several consequences follow from this fact. The university must be expected to be called upon to do much of or most of the research for other segments of the society. The university will become closer, probably uncomfortably closer, to the centers of economic, military, and political decision-making, and such a situation must be faced squarely and decisively.

Access to job opportunities now depends more than ever on the acquisition of a certain amount of this new knowledge, and this means that the university has become the gatekeeper to the workaday world. Because nearly 50 per cent of our young people are going on to college, it is rapidly taking on the status of a public utility, and, as it does, it must accept the obligations that go with that status.

Another consequence of the new knowledge is its increasing specialization. As invention and discovery have expanded knowledge at an ever increasing rate, the individual's field of comprehension has been narrowed even as it has been enlarged in power. This development confronts both the society and the university with a perplexing dichotomy, because the codification of new knowledge requires increasing specialization, while the resolution of society's problems requires an ability to interrelate bits of knowledge from each of a variety of specialties, and from each of a variety of disciplines. The truly educated citizen, the



"Did one of you say 'pssst'?"

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effective parent, the competent professional man, and the self-fulfilling individual must be broader than a mere specialist. Our colleges and universities are expected to breed broader values into the specialists they develop. This expectation poses problems of course content, of curriculum control, of departmental structure, and faculty selection and leadership.

Another social dilemma impelling change in the university is the loss of autonomy. As the university marches, or is pushed, into an increasingly influential position in the resolution of public problems, as it becomes increasingly the gatekeeper governing entry into the job market, and as its share of the Gross National Product grows, it will be subjected inevitably to an ever more intensive surveillance by its several constituencies: students, alumni, faculties, donors, including corporations, federal and state governments, and the public generally.

As this scrutiny increases, the mystique that has guaranteed autonomy for the college and university disappears. The logic has been inescapable: the state's scarce resources do not permit support of the duplication of public institutions or the duplicating of facilities within such institutions. This logic is being supplemented on private as well as public campuses by the reasoning that education is becoming too important and the costs too great to be left to the scholars. Regardless of whether that reasoning will be accepted, the moral of accumulating experience is that the university will not continue as an island unto itself.

The erosion of authority throughout our society is another fundamental condition that is changing the university. Student revolts must be viewed in relation to other contemporaneous revolutionary action. Black communities have rebelled in more than a score of cities, a substantial minority of younger Catholic priests have challenged the hierarchy of their church, and even some members of the armed services have organized on a score of military bases to voice criticisms. The new relationship of the student to the university must be viewed within the context of these similar rebellions against authority.

The obsolescence of much of the lore possessed by the older generation is one cause of this erosion of authority. Coleridge said that experience is like the stern light on a ship, illuminating only the past. In a period of rapid technological change this is all the more true. Moreover, differing values that flow out of this obsolescence accelerate the erosion of authority.

And the revolution in communication, not only in television, radio, and the press, but in communication between individuals at the supermarket, in the subway, and the like—the understanding generated by these experiences of urban living—has undermined the authority of the patriarch in American society, be he the teacher, dean, president, business executive, bishop, or even military commander.

This general erosion of authority strikes at the heart of the university governance. The authority of the teacher has been eroded by the increasing maturity, real or superficial, of the student, and by the technological advances that tend to make obsolete many of the Ph.D.s who got their doctorates before World War II. The logic of fixing authority for education in the faculty has been strained by the apparent fact that a university does not have a faculty. It has a score of faculties made up of individuals, many of whom are more concerned with their status in their discipline than in their attachment to the university that pays their salary.

The authority of the president in relation to the faculty, or faculties, was undermined when he became a fund-raiser and an administrator and lost his status as an educator. And the trustees have allowed the broad authority that they were endowed with by law and historical practice to atrophy by concentrating their attention on the financial, physical, and public relations problems of the university. For decades, they have not dared to make decisions as to faculty selection, curricular matters, and the very guts of the university operations.

The function of the university will be expanded still further and changed. Its instruction function will be limited by the growth of the community colleges and expanded by the growth of graduate professional training. Its research and community service functions will be broadened markedly. Hence, new forms and process of government must be capable of managing a collection of related laboratories, institutes, centers, clinics, and offices in relation to existing colleges and schools scattered over perhaps a dozen or more cities. The arrangements for governance of such a complex may be much more analogous to the structure of a holding company than to those of a body of scholars that we nostalgically look back to.

The trustees of the universities, both

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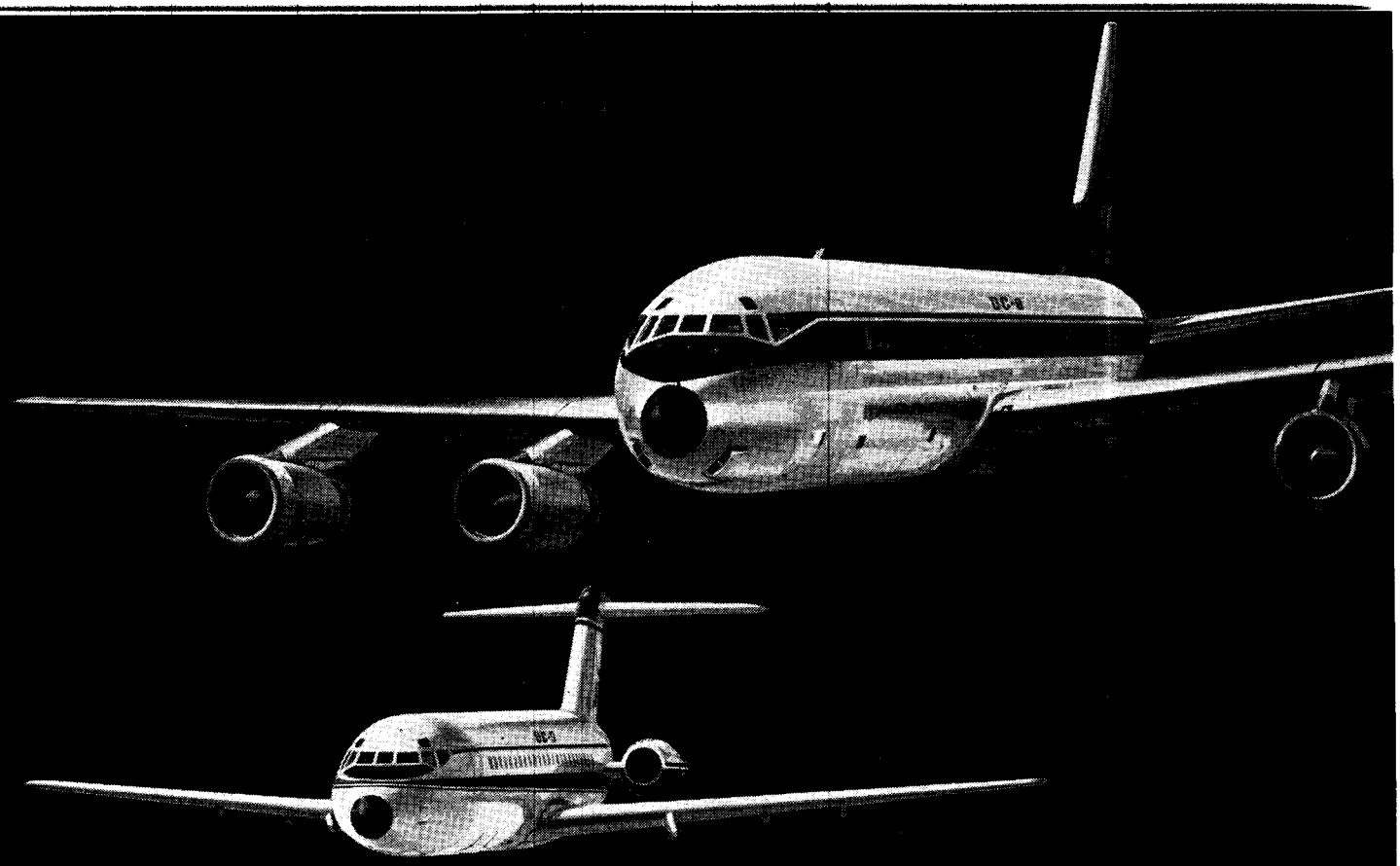

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public and private, need to reidentify the constituencies they serve, and redefine the authority they will exercise. The problem of constituency in the private university is probably more severe, because the trustees have accepted little obligation to any constituency other than the alumni. They are increasingly being held accountable by students, by the faculty, by the government that contributes the major portion of the resources on which they depend, as well as by the alumni and by the general public.

These constituencies will likely demand a voice in the trustees' councils. And the boards of trustees may be forced to abandon self-perpetuation in whole, or in part, in favor of election or designation of representatives by one or more of these constituencies.

The trustees of both public and private universities will be called upon to accept greater responsibility for educational, research, and public service functions. They may not be able to avoid accepting authority in these realms by the assertion that they are concerned only with broad policy, and that they have delegated authority to the president for education, research, and student relations.

The president of a university must reclaim for himself and his principal administrators the authority to act. To achieve coordination within, to utilize effectively increasingly scarce resources, and to stimulate requisite change, the president and his deans need greater authority. That authority cannot be handed down by trustees, who, like the British Queen, have held it in abeyance so long in fact they no longer have the authority that is needed. It must be ceded by the faculties who possess it by virtue of their monopolistic control of the university's stock in trade — knowledge and the capacity to create and transmit knowledge. Faculties can be induced to cede it, if appropriate mechanisms for consultation are established, maintained, and nurtured.

One might still ask what kind of leadership is required in the president's office—educational, administrative? Both, of course, but what is needed above all in the president of a university, in an era of persistent and substantial change, is a man who makes it obvious that he knows where he wants to go and how to articulate and be persuasive in stating goals for his institution, and who has the rare combination of ability, skills, and energy needed to carry an administrative staff and a faculty along toward those goals.

The faculty—or faculties—must be helped to see themselves as a legislative body, not as an executive body. That means the faculty should be made to assume responsibility for recommending broad educational policy to the trustees, and for determining the curriculum, for faculty selection and promotion policies, and for student affairs, and also help to discipline itself to keep its hands off the executive of such policy. But the reclaiming of authority, long exercised by a small minority of the whole faculty over such minutiae as student social behavior as well as the approval of faculty appointments and curriculum, will be difficult.

The students are already being granted a larger voice in governance and will be granted a still larger voice. The problem is to determine what areas of governance students should be involved in, and then to devise ways of selecting students who have the time, the inclination, and the ability to cope with these matters in a responsible fashion.

There are forces at work that will change the function of the university, that will substantially expand the university, and that will establish new demands on the university. In coping with that change, some of the most venerated concepts, practices, and traditions of an old, old institution will be altered or abandoned.

COLLEGE CRISIS EXPLORED

BROWN—The Liberal University: An Institutional Analysis

by Jo Douglas Brown, Provost and Dean of the Faculty, Emeritus, Princeton University. 263 pages, $7.95 (1969)

". . . the time has come to analyze what it is, or intends to be, and what its unique contributions are, before it is declared obsolete." From the Preface

The most significant feature of this book is its emphasis on the integration of university organization, policies, and administrative procedures into an *effective whole*.

HARRIS—The Economics of Harvard

by Seymour E. Harris (formerly, Harvard University), University of California, San Diego. 768 pages (Spring 1970)

RAUH—The Trusteeship of College and Universities

by Morton A. Rauh, Vice President Finance and Planning, Antioch College. 160 pages. $7.95 (1969)

A broadly based presentation of the function of college and university trusteeship that provides useful information for both the new and experienced trustee and others who are interested in the position. Throughout the book continual emphasis is placed upon the theory of trusteeship in order to distinguish between oversight and management.

KEETON/HILBERRY—Struggle and Promise: A Future for Colleges

by Morris Keeton, Antioch College; Conrad Hilberry, Kalamazoo College. 416 pages, $9.95 (1969)

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Participation Is Learning

Continued from page 58

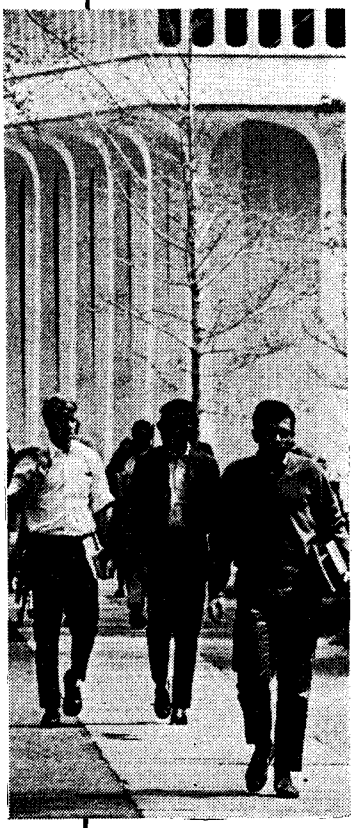
research and publications, by hiring and promoting him if he does those things, and by holding him back if he doesn't. Only the student can add a third incentive to the mix—the incentive to be a good teacher, and to become skilled at helping people learn. If universities continue to exclude students from this area, they will continue to affirm very clearly that teaching and student development are low priorities.

There are other steps to basic reform that will follow, once students begin to make their voices and votes heard in policy-making. Required courses should be eliminated, largely because they isolate and protect bad teaching and bad classes. If a professor thinks he has something important to teach, he shouldn't feel it necessary to force students to come hear him.

Students should be free to initiate their own courses, for credit. Many universities provide a simple mechanism for accrediting a student course proposal, a mechanism that functions quickly, in a supportive manner, and without endless committee red tape. Moreover, students not only should be free to plan *de novo* their personal academic agenda in collaboration with the faculty, they should be *encouraged* to do so. We might find that John Dewey was right when he spoke of the strong relationship between effort and involvement.

These examples of change are merely suggestive of a direction. From the overview, the combination of reforms is meant to underline a basic principle: if there is to be reform within the existing institutional framework, it must be radical. I have offered my suggestions not only because I think they are essential, but because I also believe they are practicable. Nonetheless, I offer them with considerable pessimism, because there is presently little evidence of sufficient energy and leadership in the American university for it to be reformed from within. It is ironic—and to students, enraging—that the university is one of the last of our institutions to reflect our national passion for the democratic process. Fundamentally, that's what student power is all about.

The University: two high-level views



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New Paths

Continued from page 54

methods, insights, and research of transformed professional education. It is time we realized that a sense of vocation can be supportive of our commitment to the liberal learning.

Historically, a profession is not only the trustee of a body of learning; it is a commitment to service. Many of today's students seek to find some authoritative cause, some purpose beyond themselves to which they can commit their energies, and that not only would provide a means for self-expression but would be socially regenerative as well.

For those who seek service and leadership, a linkage between the liberal learning and a social calling in college and university education would be rewarding. Intellectual satisfaction would thus blend with social purpose. We must convey to students the concept that a profession is not only an occupation in service to the world but also, as the term indicates, a declaration or an affirmation. The resulting amalgam can, furthermore, provide the means whereby the college and university help deal with the problems and potentialities of our nation and of the world.

Asking that the liberal learning turn its intelligence toward the question of how man's environment and institutions may be bettered does not necessarily mean a traumatic break with the past. A concern for service does not refute the fact that the basic focus for a college and university must be its educational and related research program. A primary focus on immediate community service will not by itself attract the best minds and hearts to a college or university.

The college and university best serve the city and best serve civilization as the intellectual base for action, rather than as the arena of action. Some are tempted, in moral causes, to make the college a piece of contested turf or turn the campus into warring terrain. Colleges and universities, however, do not serve best as battlefields but as places for dreams and plans to begin, that new responsibilities and responsiveness may ensue from them.

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Check List of 1969 Business Books

THE AMERICAN CORPORATION. By Richard J. Barber. Dutton. $6.95.

THE AMERICAN LAROR MOVEMENT AND FOREIGN POLICY. By Ronald Radosh. Random House. $10.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NATIONAL REFRACTORY & BRAKE CO. By William Zinsser and James Stevenson. Harper & Row. Paperback, $2.50.

THE BILLION-DOLLAR WINDFALL. By Morton Shulman. Morrow. $5.95.

BLACK CAPITALISM: Strategy for Business in the Ghetto. By Theodore L. Cross. Atheneum. $8.95.

THE BUSINESS HEALERS. By Hal Higdon. Random House. $6.95.

THE CRIME CONFEDERATION: Cosa Nostra and Allied Operations in Organized Crime. By Ralph Salerno and John Tompkins. Doubleday. $6.95.

EXECUTIVE STRESS. By Harry Levinson. Harper & Row. $6.95.

FINANCIAL SELF-DEFENSE. By John L. Springer. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITH MUTUAL FUNDS. By David L. Markstein. McGraw-Hill. $7.95.

HOW WALL STREET DOUBLES MY MONEY EVERY THREE YEARS. By Lewis Owen. Bernard Geis. $6.95.

LOUIS RENAULT. By Anthony Rhodes. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

THE MODERN PUBLIC SECTOR: New Ways of Doing the Government's Business. By Murray Weidenbaum. Basic Books. $5.95.

THE MONEY MANAGERS. Edited by Gilbert E. Kaplan and Chris Welles. Random House. $6.95.

THE MONEY MEN OF EUROPE. By Paul Ferris. Macmillan. $7.95.

ONCE IN GOLCONDA: A True Drama of Wall Street, 1920-1938. By John Brooks. Harper & Row. $6.95.

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THEFT OF THE NATION: The Structure and Operations of Organized Crime in America. By Donald R. Cressey. Harper & Row. $6.95.

THINK: A Biography of the Watsons and IBM. By William Rodgers. Stein & Day. $7.95.

THE WALL STREET READER. Edited by Bill Adler and Catherine Greene. World. $6.95.

THE WOMAN'S GUIDE TO WALL STREET. By N. Leonard Jarvis. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

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Joseph Schwab is professor of education and William Rainey Harper Professor of Natural Sciences at the University of Chicago. In this skilful diagnosis of curricular ills and symptomatic student turmoil, he argues that if students act unreasonably, it is because their teachers have failed to teach them to think clearly.
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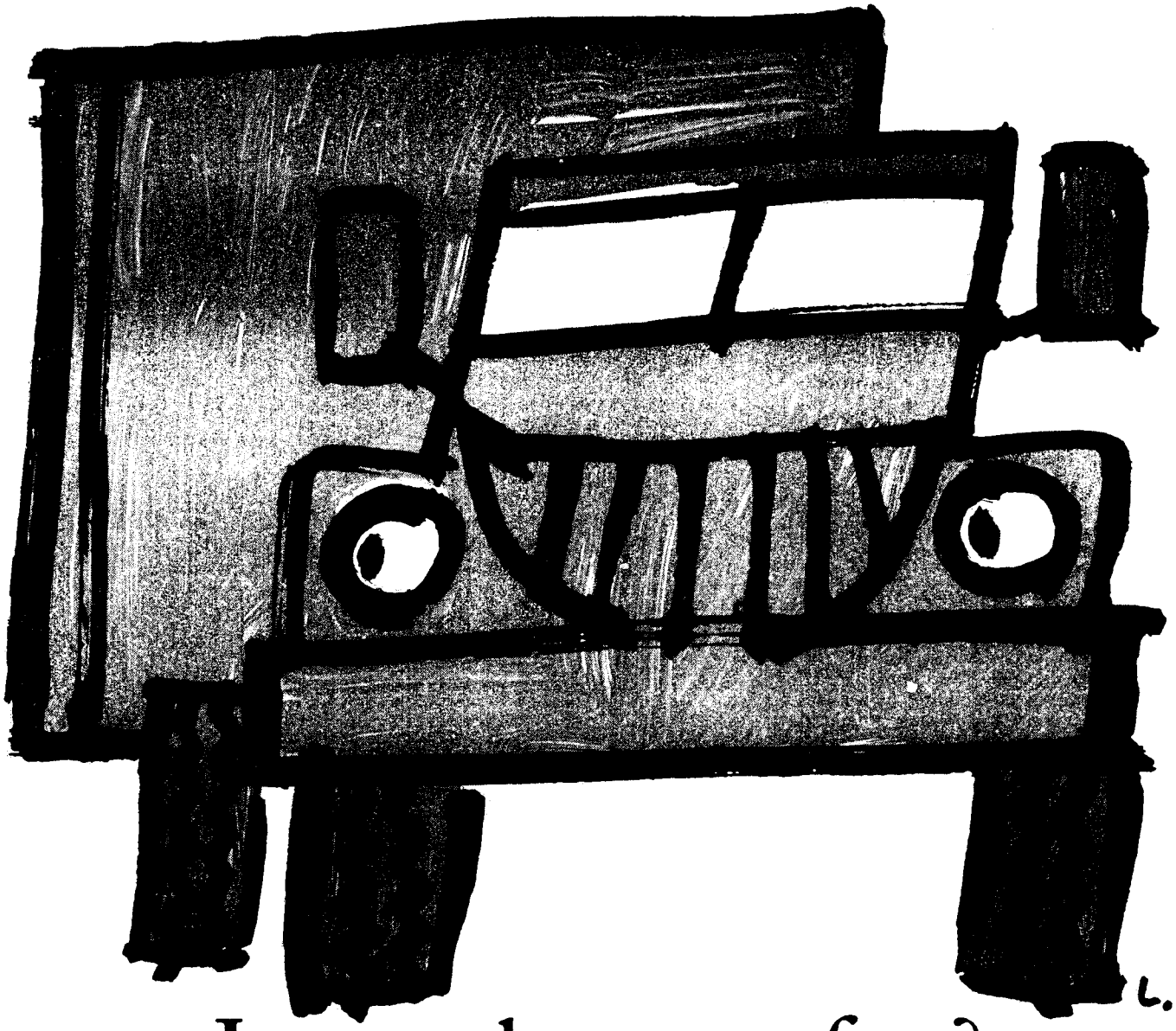

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SR's BUSINESSMAN OF THE YEAR

James F. Oates, Jr.

Minorities Are the Business of Business

Minority groups have been high in the headlines this past year, and it is no coincidence that *SR*'s Businessman of the Year reflects serious attention to pragmatic planning in this field. Annually *SR*'s editors poll more than 300 business leaders, government officials, educators, economists, business writers, and public opinion analysts for nominees; candidates with the highest number of votes are carefully reviewed for eligibility, as are their public service records. Usually several individuals come close in the final voting, but the margin in this year's poll was from the beginning clearly in favor of James F. Oates, Jr., chairman of the board and chief executive officer of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. Mr. Oates retired at the end of 1969; J. Henry Smith, president, now becomes chief executive officer as well.

Readers of *SR*'s Communications Supplement will recognize Mr. Oates as the central figure in L. L. L. Golden's informative public relations column last March. Mr. Golden was writing about companies whose chief executives were well aware of the public obligations any corporation automatically inherits; his case in point was Equitable Life Assurance, one of the largest insurance companies in the world. Golden pointed out that all life insurance companies have had a poor history of employment of minorities. Some of the biggest insurance firms not only have refused to hire Negroes or other deprived groups but often have been reluctant even to sell insurance to these people. But companies such as Equitable and executives like Oates long ago came to the realization that an enormous part of their investment is in urban areas, and that unless the cities are healthy the insurance companies cannot be.

Oates's interest in minorities goes back well before it was the thing for executives to help non-whites. In 1945, as president of the Chicago YMCA, Jim Oates decided it was time to end the debate on admission of Negroes to membership. As a result of his pressure, all facilities at the Chicago "Y" were opened immediately to Negroes. There was no decline in memberships, and there were no outcries. Similarly in 1946, when he was president of the Chicago Bar Association, Oates discovered there were no Negro members, and he immediately brought in black lawyers, the first one a judge. In 1948, as chief executive of the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company, Oates changed the hiring policies and brought in twenty well-qualified black youngsters to be trained in something besides menial jobs. He did this despite warnings from fellow executives that white female employees would quit if black girls used the same washrooms, and so on. Naturally, nothing of the sort happened.

When Oates joined Equitable in 1957, he found no initiative for the hiring of minority groups. Today, approximately 15 per cent of the employees of Equitable belong to minority groups; in the New York office, the figure is close to 20 per cent and on the rise. Of those now being hired in New York nearly 45 per cent are Negro or Puerto Rican, and every Equitable office throughout the country, including the South, is fully integrated. More than 200 agents

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of a sales force of 7,000 are from a minority group, and out of some 800 district managers twenty are Negroes. Equitable is now in its seventh year of training high school dropouts, largely blacks, for other than menial jobs.

"On balance," says Oates, "we are more than satisfied that this program has been and continues to be a relative success. A job is an essential badge of membership in the larger society, a sign of belonging, and a paycheck is a passport to self-respect and self-sufficiency."

Equitable has been for many years a leader in substantial corporate philanthropy, including aid to higher education. Fifteen years ago the company's contribution program totaled $375,000. In each of the last two years, it has been $775,000, in addition to $200,000 for urban programs.

It's not surprising that Oates was a prime mover in the life insurance industry's pledge to invest at least $1-billion in urban core areas throughout the United States to improve housing and to finance enterprises that will create jobs. The initial program has been fully committed, and the industry is now embarked on a second $1-billion.

Then there has been Jim Oates's wide activity as general chairman of Princeton's capital campaign, which raised more than $60-million from 1959 to 1962. Oates is still chairman of the executive committee of Princeton University, one of the top educational advisory posts in the nation. If Jim Oates has a flaw, according to one letter nominating him as Businessman of the Year, it is his overweening devotion to his alma mater. But the writer was, after all, a Harvard man.

James Franklin Oates, Jr., was born November 11, 1899, in Evanston, Illinois, and went on to graduate from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1917. His father was a life insurance general agent, widely known in the Chicago area for his interest in charitable and educational campaigns. His brother, Dr. Whitney J. Oates, is a distinguished scholar in the classics and long a member of the Princeton faculty.

Oates was graduated from Princeton in 1921 and law school at Northwestern three years later. In 1925 he married Rosalind Wright, who was graduated from Smith College that year. They have two children, Mrs. Cabell Arnold Pearse of Washington, D. C., and Dr. James F. Oates, III, a surgeon in Richmond, Virginia. The recipient of a dozen honorary degrees—most of them doctorates in one form or another—Oates headed the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company in 1948, where he stayed until he became chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Equitable Life Assurance in 1957.

Among other honors, Oates has been recipient of the Key Man Award in 1962, from the Avenue of the Americas Association; the thirtieth annual Gold Medal Award in 1964, from the General Insurance Brokers Association of New York; the Alumni Medal in 1965, from the Northwestern University Alumni Association; the Gold Medal of Merit Award in 1965, from the Wharton School Alumni Society of University of Pennsylvania; the John Phillips Award in 1966, from Phillips Exeter Academy; and the Julian S. Myrick Human Relations Award in 1968, from the American Jewish Committee. In the educational field he serves as a life trustee of Northwestern University, an honorary trustee of George Williams College of Chicago, and a charter trustee and chairman of the executive committee of the board of trustees of Princeton University.

When the Equitable building at 1285 Sixth Avenue was opened eight years ago, it was the largest building in America devoted entirely to one company. No other business or firm resides there on the northwest corner of 51st Street, and more than 7,500 people come and go each weekday, all of them working for Equitable in this one building for this one firm. The complex would be a whole city anywhere else.

One of Equitable's greatest investments has been the amazing Gateway Center at the Golden Triangle in Pittsburgh. The insurance company took over an industrial slum in a smoke-laden area and through private initiative and investment transformed the point where two large rivers meet into an urban showplace unlike anything else in any other large city in America. The Gateway Center was a pioneering investment for insurance money, and Oates has firm opinions on such matters.

"It used to be that insurance funds had to be sound investments with a good yield, and these factors are still basic," says Oates, "but now there is a third component for investing life insurance capital—public interest. Sound investment is important, yield is important, but just as important is how the insurance company uses its money in the public interest. In my opinion, life insurance is the greatest service organization in the world, and, particularly in a company owned by the insured and reportable to them, this third factor of public interest has to be an important element in the equation of sound business practice."

Jim Oates is a large, rather heavy-set, jolly man, with blue eyes, a pink

"The drinks need mixing, and the conversation is sagging."

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face, and white hair. He needs only a costume to look like Santa Claus. He is one of the liveliest of conversationalists and sparks to almost any subject, particularly items like Princeton. Speaking of his favorite university, he can't emphasize too strongly the difference between the curriculum he went through half a century ago and the intensive training a Princeton undergraduate now receives. "It is no longer sufficient for a man to know just one side of his universe," says Oates, "he must relate his specialty to the social problems of his time. There is only one correct concept of education, and that is unity of knowledge."

Having retired as head of Equitable, Oates now returns to a profession he abandoned almost twenty-five years ago —the practice of law. After graduation from Northwestern, he joined the Chicago law firm of Cutting, Moore, and Sidley in 1924; Adlai Stevenson was one of his law partners. He stayed there until 1948, when he went into the general business world. But he has never forgotten his law background and his love of law, and he was the happiest of mortals when upon announcement of his retirement last month his old law firm—now known as Sidley and Austin —asked him to come back as a consultant. He jumped at the chance. Longtime Manhattan residents, Mr. and Mrs. Oates are so excited over the idea of his going into a new job at this time of life that they have bought a small lot in Lake Forest, Illinois, and are about to build a new house—an exhilarating adventure at any age.

—RICHARD L. TOBIN.

WIT TWISTER #146

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

"Get off your _ _ _ _ _," the first mate said;
"You can't catch _ _ _ _ _ if you're abed.
"We'll set some _ _ _ _ _ afore it's light
"And _ _ _ _ _ those _ _ _ _ _ down good and tight.
"Now, set our course straight out to sea!
"You know these _ _ _ _ _ as good as me."

—GEORGE S. WELSH, Chapel Hill, N.C.

(*Answer on Page* 94)

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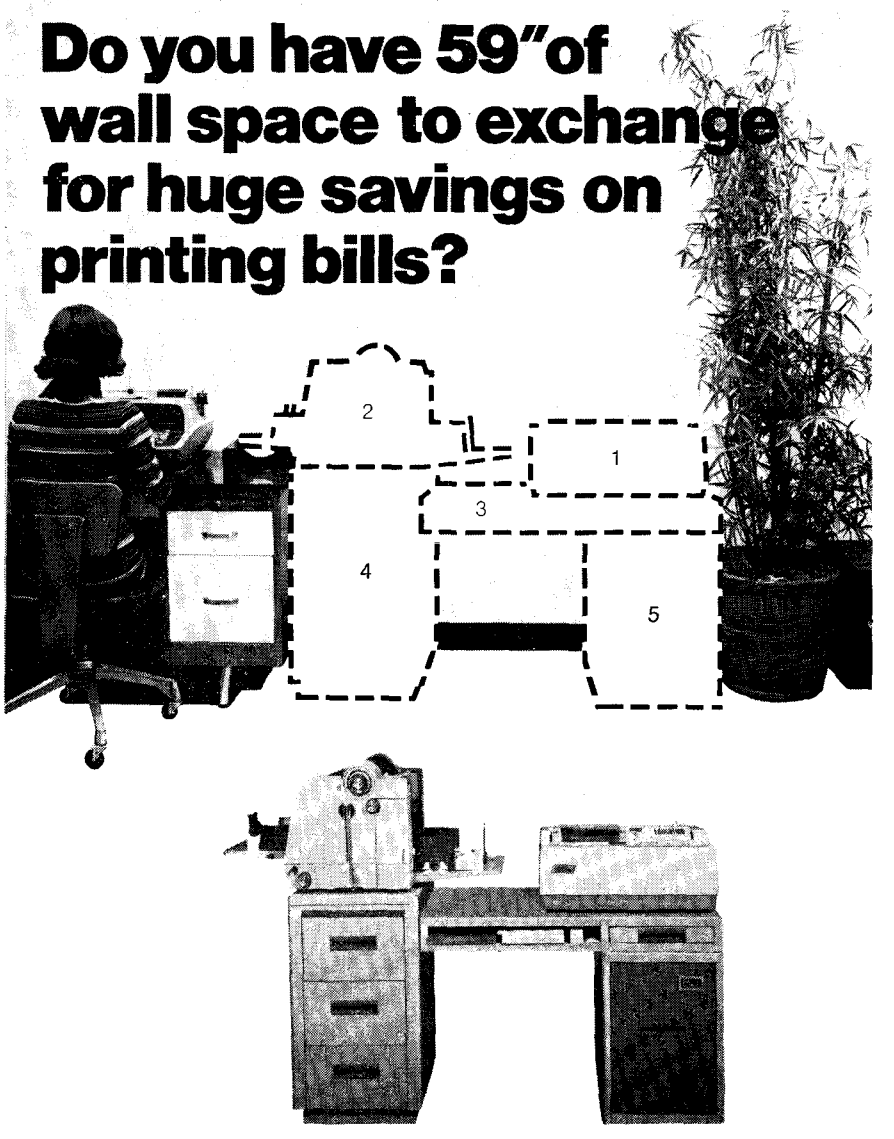

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Merchant of Paris

TWO STORIES unweave in the new musical comedy *Coco*. The first relates how the celebrated designer Gabrielle "Coco" Chanel made a comeback in the dress business. The show presents the elderly Coco as so terribly anxious to be successful that she allows a young male homosexual designer, who is both *au courant* and the roommate of a leading fashion reporter, to take over. However, Coco subsequently has a fit of artistic integrity and, at the last minute, alters all his dresses to suit her own taste. As she puts it, "First of all, I have to be happy. Then if they are, too, it's just a delightful coincidence." She ventures everything on her own taste, and the Paris fashion reporters ridicule her collection. All seems lost, when some naïve-looking buyers from four leading New York department stores suddenly appear to praise and purchase her whole line. It is not clear whether these buyers are wise men rewarding Coco's good taste or she has just been lucky and put one over on New York.

In some respects this story parallels that of the creators of the musical. Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics; Andre Previn, who wrote the music; Cecil Beaton, who designed the sets and costumes; and Katharine Hepburn, who plays Coco, all may have enjoyed the luxury of pleasing their own tastes without concern for the critics. For despite generally unfavorable notices, New York theater-goers had already bought out the show through April, when Miss Hepburn is scheduled to leave the cast.

The musical has a second more subtle subplot. It is about Coco, the worldly wise woman who wishes to pass on her own philosophy of female independence to Noelle, a sweet young model who has been living with a reporter. Defiantly, Coco sets out to redesign Noelle, and plans to live vicariously with and through her. But in the end the girl recognizes that she lacks Coco's drive for independence and Coco's creative talent. So, she chooses marriage and loss of independence with her young man in preference to remaining Coco's protégé. Just as Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice* sadly accepted Bassanio's marriage to Portia at the same time as his lost argosies were suddenly recovered, so does Coco accept Noelle's marriage at the moment of her own unexpected recovery from commercial disaster. As in Shakespeare's comedy, the subplot has little impact. This is unfortunate, for one suspects that the potential heart of this musical should center on Coco's deeper emotional torment, not with her commercial success.

Indeed, there is much to suggest that Lerner and Previn set out to create a romantic musical. In the show's beginning, with the help of motion picture images projected on wall panels, Coco reminisces about her past love affairs, and wonders if she might not have been happier had she married. And many of the songs seem attempts to suggest the inner struggle between Coco's conflicting desires. However, these songs lack emotional voltage. The music is amorphous, and the lyrics are too vague and general to be memorable after one hearing.

What is left after these disappointments? There is Lerner's occasional clever rhyme in the unromantic songs. ("What Napoleon at Waterloo did, what Spain to Peru did, should be included.") And there is an interestingly sung description of the various fashionable streets of Paris with amusing reasons why Coco found each unsuitable for her boutique. And most effective of all is a tango called "Fiasco," in which the discharged designer, Sebastian Baye, bitchily rejoices at Coco's seemingly disastrous reopening.

Furthermore, the dialogue is sprinkled with epigrams of varying quality.

Katharine Hepburn brings an aura of fierce Yankee independence to "Coco."

When Coco's lawyer talks of having to give up his mistress, he says, "When you're young, it's like losing a watch in Switzerland. But at my age, it's like two extra weeks at Baden-Baden." And Coco has a doctor "who hopes that whatever you have will develop into something he can cure." However, the one line that drew applause from the opening night audience was, "Do you know why fashions are so atrocious? It's because men are making fun of women."

This brings us to the scenery and costumes. Since the show alternates between Coco's salon and her small upstairs apartment, the settings are scarcely more than modish, although a many-mirrored staircase reminiscent of Duchamp's painting is handsome. The money saved on scenery has been poured into the hundreds of different dresses the models wear during the show. These are most effective when they are being humorous, as in a scene where Coco is describing the dresses of an earlier period. On the other hand, Beaton fails to capitalize sufficiently on the dramatic opportunity of showing the difference between the too fussy dresses designed by Sebastian and the simpler ones Coco replaces them with.

Because virtually all the dances are fashion parades, it is a tribute to choreographer Michael Bennett that he has made them seem like dances, turning the traditional gestures into patterned movement.

Finally, there are the performances, which are a constant battle between "nerve" and material. George Rose is steadfastly merry as Coco's lawyer despite the burden of carrying most of the lazy plot. Gale Dixon is appropriately tentative as the submissively female Noelle. And René Auberjonois manages to be both outrageous and precise as the petulant, malicious Sebastian.

As for Miss Hepburn, she avoids the omnipresent danger of pretentiousness and fiercely makes the role of Coco her own. Although she doesn't really have a singing voice, she delivers her lyrics with sureness and bravado. Her performance is mostly attack, since the show provides few opportunities for her to respond more quietly and more enchantingly to her situation. Although she doesn't convince us that Coco is unhappy over not being married, the joy of expressing her Yankee independence fuels her activity, which is what most of the audience came to see. In the long run, it is she, as the principal concocter of this not very workable and somewhat flavorless mixture, who defies you not to swallow it. If you do, you will probably find it a good deal easier to take than either of this season's previous Broadway musicals.

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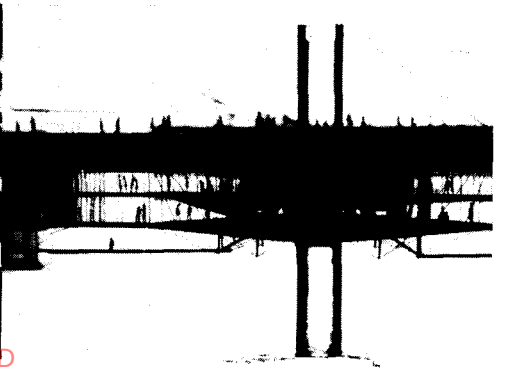

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Journey Through a Borrowed Land

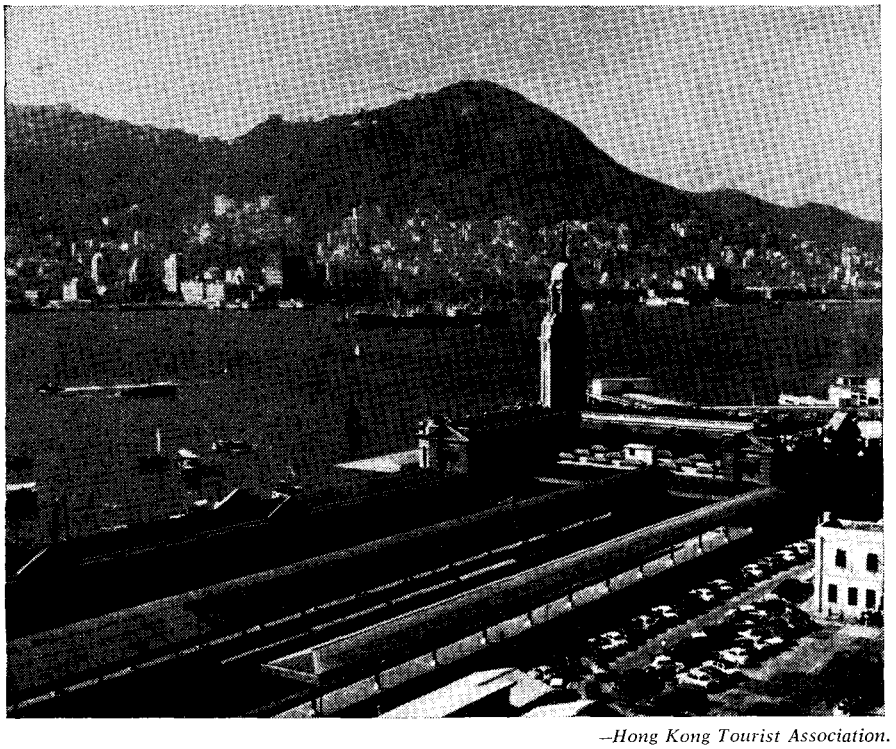
THE CHINESE brakeman looked as overburdened as a juggler, a green flag in his right hand, a red flag in his left hand, and a whistle between his teeth. Promptly at 2:55 P.M. he blew the whistle and thrust the green flag aloft. The engine whistle answered in a lower octave, and a long line of passenger cars, each marked I, II, or III in gold numerals to denote the economic resources of its occupants, lurched once and then moved smoothly out of Kowloon Station in Tsim Sha Tsui for the twenty-two-mile trip across the New Territories of Hong Kong to Lo Wu on the border of mainland China.

Even one who is not an incurable train buff would regard the hour-long journey on the first leg of the Kowloon-Canton Railway among the rarest excursions this side of the moon. It is commuter travel on the rim of Asia, sparked with the drama and intrigue that Eric Ambler found on the old Orient Express. It is a quick escape from the tourist's Hong Kong into the timeless land of South China. A United States citizen cannot, as yet, at least through ordinary channels, get a visa to continue the train trip beyond the border at Lo Wu. But once the train emerges from the Beacon Hill Tunnel at the edge of Kowloon and begins to wind through the fields of Shatin Valley, you are in China, not Hong Kong.

This is the leased land of the New Territories where Britain's last crown colony lives most obviously on borrowed time. The ninety-nine-year lease, a product of two wars fought by England for the right to sell opium to the Chinese, will expire in twenty-seven years, if Chairman Mao and his heirs allow it to run its course. Not many old hands on the South China Coast would bet their bottom Hong Kong dollar that the lease will stand until 1997.

On a warm afternoon last autumn, two elderly gentlemen from Taiwan sat across from me on the blue plastic seats of our first-class car. They lifted their weary faces to catch the stir of warm air from the fan circulating overhead. They were going across the border to visit relatives in Canton, but the passports they would show on returning to Taiwan would not be affixed with Red Chinese visas. Tied to their zippered jackets were round cardboard tags about the size of a silver dollar, each stamped with a red star.

Facing them was a Communist from Hong Kong, a stocky, gregarious Chinese of about forty, wearing a short-



—Hong Kong Tourist Association.

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sleeve white shirt open at the collar. His mission was to accompany them almost to the border. By Mong Kok, the last stop in Kowloon, the two travelers from Taiwan were snoring straight into the fan. Their escort shifted over to sit with me, offering commentary on the passing scene. His English sounded suspiciously Liverpudlian.

Previous travels through the New Territories by road and boat had taken me to some of the 235 islands bound by the lease, but I found the perspective from the window of a KCR train entirely different. A train brings you closer to the essence of a land. Peasants in the fields and boat dwellers along the inlets of Tide Cove and Tolo Harbor wave to you. At stations you absorb, through open windows, the sounds and smells of Asia. A pretty girl vendor in a conical straw hat leaned in my window at Tai Wai to offer a choice of dried fish or Happiness cigarettes. Her smile entranced me out of three Hong Kong dollars for the fish.

As my self-appointed Red guide explained it, the twenty-two miles of railroad from Kowloon to Lo Wu were built by the British between 1906 and 1910. It was one of the most expensive stretches of railway construction in the world, averaging about £75,000 sterling a mile at a time when the value of the pound was many times greater than it is today. Much of the cost was for tunnels.

Apart from special VIP carriages, no passenger cars have run directly between Kowloon and Canton, a distance of 111 miles, since 1949. The two snoring voyagers from Taiwan would have to get off the train at Lo Wu and walk across the historic bridge to the connecting train at Sham Chun. Freight and mail cars go straight through, the railroad being the main artery of supplies from China to Hong Kong.

Before the Japanese occupation of Canton in 1938, four crack passenger trains made the run daily in each direction between Canton and Kowloon. The speed of the trip, only two hours and fifty minutes, plus the first-class restaurant cars, made the run popular with Chinese and British businessmen. Then it was possible to travel all the way by train from Kowloon to London, via Peking, Harbin, Moscow, Paris and Calais. The trip took about thirteen days, a first-class ticket costing $1,300 Hong Kong, or $215 U.S. at today's exchange rates. One could make the trip today, though at a considerably higher fare, if travel barriers were lifted on both sides. Until such time, an American will have to settle for a two-way trip on the first twenty-two miles, at a fare of slightly less than one American dollar.

From Shatin to Tai Po, about halfway to the border, the track follows the shoreline of the rich agricultural strip between the warm waters of the South China Sea and the high, often rugged interior hills of the New Territories. The land is cultivated mostly by hand, with the aid of gray, slouching water buffalo. Hak-ka women in wide hats stand waist deep in rice paddies, or crouch on the earth between tight, orderly rows of flowering peach trees. The tiny trees are cultivated for their flowers, not fruit. Come Chinese New Year, every home will be bright and fragrant with peach blossoms.

At the outskirts of Shatin stands a walled Hak-ka village at least 600 years old. All native land-dwellers of the New Territories classify themselves either as Punti, the Hak-ka expression for Cantonese, or Hak-ka, which in the ageless way of China still means "stranger." Records of the oldest Hak-ka and Punti clans show their ancestors began to arrive in the New Territories late in the eleventh century. Should the leased lands revert to China, it's safe to predict they'll be known as the New Territories for at least another millenium. The two other principal native groups are the Hoklo and Tanka boat people. Latest census figures show a New Territories population of 409,945 landsmen and 46,459 boat people.

Historically, Shatin is a town of monasteries. On surrounding hillsides, there are about sixteen monasteries, Christian as well as Buddhist, including a Scandinavian mission, an Assembly of God Bible Institute, and a home for aged Chinese women who must be vegetarians to qualify for admission. A Western traveler can arrange to stay at many monasteries on the mainland and islands of the New Territories. One of the most commodious is the Monastery of the Precious Lotus, nestled in a green valley on Lantau Island.

Passing through Shatin brings into contrast the old and new of the New Territories. The town will soon have a booming industrial, commercial, and residential complex, one of many new business and tourist developments planned for the New Territories. Hong Kong capital doesn't intend to worry and wait for 1997. The prevailing philosophy is to get a three-year return of capital and let Peking worry about the future. As a kind of investment insurance, some $600-million a year in hard currency continues to flow from Hong Kong into China, much of it via the Kowloon-Canton Railway.

Beyond Shatin, the tracks followed the pipeline bringing fresh water from China to the crown colony's four million people. At a widening of the Tide Cove, the water was spotted with pleas-

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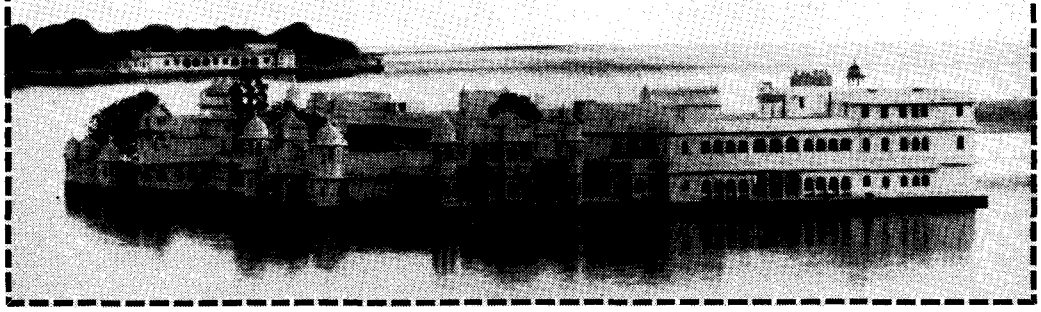

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ure boats drifting under colored awnings. Green-surfaced tennis courts, a soccer field, a basketball court, and a stadium with a running track appeared at University Station.

Between the campus and Tai Po, the scene changed abruptly. Tolo Harbor was filled with high-sterned teakwood junks, the design of which hasn't changed in a thousand years. On the landward side of the tracks, a farmer walked the pipeline carrying a basket of vegetables. Punti girls worked the fields under hats more colorful than those sheltering their mothers and grandmothers. An old pickup truck pressed into service for a funeral chugged along a dirt road, its hood covered with flowers. In the truck bed, I saw a white coffin big enough to carry only the body of a child.

Farther along, a crew of railroad workers, their faces hidden under straw hats, squatted beside the tracks, pulling weeds by hand from between the ties. My guide said the area used to be called "Land of the Tenth Dragon's Bones," before it was changed to the more contemporary "Land of the Jumping Dragon." It is also a land of extraordinarily pretty girls.

As we pulled out of the fishing village of Tai Po and headed inland toward Sheung Shui, the last major town before the border, I took a stroll through the train. At the rear of my car were two signs: BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS and PLEASE GIVE UP YOUR SEAT TO THE HANDICAPPED. The second-class cars, with seats more upright and less padded, were filling up with Chinese students who carried their books in flight bags culled from secondhand stores. The idea is to find a bag representing the most exotic and faraway airline.

Another first-class car was occupied by several men of the 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles, returning with their wives from a shopping trip in Kowloon. The Gurkha Rifles and the King's Royal Hussars conduct regular and strenuous military maneuvers, and fight mock battles near the border of the New Territories. They acknowledge they would all be swept into the South China Sea by any serious thrust from Red China, but in the meantime they blaze away and put up a brave show for the crown.

I saw an old woman dressed in black sitting alone on a wooden bench in the third-class car. Beside her were two empty wicker baskets and the pole she used to carry them across her shoulders.

Returning to my car, I found the two gentlemen from Taiwan awake and stretching. As we begin to slow for Sheung Shui, two of the train crew came through our car. One looked at my Red guide and jerked his thumb in a gesture that plainly said, "Here's where you get off." The guide responded with a casual nod.

The train emptied at Sheung Shui except for me and the two old men from Taiwan. The strip of land between Sheung Shui and Lo Wu is restricted territory. One needs credentials to enter, or, more particularly, to get back into the crown colony. Due to the scarcity of farm land and the acute need for food to supplement imports from China, local farmers are permitted to work the restricted area by day. They bicycle home at dark, passing the two lush eighteen-hole courses of the Royal Hong Kong Golf and Country Club.

At the village of Lo Wu, I left the train with the two travelers from Taiwan and carried their bags to the edge of the bridge across Sham Chun River. We hadn't been able to exchange a word. We shook hands, gravely. With firm, short, stiff steps they started across Lo Wu Bridge. Midway, they turned and waved, barely moving their hands. I held up two fingers. They moved on slowly toward Sham Chun Station and the mainland of China.

—FRANK RILEY.

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Answer to Wit Twister, page 87: prats, sprat, traps, strap, tarps, parts.

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Editorial

Continued from page 26

ing social security and health care to all citizens gradually became the law in many capitalist countries, even those that still had monarchies. These socialist ideas spread to the United States, where, in a hundred days, Franklin D. Roosevelt changed the nature of his country's economy from pure capitalism to a form of American socialism into which it moves more securely with each election, regardless of party. Great Britain, once the bastion of personal wealth, gradually became socialized in its public services. And the result of simultaneous modifications of capitalism in the West and communism in Russia began to bring the two together, hastened by the rise of a new form of raw totalitarianism in the Orient, a third force of world magnitude.

It has been this third force, naturally, that has intrigued the new generation, the post-World War II student who tends to lump European communism, socialism, and capitalism together, and finds a new excitement exploding in Red China. The favorite reading is no longer *Das Kapital* but Mao's writings. Caring little or nothing for a knowledge of history and how the Western world has evolved since 1848, the young intellectual today quickly finds a common target in the European-American Establishment that has been unable to do away with war and **hunger.** Call it what you will—revolution, anarchy, protest, simple dissent for the sake of opposing the Establishment—this third force is as potent in its way as any that have gone before, yet self-defeating in the end if all it can suggest is to mutilate and burn down the props on which any new society must be built.

There is, however, a real hope that the awareness of young people and their compassionate commitments will lead to a wider respect for the historical and political process. With that kind of broadened perspective, the new force may push human society one step further toward a world of peace, equality, and justice where all men are safe and no one goes hungry.

—RICHARD L. TOBIN.

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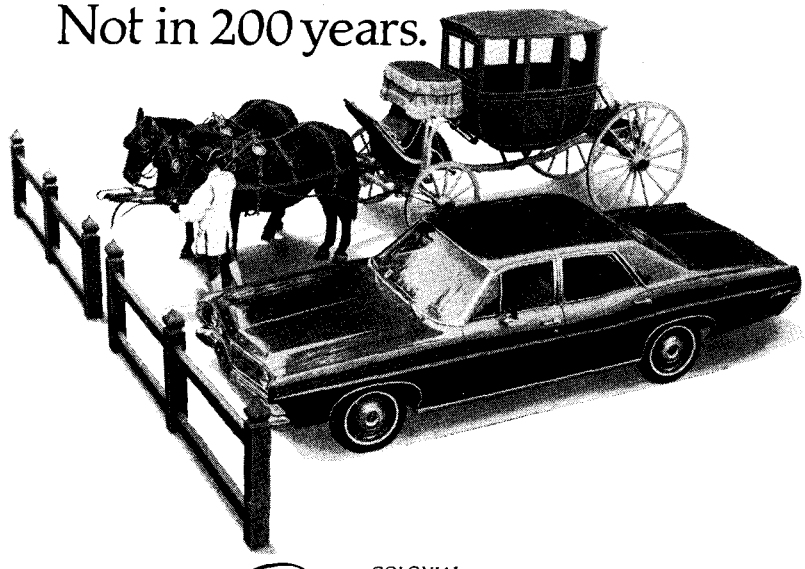

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

J.T.'s Conversion

IN A DRAMA depicting the conversion of a juvenile delinquent, it is easy for the protagonist to move from one conceptual universe to another without crossing any intervening bridge. As a result, the phenomenon has all the appearances of a miracle. Such an effect was created by *J.T.*, an original teleplay by Jane Wagner that recently was presented as the premiere program of "CBS Children's Hour," a new series of specials to be broadcast occasionally on Saturday around noon.

Miss Wagner's play is about J.T. (Kevin Hooks), a black boy in Harlem who is very much "in trouble" as a result of a cluster of personal and community conditions that are supposedly common to life in this area. His home in a tenement is fatherless; his distracted mother is away all day at work. The boy is a potential school dropout, already a petty thief. He is quick-witted but lonely in an environment of poverty, ugliness, and psychological difficulty.

This is the first of the two universes involved in J.T.'s conversion—the one with which the play begins. At play's end, the boy has crossed over into the universe of general society. He expresses honesty by returning a stolen transistor radio—a key element in the play—and he gives evidence of a new sense of responsibility by applying for a job in a grocery store where his mother does her shopping.

There is the semblance of a bridge in J.T.'s conversion, but it does not carry the burden of his passage between universes. This bridge basically consists of a story in which boy meets cat, boy loses cat, boy gets cat. J.T. finds Bones, the cat, weak and wounded in the debris-filled hulk of a condemned building.

His mother will not permit the boy to bring Bones home; so J.T. scrounges a shelter for it in the decaying shell of the gutted building. He feeds the cat and nurses it back to health; but Bones is accidentally killed by a car during a struggle between J.T. and two older, neighborhood rowdies. A warm, wise grandmother, Mama Melcy (Theresa Merritt), comforts him with love and philosophy. Mr. Rosen (Michael Gorrin), the kindly grocer who employs him, gives J.T. a kitten for Christmas (donating all the tuna Bones's replacement will need).

The loss, sorrow, sympathy, and understanding are translated almost at once into J.T.'s conversion to honesty and responsibility. The miracle cannot stand the cold light of analysis. There is nothing in the drama to suggest that J.T. was ever in conflict over the opposing demands of honesty and responsibility vs. antisocial behavior. As the play begins, in fact, the boy's norms are represented as stealing and lying.

This ambiguity of middle-class, ethical norms in a ghetto area is a strong point in Miss Wagner's drama; it conveys a sense of truth about J.T.'s environment. A conversion presumably compresses a vast amount of psychological data into a single experience, but it stretches credibility to suggest that deep-lying social ills can be cured by a single experience involving even touching acts of generosity and kindness. Nevertheless, viewers and television critics, who universally acclaimed *J.T.*, accepted the miracle.

A definite factor in their acceptance was the undeniable vividness and impression of realism with which the play began. Filmed in color on location in Harlem, sensitively directed with a documentary touch by Robert Young, *J.T.* — before boy meets cat — had a compelling zing to it that made a viewer hold his breath with anticipation. The casting was right; the performances, particularly those of Hooks and of Jeannette Du Bois as J.T.'s tense, guilt-bearing mother, were evocative and winning.

This was no plush, Hollywood situation-comedy version of a black experience. The very streets spoke truth, as did the violence of the children loping through them with lithe, sinister movements, and the slightly hysterical note in the performance of J.T.'s harassed teacher in the public school (Holland Taylor). By the time it became clear that this was a Christmas fairy tale, the audience's ability to analyze had been charmed away.

One shudders to think of J.T.'s reception by Saturday viewers yelping for their regular diet of *Bugs Bunny*, *The Road Runner*, and *The Monkees*. The adults who watched a repeat (in *Gunsmoke* time) must have loved it. CBS, in fact, reported a miracle in the ratings for the repeat. *J.T.* swept its prime-time hour with an average 40 per cent share of audience. A children's hour topping *Laugh-In*—that's a provocative note on which to begin a new television year.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 27

argument, he would have shed some light on the current dilemma, and he would have told the whole truth, not half of it.

SAMUEL M. BETTY,
Professor of Economics,
Spring Hill College,
Mobile, Ala.

I KNOW John Wharton must be hopelessly senile (seventy-five) and grossly inaccurate in his economic assumptions, but his article makes more sense to me, a layman, than anything that I have read.

JESSE L. MCDANIEL,
Kinston, N.C.

HOW DO we get the administration to see it the way John Wharton does? Or do we have to wait for a change in administration? What is Mr. Wharton doing in 1972?

MRS. WILLIAM READ,
Santa Monica, Calif.

THE POSSIBILITY, as suggested by John Wharton, of increasing supply to control inflation is not presently feasible. The current inflationary situation exists precisely *because* supply cannot respond rapidly enough to increases in the level of demand.

To draw an analogy to World War II is naïve. Supply responded at that time simply because the Depression had left vast amounts of productive factors unemployed. Consequently, demand increases associated with World War II could be met with supply increases. The full employment economy of 1969 scarcely resembled the underemployment economy of 1939.

The administration policy of disinflation is *not* directed toward "stopping business expansion," "creating unemployment," or "cutting production," as Mr. Wharton asserts. Economic policy is aimed at reducing the *rate of growth* of expenditures, from the excessive 5 per cent per year to a more sustainable 2 per cent per year.

Without question a redirection of our priorities to the domestic sector is painfully in order. But to overlook the fact that the preceding decade has witnessed the greatest increase in the production of consumer items of all sorts, including schools, hospitals, and "clothing factories," is to betray an unforgivable ignorance of our economic performance.

The inflation of the 1960s, to the extent that it has been caused by excessive increases in demand for goods in short supply, will be corrected by a reduction in the rate of increase in demand. To suggest that this will lead to massive unemployment, collapse in the standard of living, and production stagnation is absurd.

JAMES J. O'CONNELL,
Department of Economics,
St. Francis College,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Viewing Art

I GREATLY enjoyed Sir Herbert Read's essay "The Necessity of Art" [*SR*, Dec. 6]. Georges Braque said it more simply: "Art is made to disturb. Science reassures."

A disturbed society is a living, growing organism; a reassured society has already begun to decompose.

EDWARD H. DARE,
Stamford, Conn.

THE LATE Sir Herbert Read was clearly not a man of this time. To maintain the position that "the values of art are essentially aristocratic" in an era characterized by a vast outpouring of popular arts often of unimpeachable quality from any point of view is bizarre. Sir Herbert may not have had the chance to view *Blow-Up* or *Woman in the Dunes* or *Medium Cool* (to name but a few examples in the visual popular arts), but what about the editors of *SR*?

VINCENT LANIER,
Department of Art Education,
University of Oregon,
Eugene, Ore.

Barzun vs. Zeises

RE: Jacques Barzun's "Tomorrow's University—Back to the Middle Ages?" [*SR*, Nov. 15] and Barbara Lynne Zeises' response to it [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Dec. 13]. It is tempting, but I think deadly, to put those two pieces side by side and call the whole struggle going on in American universities an irreconcilable opposition of reason and passion. Deadly, because it allows people to go their separate ways, to "do their own thing" in spite of each other; it ends the conflict, but weakens the institution, the university. Each time one of us becomes "polarized," or walks away, we give Western civilization what amounts to a kick in the head when it's down.

Professor Barzun's article has the virtue of speaking of the university as part of our culture: as an institution with more than one purpose and obligation, as something historic and with a future, as something vital both to the ongoing enterprise that civilization is and to society's immediate needs. We need to remember that. We need, concurrently with our passionate struggle to do what we can now, the seven hundred years' perspective of Barzun's last sentence. We need to engage ourselves in changing the university, and we need to be aware of, and equally committed to, our responsibilities to the civilization we have inherited and will soon bequeath.

Miss Zeises cries that the university shouldn't demand that students fulfill requirements, but that the university should exist to help students fulfill themselves—as though there's no chance the two might be related. Yet, surely hers is not empty rhetoric, surely the fulfillment of individuals is right and good and ought to be considered central to university experience—for student and teacher both. I would, though, remind Miss Zeises that she, with all of us, must bear responsibility for the civilization we bequeath, that she must be an individual worthy of its institutions and ideals, that she must *maintain* them, not destroy them and call that destruction progress.

I, for one, would prefer not to clothe Thomas Aquinas in cellophane, and would prefer not to have to contemplate "the stagnation of immovable ideals," as Miss Zeises in her excitement asks me to do. Nor will I idealize men and women who, in seizing and vandalizing buildings and generally terrorizing people, are resorting to means utterly inconsistent with their avowed ends; the only kind of heroism possible here is the kind the hero grieves about. Rather, I would like to admit that my thoughts and feelings are as mixed as Miss Zeises' metaphors, and I would like to resist the temptation to end my confusion by chucking out half of what I believe. I choose to struggle, however painful it is, with the whole problem.

And I would like to think that Miss Zeises and Mr. Barzun could talk with each other about it all—that Mr. Barzun would not disdain Miss Zeises, and that Miss Zeises would do more than shout at Mr. Barzun.

PAUL SMYTH,
Department of English,
Mount Holyoke College,
South Hadley, Mass.

"Oh, dear! Did I go through a red light while looking down to see if my safety belt was fastened?"

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Continued from page 45

money somewhere else, where they only ask me to pay interest.' I gave him the money, of course. But why all that violence? A mere question isn't an exorbitant price."

Remembering his wife, Isabel, Santomé thinks: "I contemplated her and everything in me became sex, there was no reason to think of anything else. . . Isabel's nakedness was a total nakedness. . ." Then he compares her with his young mistress, Avellaneda: "To hold in my arms the slenderness of Avellaneda means to embrace also her smile, her glance, her way of talking, the repertory of her tenderness, her hesitance to surrender completely and her excuses for her reticence."

After Avellaneda has died he writes: "Today, after four months, I was in the apartment. I opened the clothes closet. Her perfume was there. It didn't help. What counts is her absence. Her absence was here today. Under some circumstances I can't quite get the nuances which separate inertia from desperation."

On the whole *The Truce* is extremely well translated, and it is the kind of novel that loses nothing in translation. Benedetti's pungent style with its characteristic understatement comes through with telling impact. There are a few slips, which in no way detract from the total effect. On page 6 the translator left out one brief entry in Santomé's diary (that of February 21) in which he tells of bumping into a drunk on the street who grabs his arm and jolts him, saying, "You aren't going any place." And on page 29 the translator has "At times I imagine that if God existed I wouldn't be so bothered with doubts," whereas what Benedetti actually writes is "At times I imagine that if God does exist he would not be troubled by any doubts of mine." But this is really nitpicking; Benjamin Graham has done a fine job, all in all.

John A. Crow

John A. Crow is the author of "Mexico Today" and "The Epic of Latin America."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Jack London, h. *White Fang*; 2. Edith Wharton, j. *Ethan Frome*; 3. Booth Tarkington, e. *Penrod*; 4. John Dos Passos, g. *Three Soldiers*; 5. Willa Cather, i. *A Lost Lady*; 6. Sinclair Lewis, c. *Dodsworth*; 7. Robert Nathan, a. *One More Spring*; 8. Irving Stone, f. *Lust for Life*; 9. F. Scott Fitzgerald, b. *Tender Is the Night*; 10. Mary McCarthy, d. *The Group*.

A FALL FROM ALOFT

by Brian Burland

Random House, 179 pp., $4.95

BRIAN BURLAND'S FIRST NOVEL, *A Fall from Aloft*, published in England last year to critical acclaim, is a brilliant depiction of a thirteen-year-old boy's traumatic coming of age. It will inevitably be compared with *Lord of the Flies* and *A High Wind in Jamaica* for its unsentimental, unlovely, and altogether harrowing exposure of adolescence. The comparison is relevant also as a measure of how good *A Fall from Aloft* really is.

The time of the novel is 1942, the place the Atlantic Ocean swept by German U-boats. A freighter makes a perilous passage from Bermuda to England, and aboard it is young James Berkeley, undergoing his own rite of initiation into a world of men. The gestures and speech of these men, the brutish seamen of the *Empire United*, are captured by Burland with swift, harsh strokes, and with such relentless precision that they stand as one of the supreme realities of the work. It is in this world of obscenity, bristling with intimations of a complicated adult sexuality, that the boy has suddenly been thrust, a world full of menace, shock, and terror corresponding, in a way, to the world without—the Atlantic in midwinter, infested by submarines. Alarms constantly sound through the ship; another freighter in the convoy is hit and goes down, and for a gruesome moment its crew is observed struggling on deck; death looms over the whole crossing. By the end of *A Fall from Aloft* the reader's nerves are raw and tortured.

Yet the real center of the book is the boy's attempt to understand and come to terms with sexuality—with that of his mother and father, his father's mistress, his little sister, the crew members below decks, and most of all his own self. At the age of puberty his sexual drives have already surfaced, but in confusing disorder, leaving him in a limbo of fascination and shame and half-understanding. During the voyage he relives his exposures to sex, his own "shameful" sexual experiences, his masturbation fantasies. All of these register with a harsh psychological shock on his sensitive although as yet unformed intelligence. In a very real sense he has been cast off from home, having been sent away for a proper English education. With security swept away, and in imminent danger of dying at sea, he experiences a crisis that ends only with his arrival in England —safe, but incredibly scarred. If James Berkeley has fallen from "aloft," from childhood to a meeting of the adult world, his fall makes adolescence seem like a time of horror.

The realism of Burland is compelling; his surfaces are hard, authentic, disturbing. But in its probing of the boy's psyche the novel is ultimately psychological, and written on different levels. In Freud, submarines may be synonymous with sharks and "dark fish" as symbols of menace and terror; they may also be phallic symbols. In *A Fall from Aloft* all of these dimensions are present in a work tightly and superbly crafted.

Robert Emmet Long

Robert Emmet Long is an assistant professor of English at Queens College, New York.

CHILDHOOD IS NOT FOREVER

by James T. Farrell

Doubleday, 300 pp., $5.95

IT IS NOW CLOSE TO thirty-five years since tough Chicagoan William (Studs) Lonigan died of dissipation and pneumonia in *Judgment Day*, the last novel of the Lonigan trilogy. Danny O'Neill, the hero of *A World I Never Made*, who rebelled against the ways of the swaggering Studs and his no-good associates, was to be found enrolling as a student at the University of Chicago and headed for higher things in the final chapter of *The Face of Time*, published back in 1953. Their inventor, meanwhile, has gone right on chronicling the ways of Chicago's Irish-American youth in *The Silence of History* and other books, tilling his corner of the field of realism and refusing to lie down despite periodic pronouncements on his obsolescence by critics who bracket him with Dreiser as a defunct practitioner of an outmoded naturalism. At sixty-five, he has published a total of twenty-one novels and thirteen collections of short stories.

Farrell, in fact, began as a short-story writer under the influence of Sherwood Anderson; this new collection, therefore, marks a return to the form he first chose rather than a departure to something new. To "spit into the face of time," like Yeats, has been his avowed goal. "Time slowly transfigures me," he has said. "Joy and sadness, growth and decay, life and death are all part of the transfiguration of time. To look into the Face of

(*Continued on page 112*)

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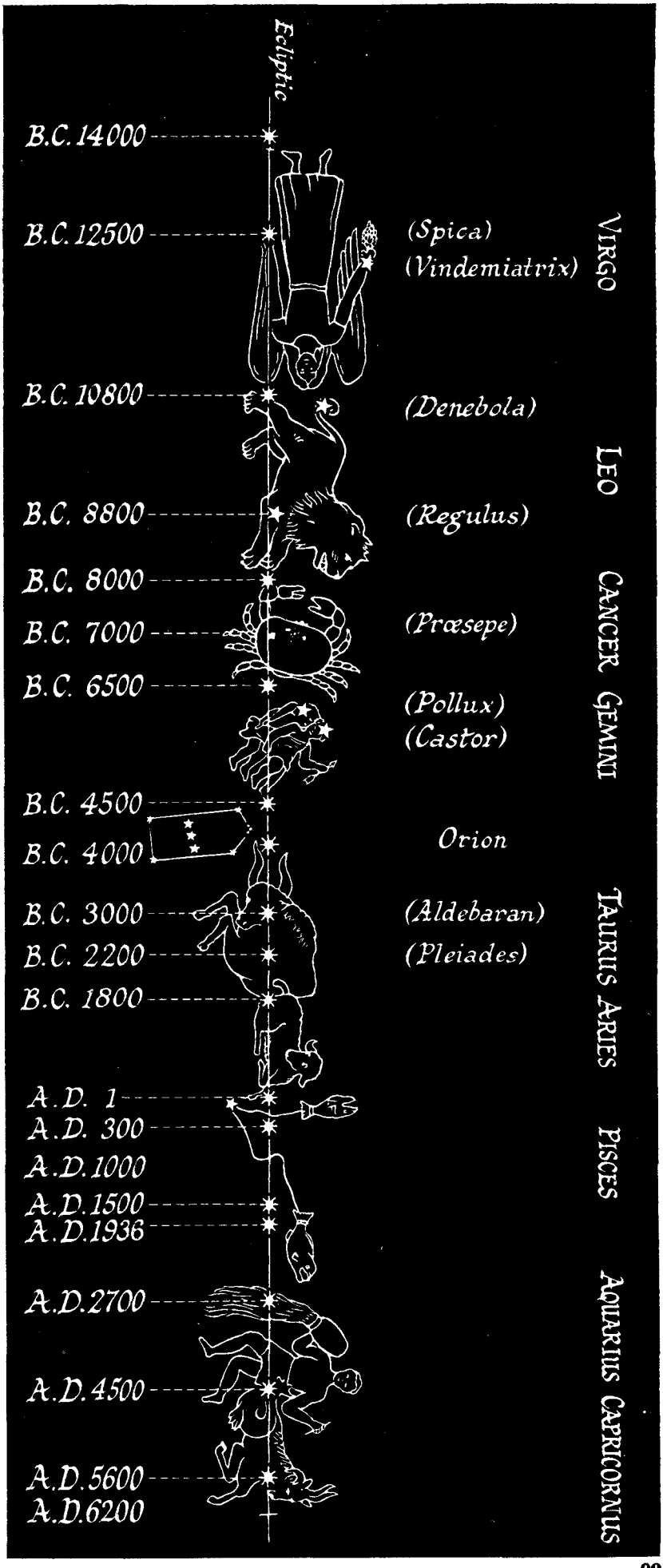
The Star-Fixed Ages of Man

With the beginning of 1970, thirty years remain of the twentieth century of the Christian era of human life on planet Earth. Between now and the year 2000, the equivalent of a new city of a quarter-million inhabitants must be erected every forty days in order to house the expected population of the United States alone. How this prodigious building feat can be accomplished no one even professes to know. The myriad pollutions of the living space that will be entailed in containment of the explosion are only being guessed at, much less prepared for in any practical sense. In short, as man enters another new year, nature is challenging his right to continue bearing the name Homo sapiens: the thoughtful animal.

A belated dawning of recognition that the species may not much longer survive willful shortsightedness without some genetic crippling effect may be responsible, at some yet poorly understood level of the unconscious, for renewed and deepening research into man's distant past. Anyhow, the search backward is under way and slowly accelerating. Already it has been discovered that scientific learning originated in much more distant days than had ever been supposed. Men were observ-



Because as the planet annually circuits the sun the Earth's axis wobbles in the manner of a spinning top, the northern and southern poles inscribe opposing circles in the heavens. A traverse of the circles is completed in 26,000 years. During that time the northern pole points to a succession of different stars. The place at which the sun rises over Earth's eastern horizon on the first day of spring moves slowly along the plane of the ecliptic from one constellation in the zodiac to another. In the diagram at the right (an old engraving reproduced as end papers in the new book "Hamlet's Mill") readers will—with the help of the text in the following pages—be able to identify the times of Samson, Moses, and Jesus.

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ing Earth's outer environs—the sky—in an organized way sufficiently long ago to have expressed themselves in terms of star-fixed ages rather than in man-timed centuries.

Modern astronomers define a star age as lasting about 2,200 years. In order to sense the existence of star ages, then, ancient astronomers must have had and must have transmitted to their students a consciousness of the passage of many ages. The transmitted messages are what we now call myths.

The full story of myth is only gradually being interpreted. But enough is clearly outlined today to be sure that the myth-makers observed (without necessarily grasping the reason for) the precession of the equinoxes, the phenomenon that gives each age its own governing constellation and its own polestar.

How much more were the archaic scientists aware of? Can their still hidden wisdom be uncovered, translated, and made helpful to us in our dire necessity to control our basic emotional drives for the sake of the long future?

The setting for these questions appears in condensed form on page 99, where the dates in the left margin of the diagram correlate the opening of the Christian era with the sun's entrance into the constellation Pisces (that is, by the sun's daily rising into the heavenly space occupied by Pisces just before dawn). The sign of the fish, announced by Virgil's passage: "A new great order of centuries is now being born," became the familiar symbol of the Roman Catholic Church. Before the age of the fish was the age of Aries, the ram, the scientific nature of which the Hebrew prophet Moses, on his biblical descent from Mount Sinai, had trouble explaining to his ignorant followers. They insisted upon worshiping the god of their fathers, the "golden calf": Taurus the bull, sign of the star age that Moses knew was just then being abandoned by the sun.

In that age of Taurus, the polestar was alpha Draconis; at the time of the Greeks, it was beta Ursae Minoris; today it is alpha Ursae Minoris; in A.D. 14000 it will be Vega.

These are calendars of grand dimensions, which truly thoughtful men can contemplate only in awe. Undeniable works of science, they recall the existence of forgotten scientists with an almost forgotten perspective, who never allowed themselves the illusion that they and their less educated contemporaries could escape the restraints of their environment. As readers proceed through the pages that follow, they will, hopefully, be reminded of the quality of life, which has a way of running inversely to the scale of numbers.

—JOHN LEAR.

THE STAR-FIXED AGES OF MAN-2

Global Myths Record Their Passage

by WILLIAM D. STAHLMAN

A mere century ago, the term *prehistory* came into the English-speaking scholar's vocabulary. At that time its silent yet implied meaning was quite clear and equally restrictive: Prehistory referred to accounts of events, known or presumed, prior to the invention of writing. The presumed part of the business made it suspect to "real" scholars. At present, scholars are becoming a bit more generous. Prehistory is now accepted as a description of a wide spectrum of the experiences of archaic Homo sapiens, including those that can reasonably be extrapolated from later written versions of the past. Within this liberal range of possibilities lies the realm of myth, verbally transmitted through countless generations prior to its earliest capture in writing.

I will deal here with a sub-set of myth: that portion of myth presently believed by many scholars to contain genuine scientific observation. Lest the word sub-set suggest that only a small percentage of mythology is involved, let me say at the outset that the case is quite the opposite. Virtually all of the major myths of all early cultures are involved, from the well-known Gilgamesh Epic of Mesopotamia and the Book of the Dead of Egypt to the lesser-known Icelandic myth of Amlodhi and the Polynesian Muri Ranga Whenua. As we shall see, the common thread is astronomical/cosmological knowledge.

It will be useful to recall several of the stages through which modern studies of prehistory have passed. The highly literate Greek historians were without doubt at least as intrigued by the subject as are we. Yet, as Herodotus was painfully aware, recorded memory in his time extended back over only a few centuries. Thus even then the necessity for recapturing the essence of primordial myth was thought of as not merely a miserable last resort but as *the* source of archaic man's knowledge.

In modern times the search began anew with archaeology. Great as its findings have been and will always continue to be, archaeology remains principally the discovery and interpretation of non-literary artifacts. These artifacts are of immeasurable value to artistic, technological, and ethnographic studies in general. But much more was needed before prehistory could change from deductive to inductive modes of thought and produce better than a series of educated guesses.

The revitalized disciplines of linguistics and ethnology quite rapidly supplied such prolegomena. Sir James Frazer immediately comes to mind. His studies of Greek culture extended the methods of classical scholarship to new raw data on a world-wide scale. His *Golden Bough* accomplished a break-through of unprecedented proportions. Almost overnight attention focused on primitive religions and magic fertility rites. These spawned a myriad of reconstructions, many of them psychoanalytically oriented and promising far too much too soon. I need not dwell on the derisory effects of this abortive literature upon the stature of myth.

A more recent attempt of sizable impact was that of Henri Frankfort and colleagues. Frankfort concentrated on Egypt and Mesopotamia and came up with a construct which he called "mythopoeic" thought. Restricted though it was geographically, this was a thoughtful effort, still worthy of the attention of students of prehistory. Beginning with the idea that early man

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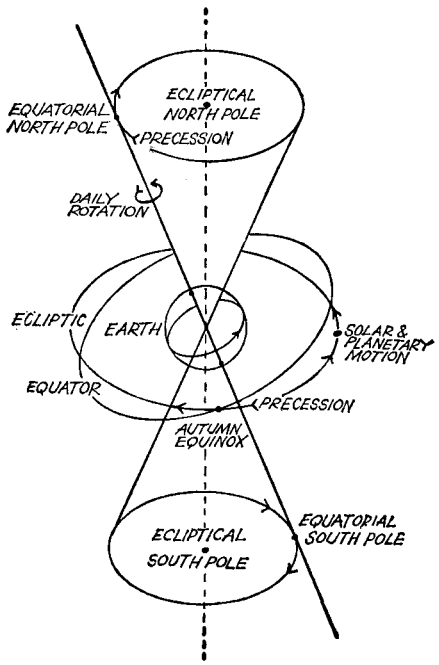
Wisconsin University science historian William D. Stahlman's three-volume study of Ptolemy, now in process, explores the role of archaic science in myth.



The "why" of equinoctial precession.

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found no necessity (and obviously no precedent) for postulating a non-personal, objective, external "It"-world, Frankfort concluded that primitive man lived in an "I-Thou" relationship with nature, wherein the knower was passive, if emotional, in his responses. Nature remained largely ineffable. All of man's confrontations with the "Thou"-world were direct and unreasoned. Each "Thou" was unique, in contrast with later scientifically conceived classes of "Its."

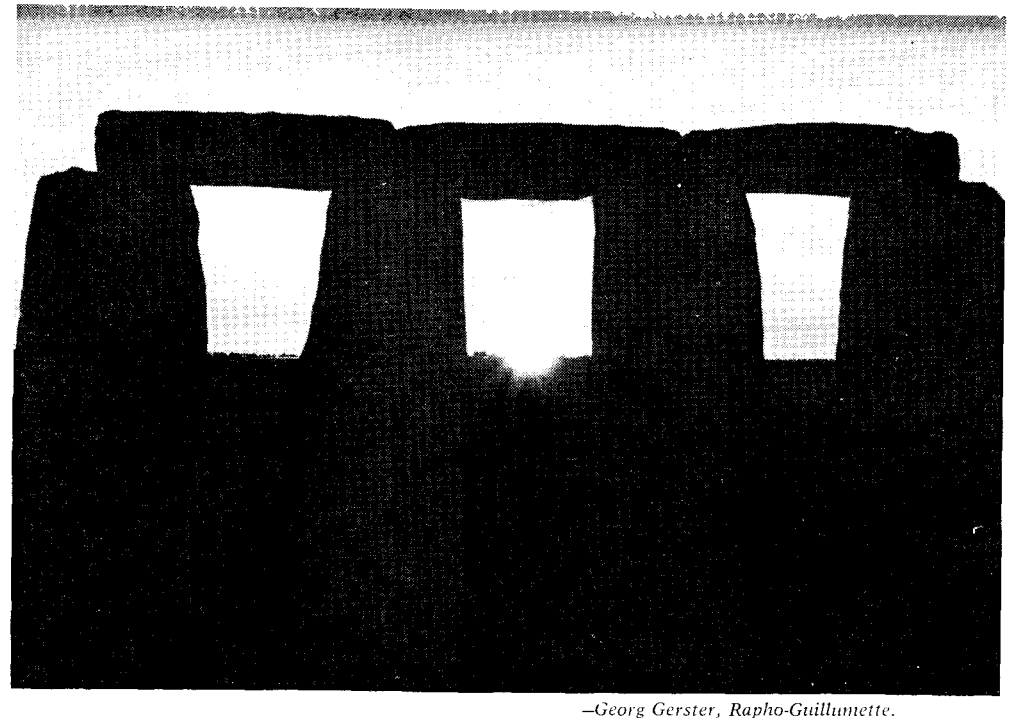
The difficulty inherent in this widely read reconstruction is the presumed transition to later Greek rational thought. Of necessity, inasmuch as it began by erecting hermetically sealed "I-Thou" and "I-It" worlds, it stumbles and bumbles in trying to explain how, in the course of a few short centuries, human thought could suddenly objectify nature and produce an analytical Aristotle. We are left with the old, still inexplicable Greek Miracle.

What is happening now is, in a curious sense, an abandonment of Renaissance-inspired approaches, oriented to classical studies. The data culled by earlier scholarship are perforce a useful and even necessary ingredient. But the new approach is quite different in spirit and in method.

It begins with a clear acknowledgment of the impossibility of reconstructing the original order of things human. Verified historical events will no more explain myth than will my wristwatch explain time. Whatever our tools and whatever our data, reconstructions are at best ambiguous and elusive. Words today, even as in antiquity, evoke while often failing clearly to denote. We are forced to attempt to trace themes and echoes of themes. We cannot expect quantified analyses, correct to the fourth decimal point.

We must deal not only with myth but also with what I believe to be more recalcitrant: that is, with modern man's reveling in his own denial that ancient myth has truth-value. He is so self-deluded that he finds it impossible to believe that his ancestors could have played the game of life by rules different from the rules he knows. Preconditioned by his science-saturated milieu, he tends toward impatience when myth is not immediately translatable into scientific terminology.

In other words, science and technology have robbed most mortals of any true sensitivity to ancient myth. What once was a Cosmos, delineated in endless ways, has been turned into a mere complex of finite variables. The new prehistorians, then, have no other choice than to take a gradual convincing approach toward uncovering what is surely science in a large body of myths ranging from Finnish runes to Altaic legend. The hope is to demonstrate that myth terminology (everyday language with special meanings) was coined by what we should rightfully call "archaic scientists."



—Georg Gerster, Rapho-Guillumette.

An extraterrestrial space exploration project of 3,500 years ago. Sunrise of the first day of spring is on target in ancient Stonehenge observatory.

One basic assumption in this new literature is that archaic man was capable of highly abstractive thought long before he acquired the tool called writing. This assumption will not be popular with those who have totally misunderstood Darwinian evolution and have forgotten its biological origin. Fashionable historians of archaic times have found it convenient to hide behind the ideas of cultural evolution. Through ignorance of or lack of interest in science—in astronomy in particular—they have simply assumed that preliterate man was *naturally* ignorant of any science, however loosely that term might be defined. Confusing biological evolution with histories (and prehistories) and cultures, these historians have succeeded in blinding themselves to essential clues to an understanding of the very essence of culture. Following what appear to be the logical requirements of positivism, they grasp at the biological seedbed of evolution only to misuse it in a mistaken concreteness. They embrace the simplistic notion that all awareness, all sensitivity, all fields of knowledge simply evolved (and this miraculously in the course of several millennia).

Perhaps the most difficult aspect of myth for the modern mind to accept —a matter quite different from comprehension — is the irreducibility of myth to system. Lack of system, in the sense used in modern science, is inherent in myth. This is not to say that myth is without structure. If recorded history be likened to counterpoint, it has been suggested that myth is a fugue. Just as one cannot diagram a fugue, so one cannot diagram a myth. Diagrams are partial and selective. They are "stop action." Worse still, diagrams invite misleading avenues of oversimplification: the very antithesis of myth. Put in another way, the point would be that at best we now understand certain myths and parts of myths separately, finding contradictions between them, and that what we must start to rebuild is the lost art of hearing the fugue.

Astronomical, or, more often, broad cosmological and cosmogonic allusions in myth are hardly new discoveries. From earliest historical times to the present, writers of history have used astronomical data, both loosely and precisely, as their yardsticks of time. Some writers apparently have used such data merely for convenience. Others, often wishing to express philosophical ideas, have found the languages of astronomy/cosmology indispensable. Plato, that principal project engineer of all Western philosophy, even as he was contributing new words to philosophy, knew that in their final formulations cosmological theses could only be stated in the language of myth. Indeed, in the Seventh Epistle he confessed this fact willingly and advisedly. So the new prehistorians are reusing a well-recognized tool as one of their major clues.

A case in point is the excellent work recently begun by Gerald Hawkins in

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his research on Stonehenge, the circle of huge standing boulders that have made the Salisbury Plain in southern England a site of mystery for at least 800 years. Rather than beginning with the myth literature, Hawkins began without preconceptions concerning barbaric man's supposed intellectual limitations, and the results may well help to explain hitherto unexplained myths. With the aid of a computer, Hawkins has demonstrated convincingly that there are far more astronomically significant alignments among the stones and post holes of this "impossible" observatory than had ever been imagined in Sir Norman Lockyer's famous investigations of sixty years earlier.

Another application of astronomy to the understanding of myth stems from the already ancient problem of stellar and planetary name identifications. Here the story becomes so detailed in the complexities of philology and linguistics that only the outlines of current progress can be reported. But we are afforded an opportunity to express the urgent need for closer understanding between prehistorians and scholars trained in classical philology and linguistics.

Philology has, with good reason, its own rather inexorable laws in most linguistic research. But one fact must be newly accommodated: technical scientific terminology resides under a different jurisdiction. Couple this with recognition that legends and myth were the *only* technical languages in archaic times, and the conclusions should not be too surprising. Thus Giorgio de Santillana and Hertha von Dechend, combining their knowledges of both astronomy and philology, have recently related such familiar characters as Hamlet, Samson, and Noah to the archaic science of astronomy. I mention these well-known few only as ready examples of an astounding number of correlations established between mythical and modern names for stars, constellations, zodiacal signs, planets, and all manner of phrases descriptive of celestial objects and events. In the process of this achievement, one of the most difficult anomalies in the problem of understanding myth has been pointed up. I refer to the fact that myth, as we have received it, is almost universally multilayered. Very often the earliest literate men were themselves busy trying to put in writing not the myths but rather their analyses of the myths.

As might be expected, the early written interpretations are linguistically awkward and confused, compounding the problem of understanding the original myths in their pre-analyzed, virginal states. This problem is acute today in, for example, star lists from ancient Egypt, Mesopotamia, and India. From Greek times onward the original, secondary, and tertiary data have been interpreted and reinterpreted, so that the situation now is vastly complicated by the mere existence of the layers of ideas. Much energy has been expended by such modern scholars as Otto Reuter and Willy Hartner in working through this overlay in order, hopefully, to view once more the archaic originals.

Even in archaic times it would seem that the deeper meanings contained in myth—the original cosmologies—were understood only by the few, even as today modern cosmologies are privileged information. Not, of course, in any classified document sense but merely in the expected sense that from primordial beginnings to the present only the few have truly understood any advanced knowledge.

One particular astronomical phenomenon must be mentioned and briefly explained. For in it, in all probability, lies the key chronological tool of the new readers of myth. I refer to the precession of the equinoxes. For some unknown reason, this simple, well-established fact has frightened philologists and historians alike, with the result that many serious scholars have dismissed it without even understanding it.

With the aid of the diagram on page 100, let us gently explore precession. To first approximation (which is all that premodern man could or needed to know about it), precession was that motion described by the axis of a spinning top when, in the course of spinning, the axis is displaced from the vertical. The path of the top's axis describes a cone. The tip of the axis describes a circle. And the direction of rotation of the tilted axis is opposite to the sense of rotation of the top.

Now the Earth may be likened to a spinning top with its axis, the North-South pole line, tilted from the vertical. The "vertical" in this case refers to any line orthogonal to the plane of the ecliptic; i.e., the plane (by definition) generated by the Earth in its annual orbit around the sun. Thus the Earth's axis, in its annual orbit around the sun, remains essentially parallel to itself, with the tip of the axis pointed approximately toward the polestar, Polaris. But due to precession, the Earth's pole makes one complete revolution around the pole (or line vertical to the ecliptic) every 26,000 years.

How does precession relate to the symmetric days of equinox (when, in theory, we have twelve hours of daylight and twelve hours of night)? The vernal equinox, approximately March 21 in our calendar, is the day during which the sun (viewed geocentrically) is supposed to enter the zodiacal sign Aries and inaugurate spring. In antiquity, spring was celebrated with all the symbols and rites of fertility and all that that implies. This fateful event for all flora and fauna quite naturally became for man *the* major event of his earthly year.

The effect of precession, however, forces equinox to occur earlier among the zodiacal *constellations* year after year at a slow but perceptible rate. Thus, while we may and do continue to this day to speak of vernal equinox as occurring when the sun enters the zodiacal sign Aries, this is merely a convenience. In our times, vernal equinox actually occurs while the sun is in the preceding constellation, Pisces. In the not too distant future, vernal equinox will occur when the sun enters the constellation Aquarius. In short, the equinoctial sun enters a different zodiacal constellation every approximate 2,200 years.

Now the myth significance of this simple factual phenomenon is well known. The entrance of the equinoctial sun into a different zodiacal constellation *was supposed to signal the rise and fall of world ages.* Thus in many myths, from as many cultures, archaic man transmitted knowledge concerning the ages of the world—knowledge that can be explained reasonably only on the assumption that he knew of the phenomenon we call the precession of the equinoxes. This is not to imply that he "knew" precession causally, but merely that as a result of millennia of patient observation he became aware of it and hence came to incorporate it into myth.

One example will suffice to indicate the at once oracular but also scientifically correct archaic confluence of such knowledge. The cover for the lilissu drum of the Mesopotamian priest Kalu—music director for the god Enki/Ea—was made from the skin of a black bull, representing the celestial constellation Taurus. In the Indian

Recommended source reading

HAMLET'S MILL: AN ESSAY ON MYTH AND THE FRAME OF TIME by Giorgio de Santillana and Hertha von Dechend. Gambit.

BEFORE PHILOSOPHY: THE INTELLECTUAL ADVENTURE OF ANCIENT MAN by Henri Frankfort, Mrs. H. A. Frankfort, John A. Wilson, and Thorkild Jacobsen. Penguin paperback.

STONEHENGE DECODED by Gerald Hawkins. Delta Dell paperback.

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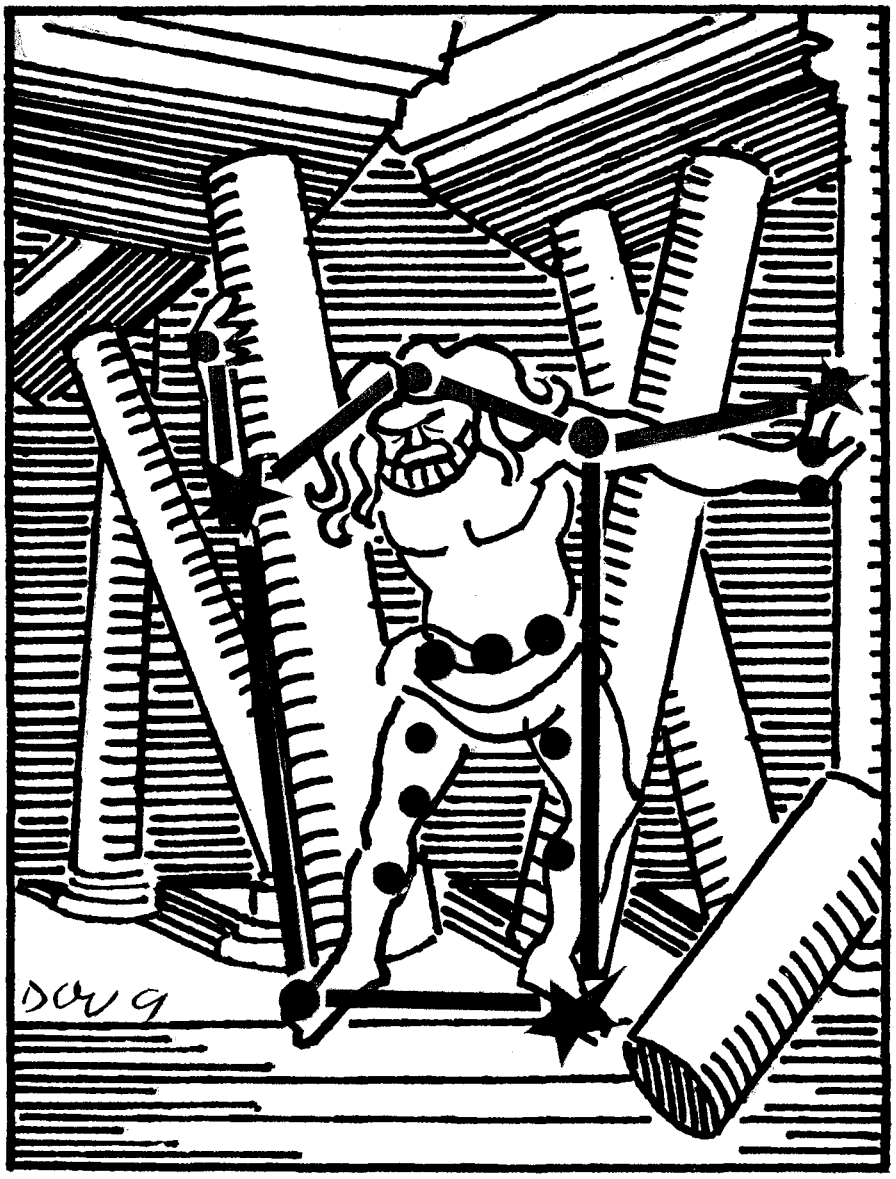
Ashvamedha, the skin of a bull could not be used for religious reasons, since bulls are not slain in India. Instead, the head of a horse was used as the Indian drum, and the head contained the Pleiades. When we find the Pleiades also correlated with Taurus in Akkadian literature, we can be confident that the events we are dealing with occurred in the age of Taurus: 4000 B.C. to 2000 B.C.

Consider how much greater depth of insight this gives us into the story of man than can possibly be afforded by the study of recorded history alone. Since the invention of writing (*c.* 3000 B.C.), there have elapsed only about 1.5 million days. Lest this seem a large number, visualize a homely analogy. One and one-half million days are equivalent to the number of sugar grains in less than two-thirds of one pound of granulated sugar. This, then, represents the sum total of days open to examination by historians who would rely solely on written records!

All that has been said and suggested here represents, of course, only a beginning. Much remains to be done before even the proper limits of prehistorical studies can be delineated. Perhaps the major practical problem will be to find manpower both able and willing to continue these beginnings. Even within already well-established disciplines such as the history of science—indeed, history in general—scholars of the genius of a Frazer, Boll, Thureau-Dangin, Bouché-Leclercq, Brugsch, Cumont, Diels (to mention but a few) are obviously rare. Even more disquieting, the basic tenets of these studies invalidate the very concept of "discipline" as that term is currently applied in the academic community. The essence of these studies of myth requires the most improbable combinations of artistic and scientific outlooks, cutting across all established department structures as they exist today in American universities.

Where does one go to look for an individual, or even small groups of kindred spirits, equipped with the insight of the poet, the linguistic skills required to cope with uncounted long-forgotten languages, the most advanced ethnological training, plus the vast technical knowledge of ancient as well as modern astronomy?

At first glance, the search for understanding of archaic science would appear hopeless. It is certain to come of age slowly. Yet the initial and very promising steps have been taken. Once the goals of these studies are genuinely understood—goals implying rewards that would richly supplement our existing knowledge of archaic Homo sapiens—we should have reason for excited, if guarded, optimism.



THE STAR-FIXED AGES OF MAN-3

The Age of Strong Man Samson

The story of Samson stands out in the Bible as a grand tissue of absurdities. Sunday school pupils must long have been puzzled about his weapon for killing Philistines. But there is much more to puzzle about (Judges XV):

> 15. And he found a new jawbone of an ass, and put forth his hand and took it, and slew a thousand men therewith. . . .
> 17. And . . . he cast away the jawbone out of his hand. . . .
> 18. And he was sore athirst, and called on the Lord, and said, Thou hast given this great deliverance into the hand of thy servant: and now shall I die for thirst, and fall into the hand of the uncircumcised?
> 19. But God clave an hollow place that was in the jaw, and there came water thereout; and when he had drunk, his spirit . . . revived. . . .
> 20. And he judged Israel in the days of the Philistines twenty years.

The passage has been bowdlerized in the revised version of the Bible to make the story more plausible, but verse 18 is an unshakable reminder that this was not an ordinary bone.... For that jaw is in heaven. It was the "Jaw of the Bull" . . ., the name the Babylonians gave to the Hyades [a v-shaped cluster of stars that marks the head of the bull in the constellation of Taurus]. If we remember the classic tag "the rainy Hyades," it is because Hyades meant "watery." In the Babylonian creation epic, which ante-

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dates Samson, Marduk [chief of the Babylonian gods] uses the Hyades as a boomerang-like weapon.

The story has been so universally told that it must be seen as spanning the globe. In South America, where bulls were still unknown, the Arawaks, the Tupi, and the Quechua of Ecuador spoke of the "jaw of the tapir," which was connected with the great god Hunrakán, the hurricane, who certainly knows how to slay his thousands. In our sky, the name of the celestial Samson is Orion, the mighty hunter, alias Nimrod. He remains such even in China, where he is known as "War Lord Tsan," master of the autumn hunt, but the Hyades are changed there into a net for catching birds. In Cambodia, Orion himself becomes a trap for tigers; in Borneo, tigers not being available, pigs have to substitute; and in Polynesia, deprived of every kind of big game, Orion is found in the shape of a huge snare for birds. It is this snare that Maui [supreme cultural hero of the Polynesians], creator-hero and trickster, used to catch the Sunbird—which he beat up with the jawbone of Muri Ranga Whenua, his own respected grandmother.

If one brings Samson back to earth, he becomes a preposterous character, or, rather, no character at all, except for his manic violence and his sudden passions. It comes as a shock, after reading that chaotic and whimsical life, to find: "And he judged Israel twenty years." For if anyone was bereft of judgment, it was this berserker.

Yet there is a mysterious importance to his person. On him was piled a hoard of classic fairy tales, such as "the man whose soul was placed elsewhere" (the external soul), and the insistent motif of fatal betrayal by women, the motif of Herakles [the ancient Greeks' strong man, Hercules] and Llew Llaw Gyffes [the Celtic Sun God, who later had charge of the corn crop]. He is an incongruous montage of non-human functions . . . crowded together with cinematographic haste. Even his feats as a young Herakles, tearing a lion apart, change over in a flash to the generation of bees from a carcass.

Of the many nonsense feats there are some that take particular relief from the context. Samson was displeased (Judges XIV-XV) because the wife of his heart, a Philistine, had given away to the children of her people the meaning of his riddle on the lion: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

> XIV. 19. And the Spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he went down to Ashkelon, and slew thirty men of them, and took their spoil, and gave change of garments unto them which expounded the riddle. And his anger was kindled, and he went up to his father's house.
> 20. But Samson's wife was given to his companion. . . .
> XV. 1. But it came to pass . . ., in the time of wheat harvest, that Samson visited his wife with a kid; and he said, I will go in to my wife into the chamber. But her father would not suffer him to go in.
> 2. And her father said, I verily thought that you hadst utterly hated her; therefore I gave her to your companion. Is not her younger sister fairer than she? Take her, I pray thee, instead of her to your companion.
> 3. And Samson said concerning them, Now shall I be more blameless than the Philistines, though I do them a displeasure.
> 4. And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands, and turned tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst between two tails.
> 5. And when he had set the brands on fire, he let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burnt up both the shocks, and also the standing corn, with the vineyards and olives.

To catch and corral 300 foxes, and tie them in pairs by the tail, just to work off a spite, seems more the daydream of a juvenile delinquent or a Paul Bunyan than the feat of a warrior. It is as if Scripture had remembered that he had to stand out as a great hunter, but had misplaced the occasion of his hunts. After all, lions are not to be found behind every hedgerow, and foxes might do, if only to annoy.

But the main theme of the story will appear more clearly if it is transposed in an utterly different narrative convention, the adventures of Susanowo, the Japanese god. They are found in the Japanese Scriptures, in this case the *Nihongi*, compiled about the eighth century A.D. but going back to unknown times. They are the full equivalent of what the Bible was in our recent past, and even more, for "this body of legend, folklore to us but credible history to the people of the archipelago, is tangled in the roots of everything Japanese." The quotation is from Post Wheeler, who prepared the latest edition of the Japanese mythical corpus. To quote him further: "In no other land do we find a people's sacred legend so interknit with the individual's daily thoughts and life. Its episodes peer at us from every nook and byway. The primeval myth of the slaughter of the Eight-Forked-Serpent by the deity Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male, brother of Bright-Shiner the Sun Goddess, is pictured on Japan's paper currency. I have seen it produced *au grand sérieux* at Tokyo's Imperial Theatre, in the same week as one of Ibsen's tragedies and a Viennese light opera."

Now Susanowo was banished from the sky for having thrown the hind part of his backward-flayed piebald stallion into the weaving hall of his sister Amaterasu [the still worshiped Sun Goddess ancestor of the Japanese Imperial family]. Susanowo's gesture caused the Sun-lady to withdraw in anger into a cave. The world was plunged into darkness. The 80,000 gods assembled in the Milky Way to take counsel, and at last came upon a device to coax the Sun out of the cave.

Light was restored to the world, but on Earth the hero-god Susanowo, moving out of the darkness, had nowhere to lay his head; he wandered around and succeeded in killing the "Eight-Forked-Serpent."

Much of the tale of Susanowo appears wildly arbitrary. Also the narrative is confusingly interwoven with other classic plots, recognizably those of Theseus and the Argonauts. And yet there Susanowo is, a maker of darkness at noon, with strength in his hair, pulling down a palace (his own, for a change), smiting and scattering low-born workers of iniquity. But the *Nihongi* shows an ampler scheme in which an old order is smashed and the new foundation of an order is undertaken: "make strong the pillars of your palace at the foot of Mount Inquiry in the lowest rock-bottom, and rear its cross-beams to the Plain-of-the-High-Sky, and dwell there."

After this Far Eastern interlude, Samson's own tragedy can be seen in better focus (Judges XVI):

> 19. And [Delilah] made him sleep upon her knees; and she called for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head; and . . . his strength went from him.
> 20. And she said, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awoke out of his sleep, and said, I will go out and shake myself. . . .
> 21. But the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass. . . .
> 22. Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again after he was shaven.
> 23. Then the lords of the Philistines gathered them together for to offer a great sacrifice unto Dagon their god, and to rejoice: for they said, Our god hath delivered Samson our enemy into our hand. . . .
> 25. And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport; and they set him between the pillars.
> 26. And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the

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house standeth, that I may lean upon them.
27. Now the house was full of men and women; and all the lords of the Philistines were there; and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women. . . .
28. And Samson called unto the Lord, and said, O Lord God, remember me, pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes.
29. And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood . . ., of the one with his right hand, and of the other with his left.
30. And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life.

Samson's achievements make so little sense, even on the micro-scale of Palestine power politics, that they obscure the obviously cosmic combination of great motifs like "darkness at noon" and "pulling down the edifice." The *Nihongi* is truer to the larger style.

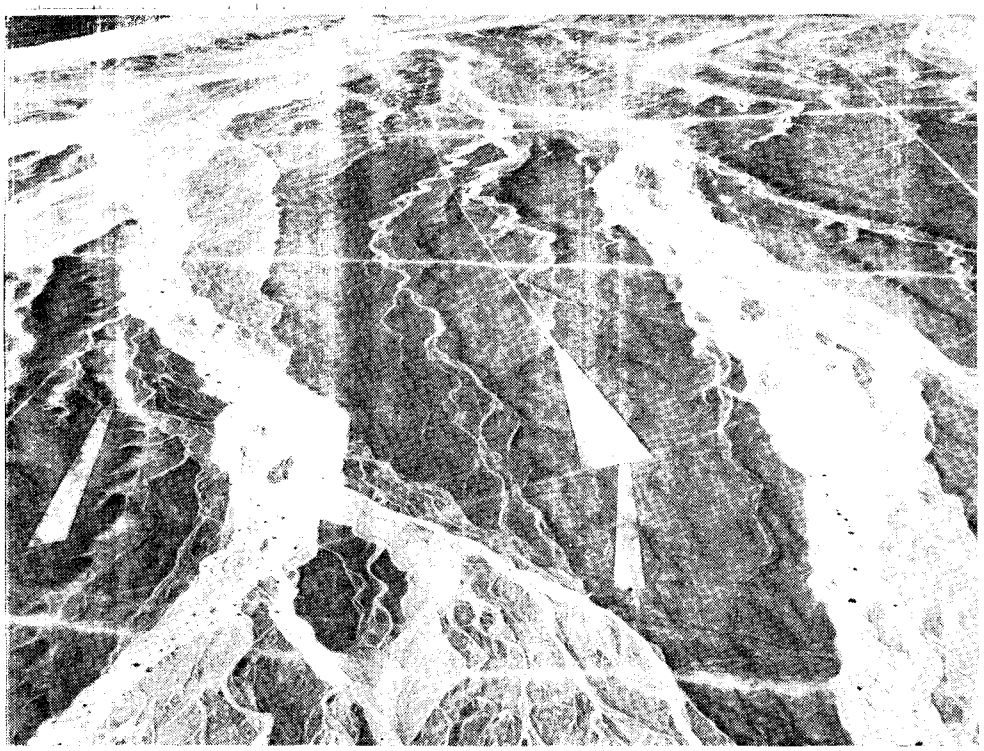
It is now fair to ask: Who could Samson have been? Clearly a god, and a planetary power, for such were the gods of old. As Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male, as the Nazirite Strong One, he has all the countersigns that belong to Mars, and to none other.

The most "ancient treasure"—in Aristotle's word—that was left to us by our predecessors of the High and Far-Off Times was the idea that the gods are really stars, and that there are no others. All the stories, characters, and adventures narrated by mythology concentrate on the active powers among the stars, which are the planets.

Lucian of Samosata, that most delightful writer of antiquity, the inventor of modern "science fiction" remarked once that the ludicrous story of Hephaistus the Lame—who surprised his wife Aphrodite in bed with Mars and pinned down the couple with a net to exhibit their shame to the other gods—was not an idle fancy but must have referred to a conjunction of Mars and Venus. And, it is fair to add, a conjunction in the Pleiades.

No one could deny, in the case of the Samson epiphany, that this fierce power, or momentary combination of powers, wears here the figure of Orion the blind giant, called also Nimrod the Hunter, brandishing the Hyades. For the feature that clinches the case has been named. Orion was blind, the only blind figure of constellation myth.

—GIORGIO DE SANTILLANA
and HERTHA VON DECHEND
in *Hamlet's Mill*
(Gambit, Inc.).



—*Maria Reiche in "Life, Land, and Water in Ancient Peru."*
Two triangles point the way to the Nazca Valley in Peru.

THE STAR-FIXED AGES OF MAN-4

Their Relics Remain in the Americas

The late Paul Kosok, Long Island University anthropologist, went to Peru in 1940 to study the ancient "irrigation societies" of the coast and their transition from theocracies to secular states. His exhaustive survey has so far not been issued in book form. But foretaste has been given in a posthumous memoir entitled *Life, Land, and Water in Ancient Peru* (Long Island University Press, 1965). The volume includes a lavishly illustrated chapter on Kosok's related researches in southern Peru. These concern one of the great mysteries of ancient America: a fantastic network of markings on top of the desert plateaus near Nazca.

Our knowledge of this prodigious apparition is a direct result of the air age. It is impossible to name any single explorer or cameraman who saw it first. Rather, it seems that when the region came to be regularly traversed by planes of the Faucett Line, passengers and crewmen noticed a bewildering maze of designs covering the barren mesa-like uplands at some distance from the Pacific. Most of these patterns proliferated on the cliffs along the Rio Grande and its tributaries, in an exceedingly arid zone between the Ica and Nazca valleys. The intricate, ghostlike delineations were roughly 250 miles south of Lima and extended about sixty miles inland at a width of five to ten miles. On occasion, the lines would continue down adjoining slopes.

That such a gigantic "picture book" had been disregarded so long was, of course, amazing; but it is precisely because of the tremendous scale of most of the figures that they were not discovered earlier. Travelers walking across the drab, lonely hills are likely to see only small sections at a time, and hence remain unimpressed. The air view was needed to distinguish extensive geometric figures in their entirety and color contrast, and to reveal the straightness of lines that do not deviate an inch from their projectile-like courses.

For a number of years the Nazca "sand drawings," though by then a fairly familiar landmark, were looked upon simply as a curiosity. Facetiously they were dubbed "prehistoric landing fields" or compared to the "canals" of Mars. Few serious attempts were made to offer a rational explanation for the odd signs, which undoubtedly had been etched into the soil by some vanished Indian race. Unfortunately, no reference to the figures appeared in the chronicles of the early Spanish period. Of the aboriginal valley people who might have retained traditions that could elucidate the puzzle, none had survived the massacres in the civil wars between rival conquistadors. The region's present-day inhabitants alluded to the markings as "Inca roads,"

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even though an arm of the actual Inca highway cut across the "roads" and was obviously of a much later date.

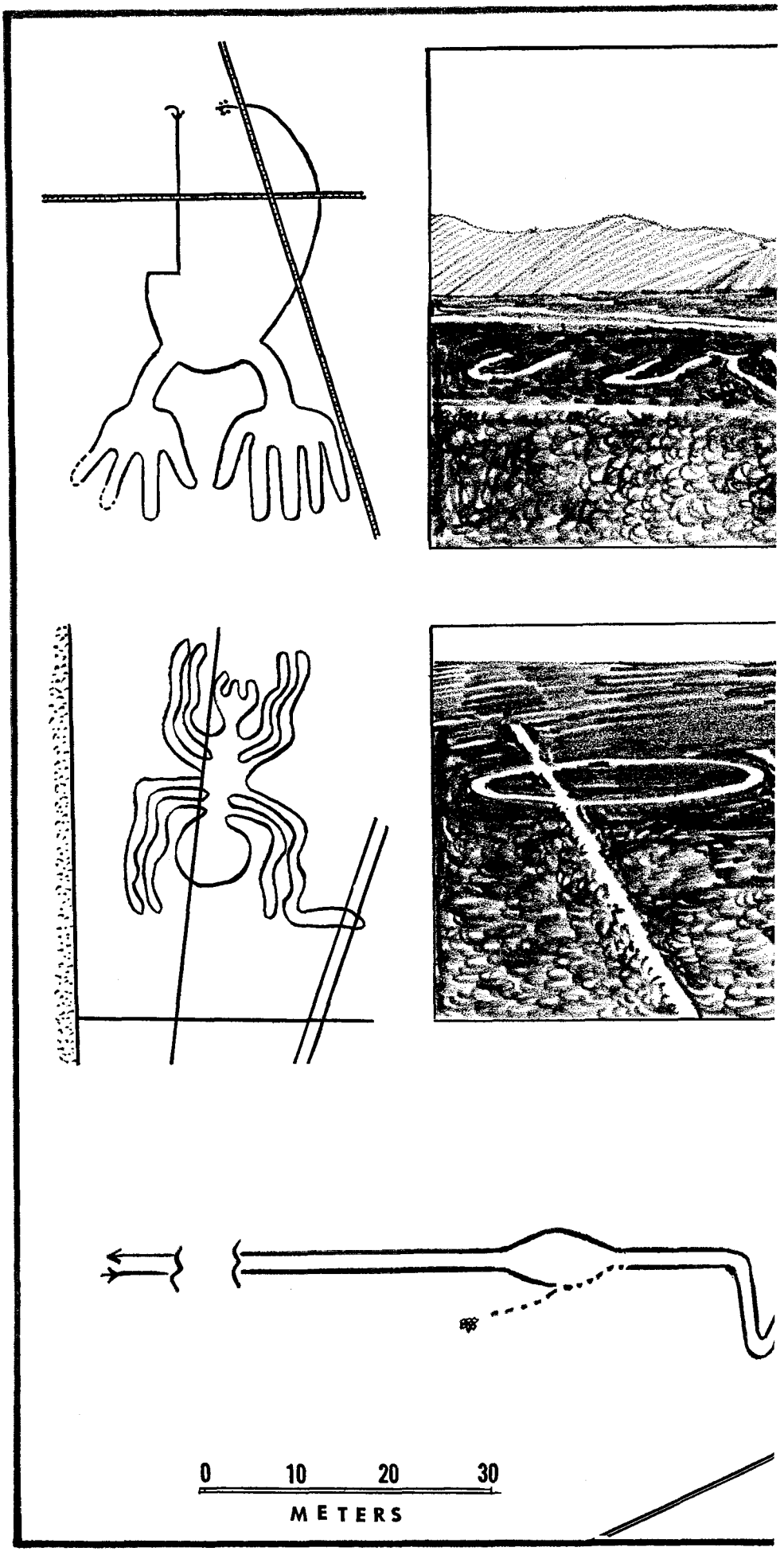
Kosok heard of the mysterious carvings on the tablelands. In the belief that, if not themselves waterworks, they might still bear on his subject, he resolved to investigate further.

How was he to make any sense of the mad jumble of interwoven, at times overlapping, lines, rectangles, triangles, and trapezoids? The lines ran in all directions, extended for a few yards or as much as five miles, only to end quite suddenly. As common as the single lines and as clearly delineated were lanes of parallel lines, their usually lighter, yellowish inner strips bounded by higher dark edges.

A close examination of the ground leaves no doubt about the manner in which all these figures were produced. The method was as simple as could be. All that was needed was to remove a thin layer of dark weathered pebbles from the lighter subsurface. The removed stones were then piled along the edges where, particularly from above, they stood out like black filaments. In the rainless climate where erosion is minimal, the outlines will retain their sharpness for centuries, if not millennia, even though gradual darkening of the scraped-away interstices may eventually blunt the color contrast caused by oxidation ("desert varnish") of the iron-rich gravel.

To Kosok it was clear from the beginning that none of the so-called roads could have served as ordinary means of communication, since they did not lead to any ancient sites—settlements, temples, or burial grounds—and only occasionally connected with other routes. Likewise they did not fit ascription as furrows. Agriculture was an impossibility on most of the parched ridges, where not a single blade grew, unless irrigation rendered them fertile. But that some of the isolated eminences had once been linked to a watering system (of which there was no evidence whatever) in the valley below outraged the laws of physics. And this did away also with the complementary theory that they were remnants of irrigation canals. A thesis proposed by a Peruvian scholar that the "roads" played a part in religious ceremonies sounded somewhat more credible.

On a brief sojourn with his wife in 1941, Kosok had the sudden intuition that the lines had astronomical significance. He and his wife had followed one large "road," cut by the Pan American Highway, up a small mesa, where



Giant figures accompanying geometrical engravings in Nazca Valley of Peru are sketched at right by Doug Anderson following illustrations in Paul Kosok's "Life, Land, and Water in Ancient Peru."

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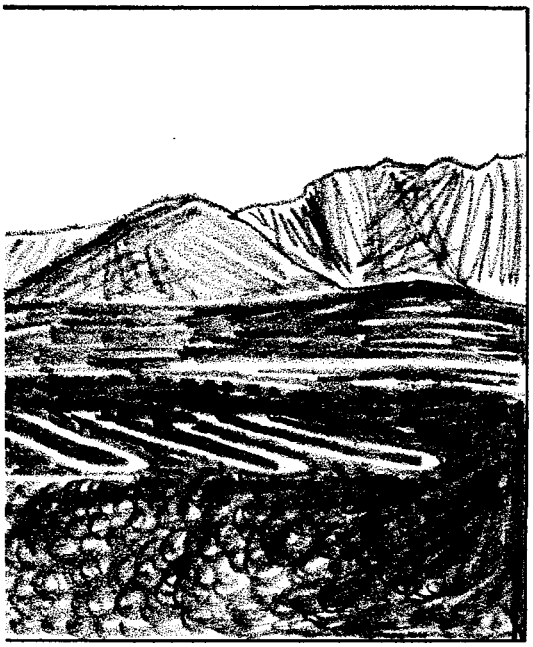

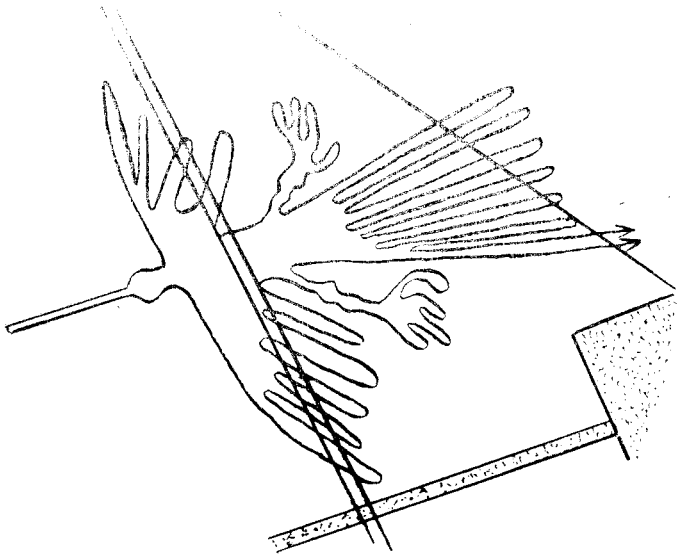

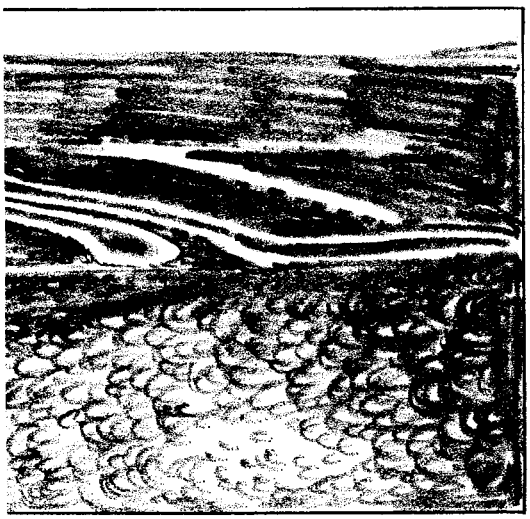

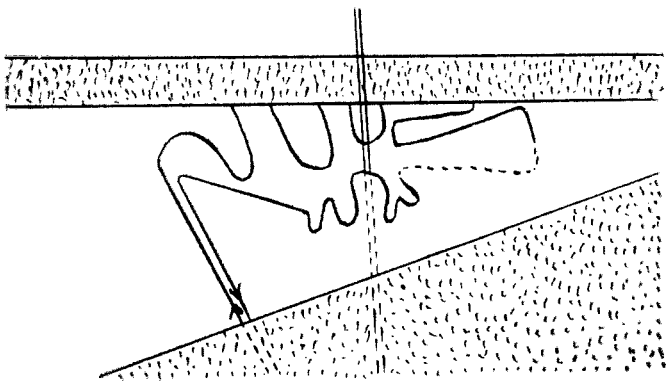

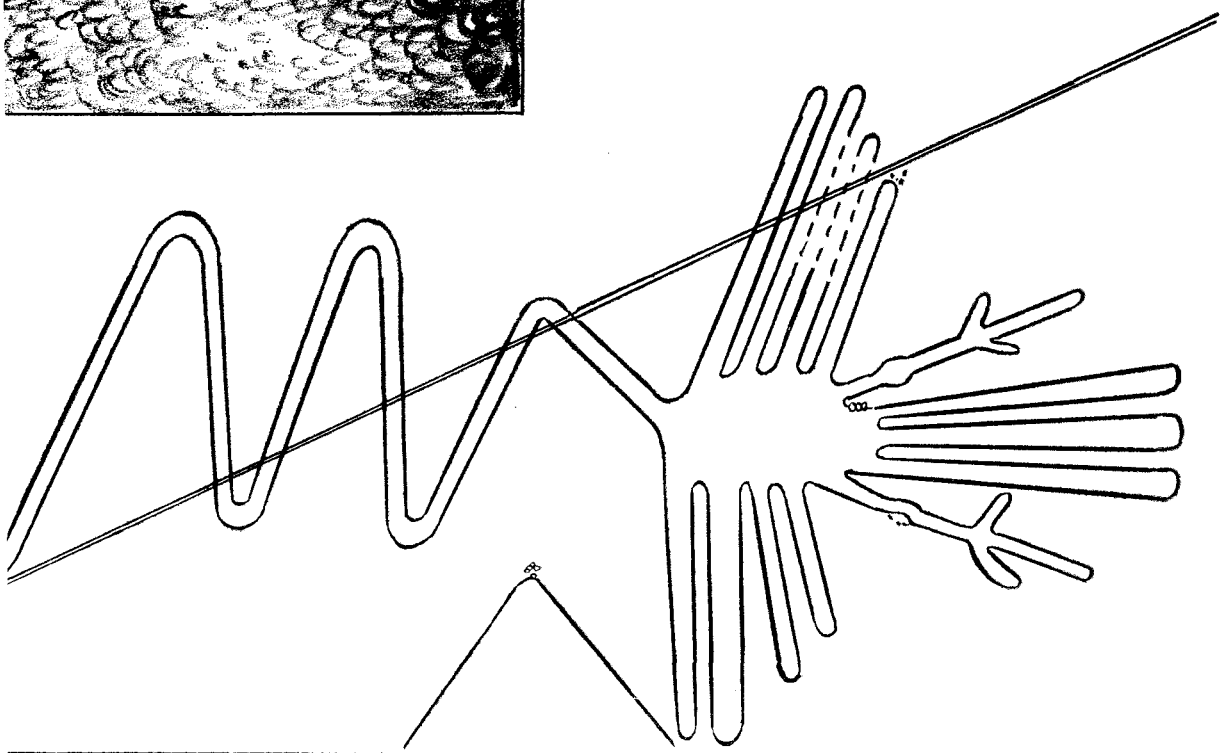

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they found more figures, including a series of short parallel bars that they guessed might have been a kind of counting scheme. While still immersed in thoughts about the riddles at their feet, the Kosoks unintentionally returned to the center of the large artery that had guided them to the top. From there radiated a number of single lines. The sun was just then setting; to their amazement it touched the horizon precisely over one of the lines at whose base they stood. Immediately they recalled that the date was June 22, the day of the winter solstice in the Southern Hemisphere. Surely this line was a solstice line!

Thus, Kosok came up with the first clue that led him to conclude that the desert markings were nothing less than the "Largest Astronomy Book in the World." They must have served primarily as calendrical devices to register the change of seasons and, above all, the onset of the life-giving flow of water.

Like other primitive civilizations depending on agriculture, the pre-Columbian people of southern Peru had evidently developed astronomical calculations to considerable refinement in order to gain a sympathetic understanding of the productive cycle that linked them to the universe. As in other parts of the Old and New Worlds, such scientific lore was probably wielded by an elite class of priests who encased it in a cocoon of ritual and religion to assure their own ascendancy over illiterate believers. Further, the astronomical and calendrical notations of the uninhabited desert could not have existed in isolation, but were without doubt intimately connected with the life of the irrigation societies or prehistoric farmers in the valleys below.

Kosok's identification of a solstice line was only a starting point. The great book still had to be read. To test his intuition, he would have to establish the direction of many more lines and make a thorough study of all the features etched into the desert. However, from the ground he perceived only fragments from which he could never hope to gauge the gigantic concept. The drawings owed their original discovery to observation from the air; so, logically, the aerial perspective had to be enlisted if one wanted to progress.

Since few satisfactory aerial photographs of this unproductive inland region were then available, Kosok again relied on the Faucett Aviation Company to let him undertake flying missions in one of its planes. As he wrote, "I was soon able to get a general picture of the whole layout, with the result that I succeeded in locating at least a dozen radiating centers in various parts of the pampas. Then I ascertained the direction of many of the lines radiating from some of these centers, by means of a good compass, the readings from which were corrected by data furnished by the Huancaya Magnetic Observatory. A number of the lines and 'roads' were found to have a solstitial direction; a few with equinoctial direction could also be identified."

No longer were the drawings a chaotic mess. Already Kosok thought he could see at least spatial connections between the lines and the rectilinear shapes. In addition, he became aware of another set of non-geometric designs: outlines of strange figures measuring 150 yards or more, drawn like some children's sketches in one continuous line. They depicted a bestiary of demoniacal creatures—spiders, monkeys, birds, fishes, serpents—and closely resembled figures appearing on early Nazca ceramics and tapestry.

Because of his commitments in the north, Kosok was unable to continue his preliminary work in the Nazca region. But he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance at Lima of a German-born scientist, Dr. Maria Reiche, who had been trained in both mathematics and astronomy. From that moment on, Miss Reiche has been something of an apostle of the Nazca desert, where she has lived in a humble adobe hut while measuring and charting, besides adding an immense number of previously unknown details to the catalogue of figures. She has substantiated Kosok's hypothesis with impressive new material that not only enlarges on lines determining solstices and equinoxes but relates the Nazca "calendar" to positions of the sun during other days of the year, as well as to data on the moon, planets, and prominent celestial bodies—such as the Pleiades—known to have played a significant part in the pantheon of ancient Peruvians.

It is doubtful whether so fantastic and profuse an assemblage of giant prehistoric drawings exists anywhere else in the world. Nevertheless, the Nazca figures have counterparts, particularly in the Western Hemisphere. In the Zana and Lambayeque Valleys of northern Peru, Kosok sighted "roads" similar to those in Nazca. Miss Reiche discovered others just ten miles outside Lima's city limits. Still others have been reported in northern Chile. A 602-foot-high candelabra-like figure is carved deep into a cliff above the Pacific near Pisco, not far from Nazca; it points exactly north-south, as do some of the Nazca effigies. There are mounds shaped like snakes, birds, and animals in the Midwestern United States [see "Ancient America's Geometers," *SR*, Oct. 3, 1964]. There are giant pictographs on the sun-parched mesas of California. One hundred miles from them upstream on the Colorado is a mysterious rock "maze" consisting of many acres of ground covered with a patchwork of parallel roads of small stones, scraped together in ridges. This last is called the "Mohave Maze." But the Mohave deny having built it, nor do they know the builder. Could all these tantalizing reminders of the Nazca markings in Peru also have possessed an astronomical orientation?

LEO DEUEL
in *Flights into Yesterday*
(St. Martin's Press).

—Maria Reiche in "Life, Land, and Water in Ancient Peru."

Ancient astronomical observation lines etched into a Peruvian hillside.

LEO DEUEL has served on the editorial staff of Columbia University Press and of the *Encyclopedia Americana*, on the technical staff of the World Health Organization, and on the faculty of the history department of City College of New York.

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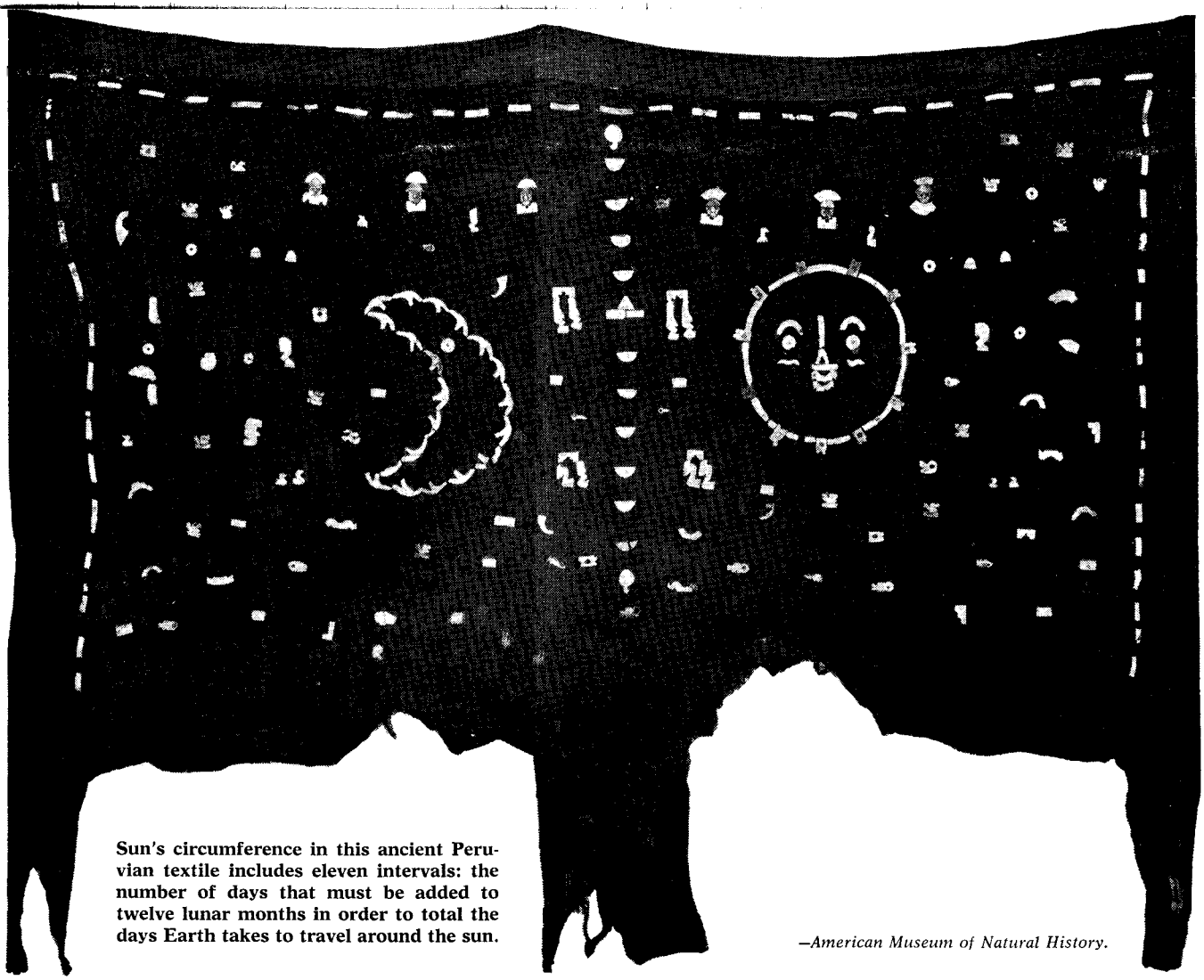

Sun's circumference in this ancient Peruvian textile includes eleven intervals: the number of days that must be added to twelve lunar months in order to total the days Earth takes to travel around the sun.

—American Museum of Natural History.

THE STAR-FIXED AGES OF MAN-5

The Woven Calendars of Peru

While looking through Peruvian antiquities in Lima, our attention was attracted by a large Nazca textile, the design of which consisted of rows of rectangular figures. There were fourteen rows of rectangles. In the sixth row were thirty-seven rectangles—narrower than those of the other rows—each rectangle surrounded by dark edges.

We were delighted to find the number thirty-seven, for it is a number that characterizes certain ancient calendrical systems throughout the world. The number is made up of the sequence 12+12+13. Each of these numbers represents the number of moon-months in a solar year. In this type of month, i.e., the solar-lunar month, it takes twenty-nine and a half days for the moon to make a complete "cycle" in relation to a given position of it to the sun. Twelve of such "months" give a "lunar year" consisting of 354 days. Thus, this lunar year is about eleven days short of the *basic* solar year.

There are several ways of solving this quandary. The method used here is to start the second lunar year right after the first one ends. Then at the end of the second lunar year the count is about twenty-two days behind the second solar year, and at the end of three years the count is about thirty-three days behind. To get rid of this great discrepancy a thirteenth moon-month is intercalated. Thus the sequence 12+12+13 is created and the well-known ceremonial cycle of thirty-seven is obtained. (Of course, after so many cycles a 12+13+13 cycle is intercalated, since there are always extra days left over.)

We had now found a definite record of a calendar that had once existed on the coast of Peru, the only record of which we then knew!

But more was in store! When we analyzed the other thirteen rows of rectangles, we discovered that basically each one had twenty-eight rectangles, except that the top line had one extra and the bottom line two extra rectangles. After some calculation it became clear that this was another calendar, but that it was a sidereal-moon calendar, i.e., one in which the number of days are counted between the appearance and reappearance of the moon in a *given stellar* constellation. The number is twenty-seven and one-third. Since people in early stages of society did not use fractions, they created moon-months of either twenty-seven or twenty-eight days.

The significance of our find was that it represented a twenty-eight-day month and a thirteen-month year which together produce a 364-day year. The extra rectangle of the first row thus produces a 365-day average solar year, and the extra two rectangles of the bottom give the 366 days of the leap year.

Not only were we thrilled at having found a second type of calendar on the coast of Peru, the first one of its kind so far discovered, but that both calendars were on the *same* textile and presented in a way that seemed to indicate *interrelationships* between the two calendrical systems.

PAUL KOSOK
in *Life, Land, and Water in Ancient Peru*
(Long Island University Press).

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Letters to the Science Editor

Again the "Ra"

I WISH that "What Happened to the *Ra*?" [*SR*, Dec. 6] had appeared in an earlier issue. While beachcombing on lower Padre Island, near Port Isabel, Texas, over Thanksgiving weekend, I spotted a couple of bundles of long sticks (approximately three to four feet long) lashed together. I hesitated over them, kicked them, and wondered of what use they could be.

As I remember them, the bundles were located on the section of beach between the Sandy Retreat Motel and the jetty at the tip of Padre.

This information may be of interest to Thor Heyerdahl.

HAYS V. BARBER,
New Braunfels, Tex.

Dating the North

JOHN LEAR's article "Northwest Passage to What?" [*SR*, Nov. 1] has prompted the following remarks.

Environmental stability is a fragile product of production versus consumption, of imports to an ecosystem and exports from it. Consumption includes not only the organisms that feed on the photosynthetic material produced, but the secondary consumers (as in grass-cow-man), and the metabolic energy required to run each of the systems. An important but neglected component of this system is the complex of decomposers.

The rate of decay in a tropical environment is such that, in most instances, organic matter accumulation in the upper horizons of soil or in lake sediments is extremely small, implying rapid nutrient turnover or biogeochemical cycling. In the arctic, on the other hand, the rate of decomposition is extremely slow.

This is demonstrated not only by the fact that most soils in the region of permafrost have high proportions of only partially decomposed organic matter, but by radiocarbon age determinations made on caribou droppings in western Greenland. To paraphrase the comment of the official who pointed out that human offal discarded in plastic bags was "as good as new" after several years, caribou droppings may remain as "good as new" for a century or more.

J. GORDON OGDEN, III,
Professor of Biology,
Dalhousie University,
Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The Smogless Car

HOW WOULD *SR* like it if the title of an article pretended to tell all about color TV and then proceeded to describe in detail only the rotating disc scheme? That's how I felt about John Lear's article "Green Light for the Smogless Car" [*SR*, Dec. 6], which was concerned only with the steam, car.

With all its complications, the steamcar can barely provide temporary relief from tomorrow's pollution problems. The ultimate solution rests in the electric car, which, in addition to its cleanliness, offers the possibility of sideways motion as an assist when parking in our crowded cities.

CLAUDE L. EMMERICH,
Scarsdale, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The electric car was omitted from consideration in SR's December report on smogless autos for several reasons. First, the electric car had been discussed before in these pages. Second, lengthy United States Senate committee hearings chaired by Senator Warren Magnuson of Washington State several years ago had demonstrated the virtual certainty that electric cars could not be developed for use in any but short-trip urban traffic in time to affect the smog problem decisively. Third, even if unexpected innovations should make substitution of the electric motor for the gasoline-powered internal combustion engine a practicality, the consequent change-over would require a completely new and revolutionarily different system of motor service stations, for drivers would have to plug in batteries for recharging rather than to buy gasoline and oil. This would step up demand on power generators, which further pollute the air. The steamcar can burn any one of a number of fuels and probably will burn kerosene, which is derived from petroleum more easily and cheaply than lead gasoline can be, and which is dispensed just as easily as gasoline from conventional service station pumps.*

There is nothing futuristic or temporary about the steamcar's solution to the smog problem. The effects will be immediate and cumulative. So far as sideways motion is concerned, electric cars are no more versatile than others of comparable size and steering equipment.

Steambus Station

IN "Green Light for the Smogless Car," John Lear mentions a *Steambus Newsletter* published by the California State Assembly. Could you please furnish a more precise address? I would like to be put on the mailing list of this intriguing publication.

All of us in the petroleum industry are, of course, very much interested in efforts to combat smog and air pollution. The reason I am interested in the *Steambus Newsletter* is not so much that I am sure that the steamcar is the answer to the smog problem, but because I am not sure that the steambus is not the answer.

G. A. J. VOETELINK,
Manager, Planning Division,
Phillips Petroleum Company,
Bartlesville, Okla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The answer to the question above was in the text of the smogless car report. But so many readers seem to have overlooked it that we repeat the address here:*

Mr. Michael Wenstrom, Editor
Steambus Newsletter
Legislative Research Office
California State Assembly
Sacramento, California 95814

"I had it figured out long ago. The stork had too short a wingspread to carry a six- to ten-pound load."

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Ten years from now Juanita will have her own destitute children.

Juanita's future is already written. Ten years from now her family will no longer support her. Chances are that at 14 she will be pregnant, illiterate, and incapable of coping with life. In Juanita's little world life revolves around a one-room dirt floor shack and the hazards of open drains.

But how can a 14-year-old girl who never learned to read follow directions for cleaning out a drain?

How can a 14-year-old girl who can't afford proper medical supervision give birth to a healthy child?

In ten years you won't be able to help Juanita.

But today you can.

By filling out the coupon on this page and becoming a Foster Parent. It costs just $16 a month.

Under Foster Parents Plan you "adopt" a child who continues to live with his family, but your donations make it possible for your child to have clothes so he may go to school. He and his family get things like pots, pans, mattresses and medical attention.

Each month your child writes to you, and you write to him. Foster Parents Plan handles all the translations. You may "adopt" a boy or girl. You may even choose the country.

Foster Parents Plan works with local health and welfare agencies in order to give children a chance to grow up and be something other than miserable victims of poverty, hunger, and lack of education.

In the countries where Foster Parents Plan has operated—Italy for example—we have left a legacy, a legacy of educated, vital, contributing citizens who now know how to help their own people.

Choose a child, and be a Foster Parent. In a very real way the child you help may be your own.

PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Hong Kong, Korea, the Philippines, and South Viet Nam. PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development.

Yes, I want to be a Foster Parent.

A. ☐ I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex _____, age _____, nationality _____. _____I will contribute $16 a month for one year or more ($192 per year). Payment will be made monthly ☐, quarterly ☐, semi-annually ☐, annually ☐.
_____I enclose herewith my first payment of $_____.

B. ☐ I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $_____.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

All contributions are tax deductible.

Foster Parents Plan, Inc.
352 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10010. Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Quebec.

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Fiction

Continued from page 98

Time, and to master its threat to us—this is one of the basic themes and purposes of art and literature."

Time, alas, has a nasty way of spitting back. *Childhood Is Not Forever* deals mainly with the 1950s, that trough in our own time when McCarthyism was rampant and a former radical like Farrell, even though he had isolated himself from the Communists when he denounced the Moscow Purge trials back in the 1930s, had good reason to feel discouraged.

Several of the stories are about old-time radicals encountered in various degrees of despondency. They have lost faith in Left-wing ideals, or feel desensitized by age, or discouraged by the oppressive political atmosphere of the day. In "Reunion Abroad" an aging member of the "generation who wanted to change the world" (the story is told in the first person by a character who sounds like Farrell) is en route from Australia to India when he decides to go out of his way and board a plane for Djakarta to visit an old colleague from the labor movement,

now holding down a big job with a foundation that is spending money to educate the Indonesians. The colleague and his wife disappoint their friend by their unwillingness to share the warmth he feels for them, or even to break a dinner date elsewhere to spend time with him.

In the title story old Danny O'Neill himself, now a famous writer (there has always been a striking resemblance between Danny and Farrell) turns up in a Chicago restaurant, where a childhood friend who has grown up to be a successful real estate man feels put out because Danny doesn't come to his table to greet him.

One item in the collection, "Sunday Evening," tells of Maud, a lonely spinster novelist in Greenwich Village who is taken to dinner at an Italian restaurant in the neighborhood by a writer named Milton (who again has an uncanny resemblance to Farrell). In some of the dreariest dialogue imaginable they talk about the old days, the darkness of the political climate, the lack of new "movements" and "tendencies":

> "You say you came to New York in 1940, dear?"
>
> "Yes, before that, I worked on a weekly newspaper out in Indiana. I liked that. I was a rebel and I rebelled against everything at home."
>
> "Are you still a rebel?"
>
> Maud thought for a moment.
>
> "Yes—in my heart."

Later, weary Maud takes sorry Milton listlessly home and to bed.

More spirited than Maud is Marie, a Parisian girl, also a "radical" and a writer; but she is done in at a Party meeting by an anti-feminist element who won't let her read aloud the important paper she has been working on. Arlette, on the other hand, the friend of an ex-Communist whom the author encounters in Paris, never breaks out of her neurotic shell and winds up "as a woman marked for sadness." Even so, the stories set in France exude a vitality missing from most of the pieces with American backgrounds.

The best-written item in the book (it appeared, as a matter of fact, in *The Best American Short Stories 1968)* is "An American Student in Paris." The flatness of the simplistic, declarative, somber prose which is the curse as well as the strength of Farrell's method is freed here to convey the excitement of a young man avid for experience who finds, in his first trip abroad, the thrill of discovering Paris for himself. The story peters out in melancholy when the young hero's favorite professor at the Sorbonne dies, but there is some lovely writing in it, and a living, breathing portrait of the student as well as of the city.

Again and again it is the coldness of once fervid people—their lack of awareness of each other's needs, their inability to rise to the simplest occasion, to reach out a hand, to smile, to rejoice over old times—which runs like a thread connecting these sometimes rather sketchy yarns. Yet, for Farrell even as for Gerard Manley Hopkins, "there lives the dearest freshness deep down in things." One story, "Let No Man Put Asunder," is simply a sweet chronicle about a pair of naïve, ecstatic newlyweds from Chicago enjoying their honeymoon in New York. They don't know where to go; they are lost in a world they certainly never made. Yet it doesn't matter. Walking down a street is enough. They're young, they're happy, they love each other. How this story escapes the blight of bathos and sentimentality is a small miracle.

The real James T. Farrell is far more human and alive than any of the bleak alter egos who sigh their way through too many mirthless pages in *Childhood Is Not Forever.*

Paul Kresh

Paul Kresh is the author of "The Power of the Unknown Citizen.

The Apoplectic Years

Continued from page 35

Willie Sutton replied, sensibly enough, "That's where the money is." That answer also explains much of the perennial interest of scholars and congressmen, columnists and university presidents in foundations and especially in the Ford Foundation. But additional explanations are needed. The freely given grants of the great foundations confer a special cachet that most government funds, soiled by the political process, somehow lack. A nation that proscribes titles of nobility and has few reliable marks of status and achievement overprizes such public honors as are available. And, as foundations subsist on the sufferance of Congress, the Treasury, and the taxpayer, their activities have been fair game for all.

In a January 1966 open letter in *Harper's,* philanthropist Philip Stern urged the then still unnamed incoming president of the Ford Foundation to take "full advantage of . . . [its] uniquely invulnerable position" to become an agent of social change, sponsoring bold research and demonstration work in civil rights, race relations, community development in the slums, urban transportation, school desegregation, birth control, and other volcanic areas. Astonishingly, Ford, under McGeorge Bundy, thereupon funded wo k in most of these areas, and became involved in bitter controversy.

Bundy and the Ford Foundation are no more perfect than were Hutchins and the Fund in their day. All were and are entirely human, and all have assuredly erred. But are we better off with men who sometimes err or with men who always conform?

Hutchins and the Fund were lucky as well as brave, and it remains to be seen how lucky their successors will be. Politics is a rough and, at times, dirty business, and no one in America is so powerful or poor as to be invulnerable to it. The New Left has discovered what the Old Right has always known (and what Robert Oppenheimer learned in 1954 and Admiral Strauss in 1959): that anyone and everyone can be broken under pressure. Foundations are now in greater danger of government controls than they were in the 1950s, and they are exhibiting a growing defensiveness and caution.

Most foundation trustees are Republicans. Some of the nastiest politics, Reeves makes plain, is between raw and civilized Republicans. All of us, of every party and no party, now have a great stake in the success of the civilized contingent.

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Youth Revolt

Continued from page 25

of our time. These are the two generations—pioneers in a new era and their children–who have as yet to find a way of communicating about the world in which both live, though their perceptions of it are so different. No one knows what the next steps should be. Recognizing that this is so is, I submit, the beginning of an answer.

I believe we are on the verge of developing a new kind of culture, one that is as much a departure in style from cofigurative cultures as the institutionalization of cofiguration in orderly—and disorderly—change was a departure from the post-figurative style. I call this new style "prefigurative," because in this new culture it will be the unborn child, already conceived but still in the womb—not the parent and grandparent—that represents what is to come. This is a child whose sex and appearance and capabilities are unknown, but who will need imaginative, innovative, and dedicated adult care far beyond any we give today.

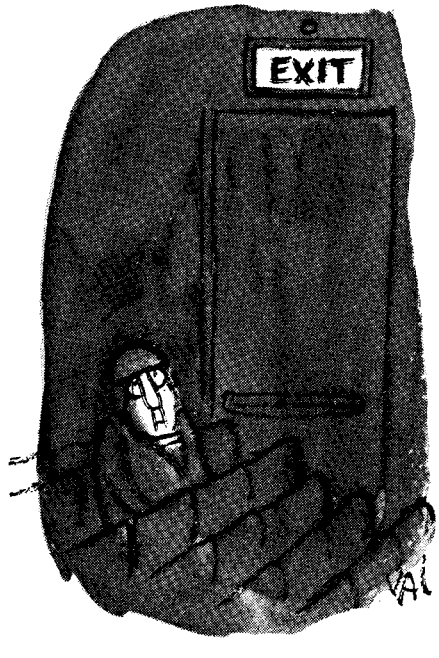
No one can know in advance what the child will become—how swift his limbs will be, what will delight his eye, whether his tempo will be fast or slow. No one can know how his mind will work—whether he will learn best from sight or sound or touch or movement. But knowing what we do not know and cannot predict, we can construct an environment in which a child, still unknown, can be safe and can grow and discover himself and the world.

Love and trust, based on dependency and answering care, made it possible for the individual who had been reared in one culture to move into another, transforming, without destroying, his earlier learning. It is seldom the first generation of voluntary immigrants and pioneers who cannot meet the demands of a new environment. Their previous learning carries them through. But unless they embody what is new post-figuratively, they cannot pass on to their children what they had acquired through their own early training—the ability to learn from others the things their parents could not teach them.

Parents, in a world where there are no more knowledgeable others to whom they can commit the children they themselves cannot teach, feel uncertain and helpless. Still believing that there should be answers, parents ask how they can tell their children what is right. So some try to solve the problem by advising their children, very vaguely, that they will have to figure it out for themselves. And some parents ask what the others are doing. But this resource of a cofigurative culture is becoming meaningless to parents who feel that the "others"—their children's age mates—are moving in ways that are unsafe for their own children to emulate, and who find that they do not understand what their children figure out for themselves.

It is the adults who still believe that there is a safe and socially approved road to a kind of life they have not experienced who react with the greatest anger and bitterness to the discovery that what they had hoped for no longer exists for their children. These are the parents, the trustees, the legislators, the columnists and commentators who denounce most vocally what is happening in schools and colleges and universities in which they had placed their hopes for their children.

Today, as we gain a better understanding of the circular processes through which culture is developed and transmitted, we recognize that man's most human characteristic is not his ability to learn, which he shares with many other species, but his ability to teach and store what others have developed and taught him. In the past men relied on the least elaborate part of the circular system—the dependent learning by children—for continuity of transmission and for the embodiment of the new. Now, with our greater understanding of the process, we must cultivate the most flexible and complex part of the system: the behavior of adults. We must, in fact, teach ourselves how to alter adult behavior; we must create new models for adults who can teach their children not what to learn, but how to learn, and not what they should be committed to, but the value of commitment.



In doing this we must recognize explicitly that the paths by which we came into the present can never be traversed again. The past is the road by which we have arrived where we are. Older forms of culture have provided us with the knowledge, techniques, and tools necessary for our contemporary civilization.

The freeing of men's imagination from the past depends on the development of a new kind of communication with those who are most deeply involved with the future—the young who were born in the new world. In the past, in cofigurational cultures, the elders were gradually cut off from limiting the future of their children. Now the development of prefigurational cultures will depend on the existence of a continuing dialogue in which the young, free to act on their own initiative, can lead their elders in the direction of the unknown. Then the older generation will have access to the new experiential knowledge, without which no meaningful plans can be made. It is only with the direct participation of the young, who have that knowledge, that we can build a viable future.

Instead of directing their rebellion toward the retrieval of a grandparental utopian dream, as the Maoists seem to be doing with the young activists in China, we must learn together with the young how to take the next steps. Out of their new knowledge—new to the world and new to us—must come the questions to those who are already equipped by education and experience to search for answers. The children, the young, must ask these questions that we would never think to ask, but enough trust must be re-established so that the elders will be permitted to work with them on the answers.

I feel that we can change into a prefigurative culture, consciously, delightedly, and industriously, rearing unknown children for an unknown world. But to do it we must relocate the future.

Here we can take a cue from the young who seem to want instant utopias. They say the future is now. This seems unreasonable and impetuous, and in some of the demands they make it is unrealizable in concrete detail; but here again, I think, they give us the way to reshape our thinking. We must place the future, like the unborn child in the womb of a woman, within a community of men, women, and children, among us, already here, already to be nourished and succored and protected, already in need of things for which, if they are not prepared before it is born, it will be too late. So, as the young say, the future is now.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1866

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. English poet and playwright (1685-1732; "The Shepherd's Week", "Trivia"; full name)	61 74 103 114 167 174 11
B. A tyrannical power to be propitiated by appalling human sacrifice	28 116 130 132 150 153
C. Having control (2 wds.)	160 165 177 6 26 30 69 86
D. "Now sleeps the crimson petal, now——." (2 wds; Tennyson, "The Princess")	118 137 144 22 25 36 51 60
E. Spreads radially (2 wds.)	123 128 172 39 75 62 84
F. In addition to a regular occupation or pursuit (3 wds.)	90 100 127 143 154 156 4 34 45
G. Deflect, glance	109 113 121 149 31 38 120 136
H. Amused (oneself)	145 19 55 82 93 179 7 33 46
I. Type of betting limit set for a poker player (2 wds.)	54 78 95 105 110 135 139 155 43 125 147
J. Tall chest of drawers on legs	162 48 115 23 97 122 141
K. City in North Rhine-Westphalia, scene of severe fighting in 1944	158 56 72 32 35 126 50 111 131 14
L. Sycophant	85 168 178 17 79
M. The "affable archangel" of Milton's "Paradise Lost"	20 29 40 67 96 3 49
N. Lack of knowledge; native of the country of Conceit in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"	57 5 53 65 146 164 2 42 163
O. Foul fiend of the Valley of Humiliation in "Pilgrim's Progress"	13 91 169 21 44 176 83 58
P. Fertile island of the Aegean, sometimes known as Mytilene	76 8 80 173 24 81
Q. Queer duck (2 wds.)	171 101 106 94 64 71 70
R. Artificial appearance or effect	124 52 89 108 159 9
S. Swell, keen; fop	27 1 10 77 166
T. Unsound, tottering	66 104 107 151 12 37 92
U. Run-down; inferior	152 73 88 140 175 112
V. Sluggishness, apathy, indifference	148 133 16 180 18 47
W. Volcanic glass similar to granite	15 129 161 68 87 134 99 63
X. Learn, tumble; get popular; seize hold (2 wds.)	59 138 142 102 119 41 117
Y. English dramatist (1558-94; "The Spanish Tragedy")	157 98 170

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

				1 S	2 N		3 M	4 F	5 N	6 C	7 H	8 P	9 R	10 S	_	11 A	12 T
13 O	14 K	_	15 W	16 V	17 L		18 V	19 H	20 M	21 O		22 D	23 J	24 P		25 D	26 C
27 S		28 B	29 M	30 C	31 G	32 K	33 H	34 F		35 K	36 D	37 T	38 G		39 E	40 M	41 X
42 N	43 I	_	44 O	45 F	46 H		47 V	48 J	49 M	50 K	51 D	52 R	53 N	54 I	55 H		56 K
57 N	58 O	59 X	60 D		61 A	62 E	63 W	64 Q	65 N	66 T		67 M	68 W	69 C	70 Q		71 Q
72 K	73 U	74 A	75 E	76 P		77 S	78 I	79 L	80 P		81 P	82 H	83 O	84 E	85 L	86 C	87 W
	88 U		89 R	90 F	91 O	92 T		93 H	94 Q		95 I	96 M	97 J	98 Y		99 W	100 F
101 Q		102 X	103 A	104 T	105 I	106 Q		107 T	108 R	109 G	110 I		111 K	112 U	113 G	114 A	115 J
	116 B	117 X		118 D	119 X	120 G		121 G	122 J	123 E	124 R	125 I	126 K		127 F	128 E	129 W
130 B	131 K		132 B	133 V		134 W	135 I		136 G	137 D	138 X	139 I		140 U	141 J		142 X
143 F	144 D		145 H	146 N		147 I	148 V	149 G	150 B	151 T		152 U	153 B	154 F		155 I	156 F
157 Y	158 K	159 R		160 C	161 W		162 J	163 N		164 N	165 C	166 S		167 A	168 L	169 O	170 Y
	171 Q	172 E		173 P	174 A	175 U	176 O		177 C	178 L	179 H	180 V					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 19 of this issue.

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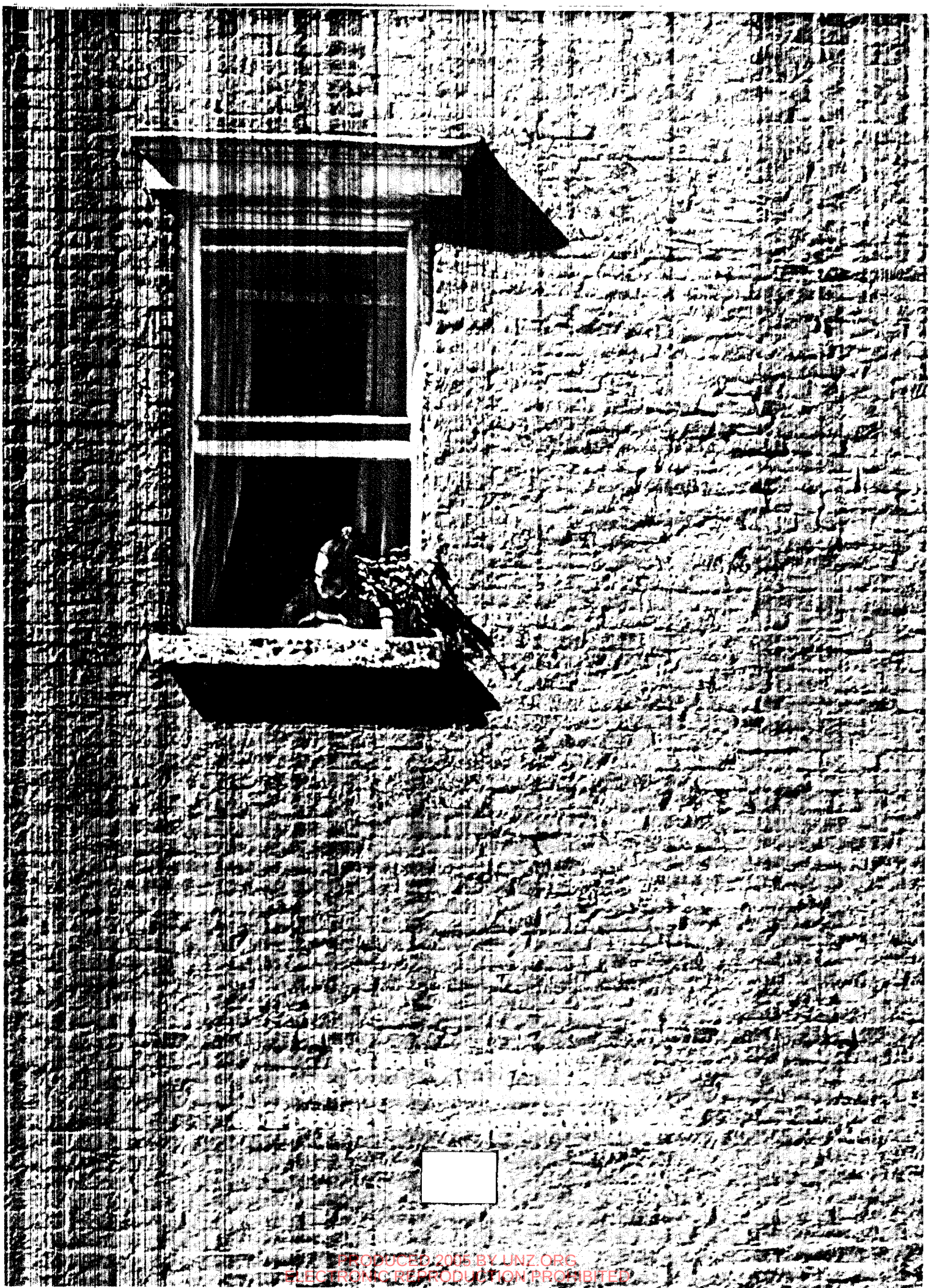

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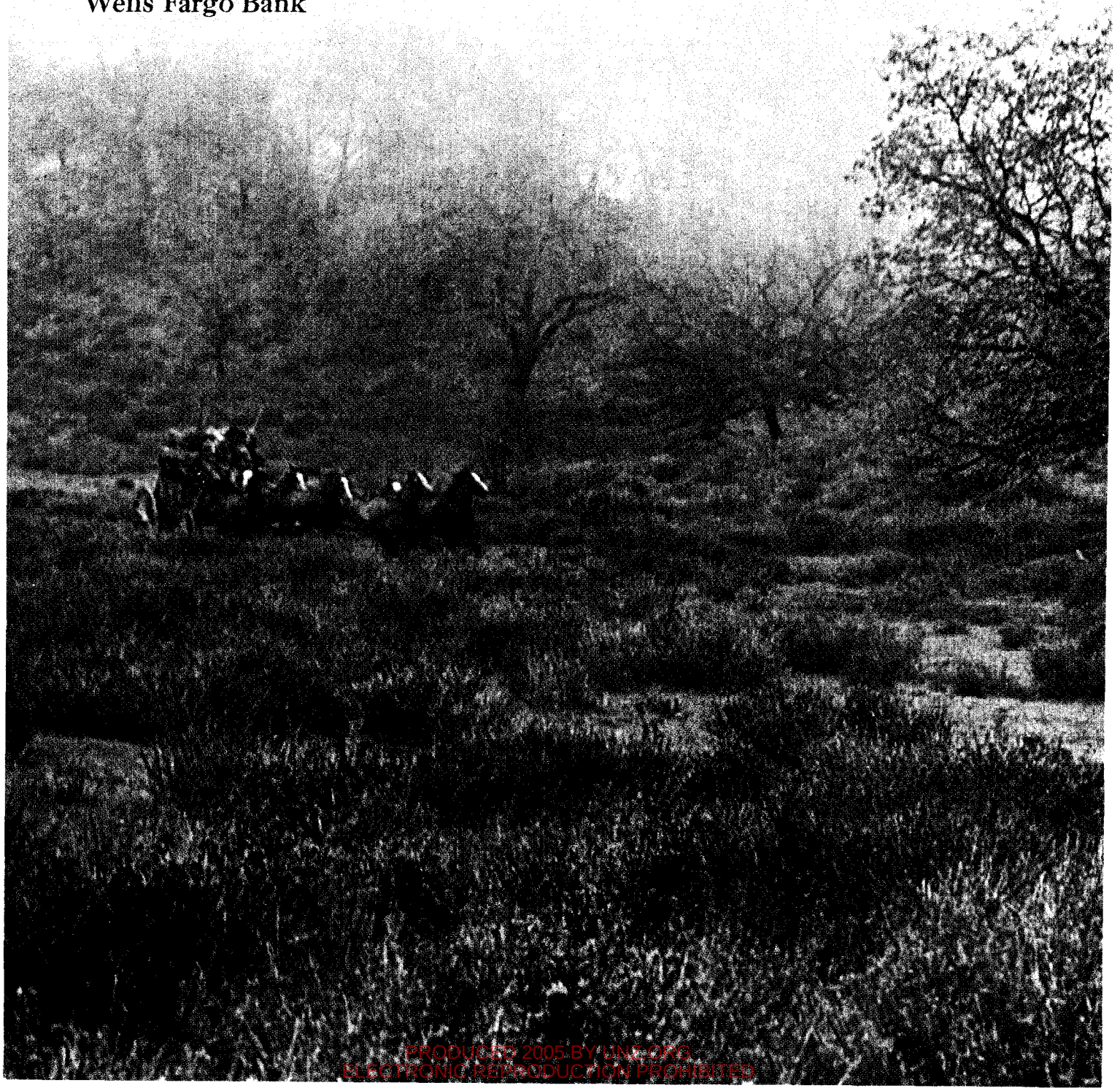

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